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*The Poetical Works*  
THE POETICAL WORKS

OF  
JOHN MILTON.



The Globe Edition

THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON:

*WITH INTRODUCTIONS*

BY

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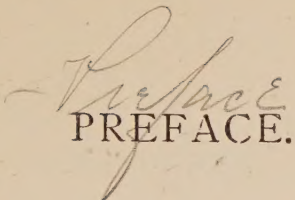
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## PREFACE.

THE TEXT of the Poems in this edition will, it is hoped, be found very accurate, having been carefully prepared by the Editor for the larger Library Edition, called "The Cambridge Edition," in three volumes 8vo. The INTRODUCTIONS are, with some revision, the same as those given in "The Golden Treasury Edition" in two volumes 18mo., and are an adaptation of the more extensive editorial matter of "The Cambridge Edition." Their purpose is to elucidate the circumstances, motives, and intention, of each of the Poems individually; they contain, therefore, a great deal of such information as is usually referred to Notes; and, if read in their chronological order, they will be found to supply also, after their fashion, a continuous and rather minute Literary Biography of the Poet. I regret that the wording of the Introduction to Sonnet XXIII. no longer corresponds with fact. When that paragraph was written, the house No. 19 York Street, Westminster, so interesting as having been Milton's residence from 1652 to 1660, was still in existence, as there described; but, when I was last on the spot, only the ruined shell was left, and that too, I hear, is now demolished.

EDINBURGH :

*March 1877*



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# INTRODUCTION

## TO PARADISE LOST.

### I. EARLIEST EDITIONS OF THE POEM.

IT was possibly just before the Great Fire of London in September, 1666, and it certainly cannot have been very long after that event, when Milton, then residing in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, sent the manuscript of his *Paradise Lost* to receive the official licence necessary for its publication. The duty of licensing such books was then vested by law in the Archbishop of Canterbury, who performed it through his chaplains. The Archbishop of Canterbury at that time (1663-1677) was Dr. Gilbert Sheldon; and the chaplain to whom it fell to examine the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* was the Rev. Thomas Tomkyns, M.A. of Oxford, then incumbent of St. Mary Aldermary, London, and afterwards Rector of Lambeth and D.D. He was the Archbishop's domestic chaplain, and a very great favourite of his—quite a young man, but already the author of one or two books or pamphlets. The nature of his opinions may be guessed from the fact that his first publication, printed in the year of the Restoration, had been entitled "The Rebel's Plea Examined; or, Mr. Baxter's Judgment concerning the Late War." A subsequent publication of his, penned not long after he had examined *Paradise Lost*, was entitled "The Inconveniencies of Toleration;" and, when he died in 1675, still young, he was described on his tomb-stone as having been "*Ecclesie Anglicanæ contra Schismaticos assertor eximius*." A manuscript by a man of Milton's political and ecclesiastical antecedents could hardly, one would think, have fallen into the hands of a more unpropitious examiner. It is, accordingly, stated that Tomkyns hesitated about giving the licence, and took exception to some passages in the poem—particularly to that (Book I. vv. 594—599) where it is said of Satan in his diminished brightness after his fall, that he still appeared

"as when the Sun, new-risen,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams, or, from behind a cloud,  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs."

At length, however, Mr. Tomkyns was satisfied. There still exists the first book of the actual manuscript which had been submitted to him.\* It is a fairly written copy, in a light, not inelegant, but rather characterless hand of the period—of course, not that of Milton himself, who had been for fourteen years totally blind. It consists of eighteen leaves of small quarto, stitched together; and on the inside of the first leaf, or cover, is the following official licence to print in Tomkyns's hand :

*Imprimatur: Tho. Tomkyns, Rmo. in Christo Patri ac Domino, Dno. Gilberto, divina Providentiâ Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi, a sacris domesticis.*

The other books of the manuscript having received a similar certificate, or this certificate on the MS. of the first book sufficing for all, the copy was ready for publication by any printer or bookseller to whom Milton might consign it. Having already had many dealings with London printers and booksellers, Milton may have had several to whom he could go; but the one whom he favoured in this case, or who favoured him, was a certain Samuel Simmons, having his shop "next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street." The date of the transaction between Simmons and Milton is April 27, 1667. On that day an agreement was signed between them to the following effect:—Milton, "in consideration of Five Pounds to him now paid," gives, grants, and assigns to Simmons "all that Book, Copy, or Manuscript of a Poem "intituled *Paradise Lost*, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or "shall be called or distinguished, now lately licensed to be printed;" on the understanding, however, that, at the end of the first impression of the Book—"which impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred books "of the said whole copy or manuscript imprinted shall be sold or retailed off "to particular reading customers"—Simmons shall pay to Milton or his representatives a second sum of Five Pounds; and further that he shall pay a third sum of Five Pounds at the end of a second impression of the same number of copies, and a fourth sum of Five Pounds at the end of a third impression similarly measured. To allow a margin for presentation copies, we suppose, it is provided that, while in the account between Milton and Simmons each of the three first impressions is to be reckoned at 1,300 copies, in the actual printing of each Simmons may go as high as 1,500 copies. At any reasonable request of Milton or his representatives, Simmons, or his executors and assigns, shall be bound to make oath before a Master in Chancery "concerning his or their knowledge and belief of, or concerning the truth of, the "disposing and selling the said books by retail as aforesaid whereby the said "Mr. Milton is to be entitled to his said money from time to time," or, in default of said oath, to pay the Five Pounds pending on the current impression as if the same were due.†

\* The manuscript is described and a facsimile of a portion of it is given, in Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby's "Ramblings in elucidation of the Autograph of Milton," 1861: pp. 196, 197. It was then in the possession of William Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury, Hertfordshire, to whom it had descended, with other Milton relics, from the famous publishing family of the Tonsons, connected with him by ancestry.

† The original of this document—or rather that one of the two originals which Simmons kept—is now in the British Museum. To the poet's signature "John Milton" (which, however, is written for him by another hand) is annexed his seal, bearing the family arms of the double headed eagle; and the witnesses are "John Fisher" and "Benjamin Greene, servt. to Mr. Milton."

It has been inferred from the wording of this document that Milton, before his bargain with Simmons, may have begun the printing of the poem at his own expense. There seems no real ground, however, for thinking so, or that what was handed over to Simmons was anything else than the fairly copied manuscript which had received the *imprimatur* of Mr. Tomkyns. With that *imprimatur* Simmons might proceed safely in printing the book and bringing it into the market. Accordingly, on the 20th of August, 1667, or four months after the foregoing agreement, we find this entry in the books of Stationers' Hall:—

August 20, 1667 : Mr. Sam. Symons entered for his copie, under the hands of Mr. Thomas Tomkyns and Mr. Warden Royston, a book or copie intituled "Paradise Lost, a Poem in Tenne bookes by J. M."

The date of the above entry in the Stationers' registers fixes the time about which printed copies of the Poem were ready for sale in London. There are few books, however, respecting the circumstances of whose first publication there is room for a greater variety of curious questions. This arises from the fact that, among the numerous existing copies of the First Edition, no two are in all particulars exactly alike. They differ in their title-pages, in their dates, and in minute points throughout the text. There is involved in this, indeed, a fact of general interest to English bibliographers. In the old days of leisurely printing, it was quite common for the printer or the author of a book to make additional corrections while the printing was in progress—of which corrections only part of the total impression would have the benefit. Then, as, in the binding of the copies, all the sheets, having or not having the corrections so made, were jumbled together, there was no end to the combinations of different states of sheets that might arise in copies all really belonging to one edition; besides which, if any change in the proprietorship, or in the author's or publisher's notions of the proper title, arose before all the copies had been bound, it was easy to cancel the first title-page and provide a new one, with a new date if necessary, for the remaining copies. The probability is that these considerations will be found to affect all our early printed books. But they are applicable in a more than usual degree, so far as differences of title-page are concerned, to the First Edition of *Paradise Lost*. Here, for example, is a conspectus of the different forms of title-page and other accompaniments of the text of the Poem that have been recognised among existing copies of the First Edition. We arrange them, as nearly as can be judged, in the order in which they were issued.

*First title-page.*—"Paradise lost. A Poem written in Ten Books By John Milton Licensed and Entred according to Order. London Printed, and are to be sold by Peter Parker under Creed Church neer Aldgate: And by Robert Boulter at the Turks Head in Bishopsgate-street; And Matthias Walker under St. Dunstons Church in Fleet-street. 1667." 4to. pp. 342.

*Second title-page.*—Same as above, except that the author's name "John Milton" is in larger type. 1667. 4to. pp. 342.

*Third title-page.*—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author J. M. [initials only]. Licensed and Entred according to Order. London Printed &c. [as before, or nearly so]. 1668. 4to. pp. 342.

*Fourth title-page.*—Same as the preceding, but the type in the body of the title larger. 1668. 4to. pp. 342.

*Fifth title-page.*—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and to be sold by S. Thomson at the Bishops-Head in Duck-lane, H. Mortlack at the White Hart in Westminster Hall, M. Walker under St.

Dunstons Church in Fleet-street, and R. Boulter at the Turks-Head in Bishopsgate-street, 1668." 4to. pp. 356. The most notable peculiarity in this issue as compared with its predecessors is the increase of the bulk of the volume by fourteen pages or seven leaves. This is accounted for as follows:—In the preceding issues there had been no Prose Argument, Preface, or other preliminary matter to the text of the poem; but in this there are fourteen pages of new matter interpolated between the title-leaf and the poem. First of all there is this *three-line* advertisement: "The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, There was 'no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired 'it, is procured. S. Simmons." Then, accordingly, there follow the prose Arguments to the several Books, doubtless by Milton himself, all printed together in eleven pages; after which, in two pages of large open type, comes Milton's preface, entitled "The Verse," explaining his reasons for abandoning Rime—succeeded on the fourteenth page by a list of "Errata." But this is not all. Simmons's three-line Address to the Reader, as given above, is, it will be observed, not grammatically correct; and, whether because Milton had found out this or not, there are some copies, with this fifth title-page, in which the ungrammatical three-line Address is corrected into a *five-line* Address thus—"The Printer to the Reader. Courteous Reader, 'There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that 'have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, 'why the Poem Rimes not. S. Simmons."

*Sixth title-page.*—Same as the preceding, except that instead of four lines of stars under the author's name there is a fleur-de-lis ornament. 1668. 4to. pp. 356. Here we have the same preliminary matter as in the preceding. There seem to be some copies, however, with the incorrect *three-line* Address, and others with the correct *five line* Address, of the Printer.

*Seventh title-page.*—"Paradise lost. A Poem in Ten Books. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel, in Little-Brittain, 1669." 4to. pp. 356. Some copies with this title-page still retain Simmons's incorrect *three-line* Address to the Reader, while others have the *five-line* Address. Rest of preliminary matter as before.

*Eighth and Ninth title-pages.*—Same as last, except some insignificant changes of capital letters and of pointing in the words of the title. 1669. 4to. pp. 356.

Here are at least nine distinct forms in which, as respects the title-page, complete copies were issued by the binder, from the first publication of the work about August 1667 on to 1669 inclusively; besides which there are the variations among individual copies arising from the two forms of the Printer's Advertisement, and the variations in the text of the poem arising from the indiscriminate binding together of sheets in the different states of correctness in which they were printed off. The variations of this last class are of absolutely no moment—a comma in some copies where others have it not; an error in the numbering of the lines, or of a *with* for an *in* in some copies rectified in others, &c. On the whole, the *text* of any existing copy of the First Edition is as perfect as that of any other—though there is an advantage in having a copy with the small list of Errata and the other preliminary matter. But the variations in the title-page are of greater interest. Why is the author's name given in full in the title-pages of 1667, then contracted into "J. M." in two of those of 1668, and again given in full in two of those of the same year, and in all those of 1669? And why, though Simmons had acquired the copyright in April 1667, and had entered the copyright as his in the Stationers' Books in August 1667, is his name kept out of sight in all the title-pages prior to that one of 1668 which is given as the Fifth in the foregoing list, and which is the first with the preliminary matter—the preceding title-pages showing no printer's name, but only the names of three booksellers at whose shops copies might be had? Finally, why, after Simmons does think it right to appear on the title-page, are there changes in the names of the booksellers—two of the former booksellers first disappearing and giving way to other two, and then the three of 1668 giving way in 1669 to the single bookseller, Helder of Little Britain? Very probably in some of these changes nothing more was involved than

convenience to Simmons in his circumstances at the time. Not impossibly, however, more was involved than this in so much tossing-about of the book within so short a period. May not Simmons have been a little timid about his venture in publishing a book by the notorious Milton, whose attacks on the Church and defences of the execution of Charles I. were still fresh in the memory of all, and some of whose pamphlets had been publicly burnt by the hangman after the Restoration? May not his entering the book at Stationers' Hall simply as "a Poem in Ten Books by J. M." have been a caution on his part; and, though, in the first issues, he had ventured on the name "John Milton" in full, may he not have found or thought it advisable, for a subsequent circulation in some quarters, to have copies with only the milder "J. M." upon them?

In any case, the first edition of *Paradise Lost* was a most creditably printed book. It is, as has been mentioned, a small quarto—of 342 pages in such copies as are without the "Argument" and other preliminary matter, and of 356 pages in the copies that have this addition. But the pages are not numbered—only the lines by tens along the margin in each Book. In one or two places there is an error in the numbering of the lines, arising from miscounting. The text in each page is enclosed within lines—single lines at the inner margin and bottom, but double lines at the top for the running title and the number of the Book, and along the outer margin columnwise for the numbering of the lines. Very great care must have been bestowed on the reading of the proofs, either by Milton himself, or by some competent person who had undertaken to see the book through the press for him. It seems likely that Milton himself caused page after page to be read over slowly to him, and occasionally even the words to be spelt out. There are, at all events, certain systematic peculiarities of spelling and punctuation which it seems most reasonable to attribute to Milton's own instructions. Altogether, for a book printed in such circumstances, it is wonderfully accurate; and, in all the particulars of type, paper, and general getting-up, the first appearance of *Paradise Lost* must have been rather attractive than otherwise to book-buyers of that day.

The selling-price of the volume was three shillings—which is perhaps as if a similar book now were published at about 10s. 6d. From the retail-sale of 1,300 copies, therefore, the sum that would come in to Simmons, if we make an allowance for trade-deductions at about the modern rate, would be something under 140*l*. Out of this had to be paid the expenses of printing, &c., and the sum agreed upon with the author; and the balance would be Simmons's profit. On the whole, though he cannot have made anything extraordinary by the transaction, it must have been sufficiently remunerative. For, by the 26th of April 1669, or after the poem had been published a little over eighteen months, the stipulated impression of 1,300 copies had been exhausted. The proof exists in the shape of Milton's receipt (signed for him by another hand) for the additional Five Pounds due to him on that contingency:—

April 26, 1669.

Received then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid mentioned in the Covenant. I say recd. by me.

JOHN MILTON.

Witness, Edmund Upton.

Thus, by the month of April 1669, Milton had received in all Ten Pounds for his *Paradise Lost*. This was all that he was to receive for it in his life.

For, contrary to what might have been expected after a sale of the first edition in eighteen months, there was no second edition for five years more, or till 1674. Either the book was out of print for these five years, or what demand for it there continued to be was supplied out of the surplus of 200 copies which, for some reason or other, Simmons had been authorized to print beyond the 1,300. But in 1674—the last year of Milton's life—a second edition did appear, with the following title:—

“Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Second Edition Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate-street, 1674.”

This edition is in small octavo, with the pages numbered, but with no marginal numbering of the lines—the pages of the text as numbered being 333. There are prefixed two sets of commendatory verses—the one in Latin signed “S. B., M.D.,” and written by a certain Samuel Barrow, a physician and a private friend of Milton; the other in English, signed “A. M.,” and written by Andrew Marvel. But the most important difference between this and the previous edition is that, whereas the poem had been arranged in Ten Books in the first, it is here arranged in Twelve. This is accomplished by dividing what had formerly been the two longest Books of the poem—Books VII. and X.—into two Books each. There is a corresponding division in the “Arguments” of these Books; and the “Arguments,” instead of being given in a body at the beginning, are prefixed to the Books to which they severally apply. To smooth over the breaks made by the division of the two Books, the three new lines were added which now form the beginning of Book VIII. and the five that begin Book XII.; and there are one or two other slight additions or alterations, also dictated by Milton, in the course of the text, besides a few verbal variations, such as would arise in reprinting. On the whole the Second Edition, though very correct, is not so nice-looking a book as the First.

Four years sufficed to exhaust the Second Edition; and in 1678 (*i.e.* four years after Milton's death) a Third Edition appeared with this title: “*Paradise Lost. A Poem in Twelve Books. The Author John Milton. The Third Edition. Revised and Augmented by the same Author. London, Printed by S. Simmons, next door to the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street, 1678.*” This edition is in small octavo, and in other respects the same as its predecessor, save that there are a few verbal variations in the printing. It is of no independent value—the Second Edition being the last that could have been supervised by Milton himself. From the appearance of a third edition in 1678, however, it is to be inferred that by that time the second of those impressions of 1,300 copies which had to be accounted for to the author was sold off (implying perhaps a total circulation up to that time of 3,000 copies), and that, consequently, had the author been alive, he would have been then entitled to his third sum of Five Pounds, as by the agreement. Milton being dead, the sum was due to his widow. Whether, however, on account of disputes which existed between the widow and Milton's three daughters by his first wife as to the inheritance of his property (disputes which were the subject of a law-suit in 1674-5), or for other reasons, Simmons was in no hurry to pay the third Five Pounds. It was not till the end of 1680 that he settled with the widow,

and then in a manner of which the following receipt given by her is a record :—

I do hereby acknowledge to have received of Samuel Symonds, Cittizen and Stationer of London, the Sum of Eight pounds: which is in full payment for all my right, Title, or Interest, which I have, or ever had in the Coppy of a Poem Intitled *Paradise Lost* in Twelve Bookes in 8vo. By John Milton, Gent., my late husband. Witness my hand this 21st day of December, 1680.

ELIZABETH MILTON.

Witness, William Yapp.  
Ann Yapp.

That is to say, Simmons, owing the widow Five Pounds, due since 1678, and in prospect of soon owing her other Five Pounds on the current impression of the Poem, preferred, or consented, to compound for the Ten by a payment of Eight in December 1680. The total sum which he could in any case have been called upon to pay for *Paradise Lost* by his original agreement was 20*l*. (for the agreement did not look beyond three impressions of 1,300 copies each); and the total sum which he did pay was 18*l*. If he thus got off 2*l*. it was probably to oblige the widow, who may have been anxious to realize all she could of her late husband's property at once before leaving town. There is, indeed, a subsequent document from which it would appear as if Simmons feared having farther trouble from the widow. It is a document, dated April 29, 1681, by which she formally releases Samuel Simmons, his heirs, executors, and administrators for ever, from "all and all manner of action and actions, "cause and causes of action, suits, bills, bonds, writings obligatory, debts, "dues, duties, accounts, sum and sums of moneys, judgments, executions, "extents, quarrels either in law or equity, controversies and demands, and all "and every other matter, cause, and thing whatsoever, which against the said "Samuel Simmons" she ever had, or which she, her heirs, executors, or administrators should or might have "by reason or means of any matter, cause, "or thing whatsoever, from the beginning of the world unto the day of these "presents." About the most comprehensive release possible!

From 1680, accordingly, neither Milton's widow, nor his daughters, had any share or interest whatever in the sale of *Paradise Lost*. The sole property in it was vested in the printer Simmons. Nor did he keep it long. Shortly after his last agreement with the widow he transferred his entire interest in the poem to another bookseller, Brabazon Aylmer, for twenty-five pounds. But on the 17th of August, 1683, Aylmer sold half of his right at a considerably advanced price to the famous bookseller, Jacob Tonson, who had begun business in 1677, and was already introducing a new era in the book-trade by his dealings with Dryden and others; and in March, 1690, Tonson bought the other half of the copyright. What are called the fourth, fifth, and sixth editions, accordingly, were all issued by Tonson. The fourth was issued in 1688, in folio, with a portrait by White, and other illustrations, and a list of more than 500 subscribers, including the most eminent persons of the day—some copies including *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, and having the general title of Milton's Poetical Works. The fifth appeared in 1692, also in folio; and with *Paradise Regained* appended. The sixth was published in 1695, also in large folio and with illustrations, both separately, and also bound up with all the rest of the poems under the general title of "The Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton." This edition was accompanied by what is in reality the first

commentary on the poem, and also one of the best. It consists of no fewer than 321 folio pages of Annotations, under this title, "Annotations on Milton's *Paradise Lost*: wherein the texts of Sacred Writ relating to the Poem are "quoted; the parallel places and imitations of the most excellent Homer and "Virgil cited and compared; all the obscure parts rendered in phrases more "familiar; the old and obsolete words, with their originals, explain'd and "made easy to the English reader. By P. H., φιλοποιήτης." The "P. H." who thus led the way, so largely, carefully, and laboriously, in the work of commenting Milton, was Patrick Hume, a Scotsman, of whom nothing more has been ascertained than that he was then settled as a schoolmaster somewhere near London.

A common statement is that it was Addison's celebrated series of criticisms on *Paradise Lost* in the *Spectator*, during the years 1711 and 1712, that first awoke people to Milton's greatness as a poet, and that till then he had been neglected. The statement will not bear investigation. Not only had six editions of the *Paradise Lost* been published before the close of the seventeenth century—three of them splendid folio editions, and one of them with a commentary which was in itself a tribute to the extraordinary renown of the poem; and not only before or shortly after Milton's death had there been such public expressions of admiration for the poem by Dryden and others as were equivalent to its recognition as one of the sublimest works of English genius; but since the year 1688 these emphatic, if not very discriminating lines, of Dryden, printed by way of motto under Milton's portrait in Tonson's edition of that year, had been a familiar quotation in all men's mouths:—

"Three Poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of mind surpassed;  
The next in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third she joined the former two."

Even before these lines were written the habit of comparing Milton with Homer and Virgil, and of wondering whether the highest greatness might not be claimed for the Englishman, had been fully formed. Addison's criticisms, therefore, were only a contribution to a reputation already become traditional. Three new editions of the *Paradise Lost*, by itself or otherwise, had been published by Tonson before the appearance of these criticisms—to wit, in 1705, 1707, and 1711; after which Addison's criticisms may have given an impulse to the sale, visible in the rapid multiplication of subsequent editions.

The Tonson family had an undisturbed monopoly of these editions, and indeed of all Milton's poetry, till as late as the year 1750. Every one of the numerous editions, in different sizes and forms, published in Great Britain down to that year, bears the name of the Tonson firm on the title-page. This was owing to the state of opinion as to copyright in books. In Great Britain the understanding in the book-trade was that a publisher who had once acquired a book had a perpetual property in it. The understanding did not extend to Ireland; and accordingly there had been three Dublin editions of *Paradise Lost*—in 1724, 1747, and 1748 respectively. But about 1750 the understanding broke down in Great Britain as well—being found inconsistent with the Copyright Act of Queen Anne, passed in 1709; and, accordingly, from 1750 onwards

we find London and Edinburgh publishers venturing to put forth editions of Milton to compete with those of the Tonsons. Not, however, till the death, in 1767, of Jacob Tonson *tertius*, the grand-nephew of the original Tonson, and the last of the famous firm, was the long connexion of the name of Tonson with Milton's poetry broken, and the traffic in Milton's poems really thrown open. From that date to the present the number of editions of *Paradise Lost*, and of Milton's other poems, by different publishers, and in different fashions, is all but past reckoning.

## II. ORIGIN OF THE POEM AND HISTORY OF ITS COMPOSITION.

A great deal has been written concerning "the origin" of *Paradise Lost*.

Voltaire, in 1727, suggested that Milton had, while in Italy in 1638-9, seen performed there a Scriptural drama, entitled *Adamo*, written by a certain Giovanni Battista Andreini, and that, "piercing through the absurdity of the performance to the hidden majesty of the subject," he "took from that ridiculous trifle the first hint of the noblest work which the human imagination has ever attempted." The Andreini thus recalled to notice was the son of an Italian actress, and was known in Italy and also in France as a writer of comedies and religious poems, and also of some defences of the drama. He was born in 1578, and, as he did not die till 1652, he may have been of some reputation in Italy as a living author at the time of Milton's visit. His *Adamo*, of which special mention is made, was published at Milan in 1613, again at Milan in 1617; and there was a third edition of it at Perugia in 1641. It is a drama in Italian verse, in five Acts, representing the Fall of Man. Among the characters, besides Adam and Eve, are God the Father, the Archangel Michael, Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, the Serpent, and various allegoric personages, such as the Seven Mortal Sins, the World, the Flesh, Famine, Despair, Death; and there are also choruses of Seraphim, Cherubim, Angels, Phantoms, and Infernal Spirits. From specimens which have been given, it appears that the play, though absurd enough on the whole to justify the way in which Voltaire speaks of it, is not destitute of vivacity and other merits, and that, if Milton did read it, or see it performed, he may have retained a pretty strong recollection of it.

The hint that Milton might have been indebted for the first idea of his poem to Andreini opened up one of those literary questions in which ferrets among old books and critics of more ingenuity than judgment delight to lose themselves. In various quarters hypotheses were started as to particular authors to whom, in addition to Andreini, Milton might have been indebted for this or that in his *Paradise Lost*. The notorious William Lauder gave an impulse to the question by his publications, from 1746 to 1755, openly accusing Milton of plagiarism; and, though the controversy in the form in which Lauder had raised it ended with the exposure of his forgeries, the so-called "Inquiry into the Origin of *Paradise Lost*" has continued to occupy to this day critics of a very different stamp from Lauder, and writing in a very different spirit. The result has been that some thirty authors have been cited, as entitled, along with Andreini or apart from him, to the credit of having probably or possibly contributed something to the conception, the plan, or the execution of Milton's great poem. Quite recently, for example, a claim has been advanced for the

Dutch poet, Joost van den Vondel (1587—1679), one of whose productions—a tragedy called "*Lucifer*," acted at Amsterdam, and published in 1654—describes the rebellion of the Angels, and otherwise goes over much of the ground of *Paradise Lost*. Milton, it is argued, must have heard of this tragedy before he began his own Epic, and may have known Dutch sufficiently to read it. Then there was the somewhat older Dutch poet, Jacob Cats (1577—1660), one of whose poems, describing Adam and Eve in Paradise, might have been known to Milton, even though he could not read Dutch, as it had been translated into Latin by Caspar Barlaeus, and published at Dordrecht in 1643. Nor, if Vondel and Cats remained unknown to Milton, was it possible that he should not be familiar with *Adamus Exul*, a Latin tragedy by the famous Hugo Grotius, the most learned Dutchman of his age, and whom Milton himself had met in Paris. This poem of Grotius, the work of his youth, had been before the world since 1601. But not from Dutch sources only is Milton supposed to have derived hints. May he not have seen the following Latin works by German authors—the *Bellum Angelicum* of Frederic Taubmann, of which two books and a fragment appeared in 1604; the *Dæmonomachia* of Odoric Valmarana, published in Vienna in 1627; and the *Sarcotis* of the Jesuit Jacobus Masenius, three books of which were published at Cologne in 1644? Among possible Italian sources of help, better known or less known than Andreini's *Adamo*, there have been picked out the following—Antonio Cornozano, *Discorso in Versi della Creazione del Mondo sino alla Venuta di Gesù Cristo*, 1472; Antonio Alfani, *La Battaglia Celeste tra Michele e Lucifero*, 1568; Erasmo di Valvasone, *Angelada*, 1590; Giovanni Soranzo, *Dell' Adamo*, 1604; Amico Anguifilo, *Il Caso di Lucifero*; Tasso, *Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*, 1607; Gasparo Murtola, *Della Creazione del Mondo: Poema Sacro*, 1608; Felice Passero, *Epamerone; ovvero, L'Opere de sei Giorni*, 1609; Marini, *Strage degli Innocenti*, 1633, and also his *Gerusalemme Distrutta*; Troilo Lancetta, *La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva*, 1644; Serafino della Salandra, *Adamo Caduto: Trag. Sacra*, 1647. A Spanish poet has been procured for the list in Alonzo de Azevedo, the author of a *Creacion del Mundo*, published in 1615; and a similar poem of the Portuguese Camoens, published in the same year, has also been referred to. Finally, reference has been made to the *Locustæ* of the Englishman Phineas Fletcher, a poem in Latin Hexameters published at Cambridge in 1627, and to certain *Pœmata Sacra* of the Scottish Latinist, Andrew Ramsay, published at Edinburgh in 1633; as well as, more in detail, to Joshua Sylvester's English translation of the *Divine Weeks and Works* of Du Bartas, originally published in 1605, and thenceforward for nearly half a century one of the most popular books in England, and to the Scriptural Paraphrases of the old Anglo-Saxon poet Cædmon, first edited and made accessible in 1655.

What is to be said of all this? For the most part it is laborious nonsense. That Milton knew most of the books mentioned, and, indeed, a great many more of the same sort, is extremely likely; that Sylvester's Du Bartas had been familiar to him from his childhood is quite certain; that recollections of this book and some of the others are to be traced in the *Paradise Lost* seems distinctly to have been proved; but that in any of the books, or in all of them together, there is to be found "the origin of *Paradise Lost*," in any intelligible sense of the phrase, is utterly preposterous. Indeed, some of the books have been cited less from any knowledge of their contents than from confidence in their titles as casually seen in book-catalogues.

One conclusion, pertinent to the subject, which might have been suggested by the mere titles of so many books, appears to have been missed. The subject of *Paradise Lost*, it would seem, if only on the bibliographical evidence so collected, was one of those which already possessed in a marked degree that quality of hereditary and widely diffused interest which fits subjects for the purposes of great poets. Milton, it may be said, inherited it as a subject with which the imagination of Christendom had long been fascinated, and which had been nibbled at again and again by poets in and out of England, though by none managed to its complete capabilities. There are traces in his juvenile poems—as, for example, in his Latin poem *In Quintum Novembris*—of his very early familiarity, in particular, with some of those conceptions of the personality and agency of Satan, and the physical connexion between Hell and Man's World, which may be said to motive his great epic. Nothing is more certain, however, than that, though thus signalled in the direction of his great subject by early presentiments and experiments, he came to the actual choice of it at last through considerable deliberation. The story of the first conception of *Paradise Lost*, and of the long-deferred execution of the project, is one of the most interesting in the life of Milton.

It was in 1639, after his return from his Italian tour, in his thirty-first year, that Milton, as he tells us, first bethought himself seriously of some great literary work, on a scale commensurate with his powers, and which posterity should not willingly let die. He had resolved that it should be an English poem; he had resolved that it should be an epic; nay, he had all but resolved—as is proved by his Latin poem to Manso, and his *Epitaphium Damonis*—that his subject should be taken from the legendary history of Britain, and should include the romance of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Suddenly, however, this decision was shaken. He became uncertain whether the dramatic form might not be fitter for his purpose than the epic, and, letting go the subject of Arthur, he began to look about for other subjects. The proof exists in the form of a list—written by Milton's own hand in 1640-1, or certainly not later than 1642, and preserved among the Milton MSS. in Trinity College, Cambridge—of about one hundred subjects, many of them Scriptural, and the rest from British History, which he had jotted down, with the intention, apparently, of estimating their relative degrees of capability, and at last fixing on the one, or the one or two, that should appear best. Now at the head of this long list of subjects is *PARADISE LOST*. There are no fewer than four separate drafts of this subject as then meditated by Milton for dramatic treatment. The first draft consists merely of a list of *dramatis persone*, as follows:—

“*The Persons*:—Michael; Heavenly Love; Chorus of Angels; Lucifer; Adam, Eve, with “the Serpent; Conscience; Death; Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, with others, “Mutes; Faith; Hope; Charity.”

This Draft having been cancelled, another is written parallel with it, as follows:—

“*The Persons*:—Moses [originally written ‘Michael or Moses,’ but the words ‘Michael or’ “deleted, so as to leave ‘Moses’ as preferable for the drama]; Justice, Mercy, Wisdom; “Heavenly Love; the Evening Star, Hesperus; Lucifer; Adam; Eve; Conscience; Labour, “Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, [as] Mutes; Faith; Hope; Charity.”

This having also been scored out, there follows a third Draft, more complete, thus :—

" PARADISE LOST :—*The Persons* : Moses *προλογίζει*, recounting how he assumed his true body ; that it corrupts not, because of his [being] with God in the mount ; declares the like of " Enoch and Eliah, besides the purity of the place—that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds " preserve it from corruption ; whence exhorts to the sight of God ; tells them they cannot see " Adam in the state of innocence by reason of their sin.—[Act I.] : Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, " debating what should become of Man if he fall. Chorus of Angels sing a hymn of the " Creation.—Act II. : Heavenly Love ; Evening Star. Chorus sing the marriage song and " describe Paradise.—Act III. : Lucifer contriving Adam's ruin. Chorus fears for Adam and " relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.—Act IV. : Adam, Eve, fallen ; Conscience cites them " to God's examination. Chorus bewails and tells the good Adam hath lost.—Act V. : Adam " and Eve driven out of Paradise, presented by an Angel with Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envy, " War, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, [as] Mutes—to whom he " gives their names—likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c. ; Death entered into the world ; " Faith, Hope, Charity, comfort and instruct him. Chorus briefly concludes."

This is left standing ; but in another part of the MS., as if written at some interval of time, is a fourth Draft, as follows :—

" ADAM UNPARADIZED :—The Angel Gabriel, either descending or entering—showing, " since the globe is created, his frequency as much on Earth as in Heaven—describes Paradise. " Next the Chorus, showing the reason of his coming—to keep his watch, after Lucifer's rebel- " lion, by the command of God—and withal expressing his desire to see and know more con- " cerning this excellent and new creature, Man. The Angel Gabriel, as by his name signify- " ing a Prince of Power, passes by the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates " what he knew of Man, as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage.—After this, " Lucifer appears, after his overthrow ; bemoans himself ; seeks revenge upon Man. The " Chorus prepares resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either " side, he departs ; whereat the Chorus sing of the battle and victory in Heaven against him " and his accomplices, as before, after the first Act, was sung a hymn of the Creation.— " Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and consulting on what he had done to the de- " struction of Man. Man next and Eve, having been by this time seduced by the Serpent, " appear confusedly, covered with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him ; Justice " cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the meantime the Chorus enter- " tains the stage and is informed by some Angel of the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus " bewails Adam's fall.—Adam and Eve return and accuse one another ; but especially " Adam lays the blame to his wife—is stubborn in his offence. Justice appears, reasons with " him, convinces him. The Chorus admonishes Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's " example of impenitence.—The Angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise ; but, before, " causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a masque of all the evils of this life and world. He " is humbled, relents, despairs. At last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises him the " Messiah ; then calls in Faith, Hope, Charity ; instructs him. He repents, gives God the " glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes.—Compare this with the " former Draft."

These schemes of a possible drama on the subject of Paradise Lost were written out by Milton as early as between 1639 and 1642, or between his thirty-first and his thirty-fourth year, as a portion of a list of about a hundred subjects which occurred to him, in the course of his reading at that time, as worth considering for the great English Poem which he hoped to give to the world. From the place and the proportion of space which they occupy in the list, it is apparent that the subject of Paradise Lost had then fascinated him more strongly than any of the others, and that, if his notion of an epic on Arthur was then given up, a drama on Paradise Lost had occurred to him as the most likely substitute. It is also more probable than not that he then knew of previous dramas that had been written on the subject, and that, in writing out his own schemes, he had the schemes of some of these dramas in his mind. Vondel's play was not then in existence ; but Andreini's was. Farther, there

is evidence in Milton's prose pamphlets published about this time that, if he did ultimately fix on the subject he had so particularly been meditating, he was likely enough to make himself acquainted with any previous efforts on the same subject, and to turn them to account for whatever they might be worth. Thus, in his *Reason of Church Government* (1641), taking the public into his confidence in various matters relating to himself, and informing them particularly how his mind had been recently occupied with thoughts of a great English poem (whether an epic or a drama he had not, he hints, quite determined), and with what reluctance he felt himself drawn away from that design to engage in the political controversies of the time, he thus pledges himself that the design, though necessarily postponed, shall not be abandoned: "Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amonist, or the trencher-fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added *industrious and select reading*, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs—till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loth to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them."

There is evidence that, about the time when Milton thus announced to the public his design of some great English poem, to be accomplished at leisure, and when he was privately considering with himself whether a tragedy on the subject of *Paradise Lost* might not best fulfil the conditions of such a design, he had actually gone so far as to write not only the foregoing drafts of the tragedy, but even some lines by way of opening. Speaking of *Paradise Lost*, and of the author's original intention that it should be a tragedy, Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, tells us in his *Memoir of his uncle* (1694): "In the Fourth Book of the Poem there are six [ten?] verses, which, several years before the Poem was begun, were shown to me, and some others, as designed for the very beginning of the said tragedy." The verses referred to by Phillips are those (P. L. iv. 32-41) that now form part of Satan's speech on first standing on the Earth, and beholding, among the glories of the newly-created World, the Sun in his full splendour in the Heavens:

"O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads! to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to me remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,  
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King!"

Phillips's words "several years before the Poem was begun" would not, by themselves, fix the date at which he had seen these lines. But in Aubrey's earlier *Memoir of Milton* (1680), containing information which Aubrey had

derived from Phillips, this passage occurs: "In the 4th book of *Paradise Lost* "there are about 6 verses of Satan's exclamation to the Sun w<sup>ch</sup> Mr. E. Phi. "remembers, about 15 or 16 years before ever his poem was thought of; w<sup>ch</sup> "verses were intended for the beginning of a tragœdie, w<sup>ch</sup> he had design'd, "but was diverted from it by other besinesse." Here we have indirectly Phillips's own authority that he had read the verses in question at a date which we shall presently see reason to fix at 1642. He was then a pupil of his uncle, and living with him in his house in Aldersgate Street.

Alas! it was not "for some few years" only, as Milton had thought in 1641, that the execution of the great work so solemnly then promised had to be postponed. For a longer time than he had expected England remained in a condition in which he did not think it right, even had it been possible, that men like him should be writing poems. Only towards the end of Cromwell's Protectorate, when Milton had reached his fiftieth year, and had been for five or six years totally blind, does he seem to have been in circumstances to resume effectually the design to which he had pledged himself seventeen years before. By that time, however, there was no longer any doubt as to the theme he would choose. All the other themes once entertained had faded more or less into the background of memory, and *PARADISE LOST* stood out, bold, clear, and without competitor. Nay more, the dramatic form, for which, when the subject first occurred to him, Milton had felt a preference, had been now abandoned, and it had been resolved that the poem should be an epic. He began this epic in earnest almost certainly before Cromwell was dead—"about 2 yeares before the "K[ing] came in," says Aubrey on Phillips's authority; that is, in 1658, when, notwithstanding his blindness, he was still in official attendance on Cromwell at Whitehall as his Latin Secretary, and writing occasional letters, in Cromwell's name, to foreign states and princes.

The uncertain state of affairs after Cromwell's death, or, at all events, after the resignation of his son Richard, may have interfered with the progress of the poem; and, when the Restoration came, there was danger for a time that not only the poem but the author's life might be cut short. That danger over, he was at liberty, "on evil days though fallen, and evil tongues," to prosecute his labour in obscurity and comparative peace. He had finished it, according to Aubrey, "about 3 yeares after the K.'s restauration," *i.e.* about 1663. If so, he had been five or six years in all engaged on the poem, and the places in which he had successively pursued the task of meditating and dictating it had been mainly these—first, Petty France (now York Street), Westminster, till within a few weeks of the Restoration; next, some friend's house in Bartholomew Close, West Smithfield, where he lay concealed for a while after the Restoration; then, a house in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, whither he removed as soon as it was safe for him to do so; and, finally, from 1661 onwards, in Jewin Street, close to that part of Aldersgate Street where he had had his house some eighteen or nineteen years before, when *Paradise Lost* first occurred to his thoughts. During the five or six years occupied in the composition of the poem in these places Milton's condition had been that of a widower,—his first wife having died in 1652 or 1653, in the house in Petty France, leaving him three daughters; the second, whom he had married in Nov. 1656, while residing in the same house, having survived the marriage little more than a year; and his marriage with his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull, not having taken place till February, 1662-63, when, if Aubrey's account

is correct, the poem was finished, or nearly so. It is probable, however, that, though Milton may have had the poem in some manner complete in Jewin Street, before his third marriage, there may have still been a good deal to do with the manuscript in the house in Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, to which he and his wife removed shortly after their marriage (in 1663 or 1664), and which was the last of Milton's many London residences, and that in which he died. We have an interesting glimpse of this manuscript, at any rate, as in Milton's possession, in a satisfactory state, during the summer of 1665. As the Great Plague was then raging in London, Milton had removed from his house in Artillery Walk to a cottage at Chalfont-St.-Giles, in Buckinghamshire, which had been taken for him, at his request, by Thomas Ellwood, a young Quaker, whose acquaintance with him had begun a year or two before in Jewin Street. Visiting Milton here as soon as circumstances would permit, Ellwood was received in a manner of which he has left an account in his Autobiography. "After some common discourses," he says, "had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his; which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem which he entitled '*Paradise Lost*.'"

The anecdote proves the existence of at least one, and most probably of more than one, complete copy in the autumn of 1665—which may, accordingly, be taken as the date when the poem was considered ready for press. The delay of publication till two years after that date is easily accounted for. It was not, says Ellwood, till "the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again," that Milton returned to his house in Artillery Walk; then, still farther paralysing business of all sorts, came the Great Fire of Sept. 1666; and there were difficulties, as we have seen, about the licensing of a poem by a person of Milton's political antecedents and principles.

Whether the time spent by Milton in the composition of *Paradise Lost* was five years (1658—1663), or seven or eight years (1658—1665), it is certain that he bestowed on the work all that care and labour which, on his first contemplation of such a work in his earlier manhood, he had declared would be necessary. The "industrious and select reading," which he had then spoken of as one of the many requisites, had not been omitted. Whatever else *Paradise Lost* may be, it is certainly one of the most learned poems in the world. In thinking of it in this character we are to remember, first of all, that, ere his blindness had befallen him (1652), Milton's mind was stored with an amount of various and exact learning such as few other men of his age possessed; so that, had he ceased then to acquire more, he would have still carried in his memory an enormous resource of material out of which to build up the body of his poem. But he did not, after his blindness, cease to add to his knowledge by reading. At the very time when he was engaged on his *Paradise Lost*, he had, as his nephew Phillips informs us, several other great undertakings in progress of a different character, for which daily reading and research were necessary, even if they could have been dispensed with for the poem—to wit, the construction of a Body of Divinity from the Scriptures, the completion of a History of England, and the collection of materials for a Thesaurus, or Dictionary, of the Latin tongue. Laboriously every day, with a due division of his time from early morning, he pursued these tasks, by a systematic use of

assistants whom he kept about him. As at the time when the composition of *Paradise Lost* was begun the eldest daughter, Anne, was but twelve years of age, the second, Mary, but ten, and the youngest, Deborah, but six, and as when the poem was certainly finished their ages were about eighteen, sixteen, and twelve respectively, *their* services as readers during its composition can have been but partial. But, whether with them as his readers, or with young men and grown-up friends performing the part for hire or love, he was able to avail himself for his poem, as well as for the drier works on which he was simultaneously engaged, of any help which books could give. He may, accordingly, at this time, if not before, have made himself acquainted with some of those poems and other works, Italian and Latin, in which his subject, or some portion of it, had been previously treated. He was very likely to do so, and to take any hint he could get.

It would not be difficult to prove, at any rate, that, among the "select readings" engaged in specially for the purposes of *Paradise Lost* while it was in progress, must have been readings in certain books of geography and Eastern travel, and in certain Rabbinical, early Christian, and mediæval commentators on the subjects of Paradise, the Angels, and the Fall. Nothing is more striking in the poem, nothing more touching, than the frequency, and, on the whole, wonderful accuracy, of its references to maps; and, whatever wealth of geographical information Milton may have carried with him into his blindness, there are evidences, I think, that he must have refreshed his recollections of this kind by the eyes of others, and perhaps by their guidance of his finger, after his sight was gone. In short, for the *Paradise Lost*, as well as for the prose labours carried on along with it, there must have been abundance of reading; and, remembering to what a stock of prior learning, possessed before his blindness, all such increments were added, we need have no wonder at the appearance now presented by the poem. To say merely that it is a most learned poem—the poem of a mind full of miscellaneous lore wherewith its grand imagination might work—is not enough. Original as it is, original in its entire conception, and in every portion and passage, the poem is yet full of *flakes*—we can express it no otherwise—full of flakes from all that is greatest in preceding literature, ancient or modern. This is what all the commentators have observed, and what their labours in collecting parallel passages from other poets and prose-writers have served more and more to illustrate. Such labours have been overdone; but they have proved incontestably the tenacity of Milton's memory. In the first place, *Paradise Lost* is permeated from beginning to end with citations from the Bible. Milton must have almost had the Bible by heart; and, besides that some passages of his poem, where he is keeping close to the Bible as his authority, are avowedly coagulations of Scriptural texts, it is possible again and again, throughout the rest, to detect the flash, through his noblest language, of some suggestion from the Psalms, the Prophets, the Gospels, or the Apocalypse. So, though in a less degree, with Homer, the Greek tragedians (Euripides was a special favourite of his), Plato, Demosthenes, and the Greek classics generally, and with Lucretius, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Persius, and the other Latins. So with the Italian writers whom he knew so well—Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and others now less remembered. So with modern Latinists of various European countries, still less recoverable. Finally, so with the whole series of preceding English poets, particularly Spenser, Shakespeare, and some of the minor Spenserians of the reigns of James and Charles I., not forgetting that uncouth

popular favourite of his boyhood, Sylvester's Du Bartas. In connexion with all which, or with any particularly striking instance of the use by Milton of a thought or a phrase from previous authors, let the reader remember his own Definition of Plagiarism, given in his *Εἰκονοκλαστής*. "Such kind of borrowing as this," he there says, "*if it be not bettered by the borrower*, among good authors is accounted plagiary." And again, of quotations from the Bible,— "It is not hard for any man who hath a Bible in his hands to borrow good words and holy sayings in abundance; but to make them his own is a work of grace only from above."

How was the poem, as it grew in Milton's mind, committed to paper? It was dictated by parcels of ten, twenty, thirty, or more lines at a time. Even before his blindness, Milton had made use of amanuenses; but, after his blindness, he scarcely wrote at all with his own hand. It would be difficult to produce a genuine autograph of his of later date than 1652. On this matter Phillips is again our most precise authority. "There is another very remarkable passage," he says, "in the composure of this poem, which I have a particular occasion to remember; for, whereas I had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time—which, being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing—having, as the summer came on, not been shewed any for a considerable while, and desiring the reason thereof, was answered, that his verse never happily flowed but from the Autumnal Equinoctial to the Vernal [*i.e.* from the end of September to the end of March], and that whatever he attempted [at other times] was never to his satisfaction, though he exerted his fancy never so much; so that, in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein." The reader ought to correct by this extract, taken in connexion with information already given as to Milton's domestic circumstances, the impressions he may have received from flummery pictures representing the blind poet in a rapt attitude dictating *Paradise Lost* to his attentive and revering daughters. His eldest daughter, Anne, could not write; and though the other two could write, and may occasionally, when the poem was in progress, have acted as his amanuenses, their ages exclude the idea of their having been his chief assistants in this capacity—while we also know that the poor motherless girls had grown up in circumstances to make them regard the services they were required to perform for their father as less a duty than a trouble. On the whole, Phillips's words suggest what is probably the right notion—that Milton dictated his poem in small portions at a time, chiefly within-doors, and more in winter than in summer, to any one that chanced to be about him. Sometimes it may have been one of his daughters; sometimes, latterly, when the poem was nearly complete, it may have been his third wife; frequently it may have been one of the friends or youths who stately read to him. From Phillips's statement it is also clear that *he* assisted Milton in revising the gathered scraps of MS. from time to time. Finally, when all was completed, a clean copy, or clean copies, must have been made by some practised scribe. One such clean copy was that sent to the licenser, a portion of which, as has been mentioned, still exists. The hand in that manuscript has not been identified.

## III. SCHEME AND MEANING OF THE POEM.

*Paradise Lost* is an Epic. But it is not, like the *Iliad* or the *Æneid*, a national Epic; nor is it an epic after any other of the known types. It is an epic of the whole human species—an epic of our entire planet, or indeed of the entire astronomical universe. The title of the poem, though perhaps the best that could have been chosen, hardly indicates beforehand the full nature or extent of the theme; nor are the opening lines, by themselves, sufficiently descriptive of what is to follow. According to them, the song is to be

“Of Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought Death into the world, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden.”

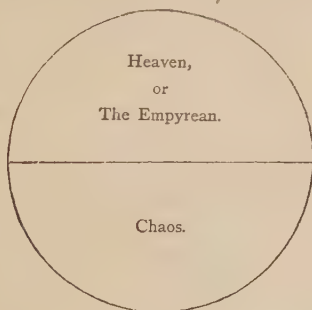
This is a true enough description, inasmuch as the whole story bears on this point. But it is the vast comprehension of the story, both in space and time, as leading to this point, that makes it unique among epics, and entitles Milton to speak of it as involving

“Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.”

It is, in short, a poetical representation, on the authority of hints from the Book of Genesis, of the historical connexion between Human Time and Aboriginal or Eternal Infinity, or between our created World and the immeasurable and inconceivable Universe of Pre-human Existence. So far as our World is concerned, the poem starts from that moment when our newly-created Earth, with all the newly-created starry depths about it, had as yet but two human beings upon it; and these consequently are, on this side of the pre-supposed Infinite Eternity, the main persons of the epic. But we are carried back *into* this pre-supposed Infinite Eternity, and the grand purpose of the poem is to connect, by a stupendous imagination, certain events or courses of the inconceivable history that had been unfolding itself there with the first fortunes of that new azure World which is familiar to us, and more particularly with the first fortunes of that favoured ball at the centre whereon those two human creatures walked. Now the person of the epic through the narration of whose acts this connexion is established is Satan. He, as all critics have perceived, and in a wider sense than most of them have perceived, is the real hero of the poem. He and his actions are the link between that new World of Man the infancy of which we behold in the poem and that boundless antecedent Universe of Pre-human Existence which the poem assumes. For he was a *native* of that Pre-human Universe—one of its greatest and most conspicuous natives; and what we follow in the poem, when its story is taken chronologically, is the life of this great being, from the time of his yet unimpaired primacy or archangelship among the Celestials, on to that time when, in pursuit of a scheme of revenge, he flings himself into the new experimental World, tries the strength of the new race at its fountain-head, and, by success in his attempt, vitiates Man’s portion of space to his own nature, and wins possession of it for a season. The attention of the reader is particularly requested to the following remarks and diagrams. The diagrams are not mere illustrations of what Milton *may* have conceived in his scheme of his poem.

They are what he *did* conceive and most tenaciously keep before his mind from first to last ; and, unless they are thoroughly grasped, the poem will not be understood as a whole, and many portions of it will be misinterpreted.

Aboriginally, or in primeval Eternity, before the creation of our Earth or the Starry Universe to which it belongs, universal space is to be considered, according to the requisites of the poem, not as containing stars or starry systems at all, but as, so to say, a sphere of infinite radius, divided equatorially into two hemispheres, thus —



The upper of these two hemispheres of primeval Infinity is HEAVEN, or THE EMPYREAN—a boundless, unimaginable region of Light, Freedom, Happiness, and Glory, in the midst whereof Deity, though omnipresent, has His immediate and visible dwelling, and where He is surrounded by a vast population of beings, called “the Angels,” or “Sons of God,” who draw near to His throne in worship, derive thence their nurture and their delight, and yet live dispersed through all the ranges and recesses of the region, leading severally their mighty lives and performing the behests of Deity, but organized into companies, orders, and hierarchies. Milton is careful to explain that all that he says of Heaven is said symbolically, and in order to make conceivable by the human imagination what in its own nature is inconceivable ; but, this being explained, he is bold enough in his use of terrestrial analogies. Round the immediate throne of Deity, indeed, there is kept a blazing mist of vagueness, which words are hardly permitted to pierce, though the Angels are represented as from time to time assembling within it, beholding the Divine Presence and hearing the Divine Voice. But Heaven at large, or portions of it, are figured as tracts of a celestial Earth, with plain, hill, and valley, wherein the myriads of the Sons of God expatiate, in their two orders of Seraphim and Cherubim, and in their descending ranks as Archangels or Chiefs, Princes of various degrees, and individual Powers and Intelligences. Certain differences, however, are implied as distinguishing these Celestials from the subsequent race of Mankind. As they are of infinitely greater prowess, immortal, and of more purely spiritual nature, so their ways even of physical existence and action transcend all that is within human experience. Their forms are dilatible or contractible at pleasure ; they move with incredible swiftness ; and, as they are—

not subject to any law of gravitation, their motion, though ordinarily represented as horizontal over the Heavenly ground, may as well be vertical or in any other direction, and their aggregations need not, like those of men, be in squares, oblongs, or other plane figures, but may be in cubes, or other rectangular or oblique solids, or in spherical masses. These and various other particulars are to be kept in mind concerning Heaven and its pristine inhabitants. As respects the other half or hemisphere of the primeval Infinity, though it too is inconceivable in its nature, and has to be described by words which are at best symbolical, less needs be said. For it is CHAOS, or the Uninhabited—a huge, limitless ocean, abyss, or quagmire, of universal darkness and lifelessness, wherein are jumbled in blustering confusion the elements of all matter, or rather the crude embryos of all the elements, ere as yet they are distinguishable. There is no light there, nor properly Earth, Water, Air, or Fire, but only a vast pulp or welter of unformed matter, in which all these lie tempestuously intermixed. Though the presence of Deity is there potentially too, it is still, as it were, actually retracted thence, as from a realm unorganized and left to Night and Anarchy; nor do any of the Angels wing down into its repulsive obscurities. The crystal floor or wall of Heaven divides them from it; underneath which, and unvisited of light, save what may glimmer through upon its nearer strata, it howls and rages and stagnates eternally.

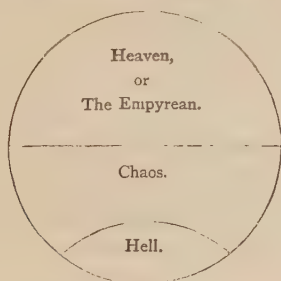
Such is and has been the constitution of the Universal Infinitude from ages immemorial in the Angelic reckoning. But lo! at last a day in the annals of Heaven when the grand monotony of existence hitherto is disturbed and broken. On a day—"such a day as Heaven's great year brings forth" (v. 582, 583)—all the Empyrean host of Angels, called by imperial summons from all the ends of Heaven, assemble innumerable before the throne of the Almighty; beside whom, imbosomed in bliss, sat the Divine Son. They had come to hear this divine decree:—

"Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
Hear my decree which unrevoked shall stand!  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My only Son, and on this holy hill  
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand. Your Head I him appoint;  
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow  
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord."

With joy and obedience is this decree received throughout the hierarchies, save in one quarter. One of the first of the Archangels in Heaven, if not the very first—the coequal of Michael, Gabriel, and Raphael, if not their superior—is the Archangel known afterwards (for his first name in Heaven is lost) as Satan, or Lucifer. In him the effect of the decree is rage, envy, pride, the resolution to rebel. He conspires with his next subordinate, known afterwards as Beelzebub; and there is formed by them that faction in Heaven which includes at length one third of the entire Heavenly host. Then ensue the wars in Heaven—Michael and the loyal Angels warring against Satan and the rebel Angels, so that for two days the Empyrean is in uproar. But on the third day the Messiah himself rides forth in his chariot of power, and armed with ten thousand thunders. Right on he drives, in his sole might, through the rebel ranks, till they are trampled and huddled, in one indiscriminate flock, incapable of resistance, before him and his fires. But his purpose is not utterly to destroy

them,—only to expel them from Heaven. Underneath their feet, accordingly, the crystal wall or floor of Heaven opens wide, rolling inwards, and disclosing a spacious gap into the dark Abyss or Chaos. Horrorstruck they start back; but worse urges them behind. Headlong they fling themselves down, eternal wrath burning after them, and driving them still down, down, through Chaos, to the place prepared for them.

The place prepared for them! Yes, for now there is a modification in the map of Universal Space to suit the changed conditions of the Universe. At the bottom of what has hitherto been Chaos there is now marked out a kind of Antarctic region, distinct from the body of Chaos proper. This is HELL—



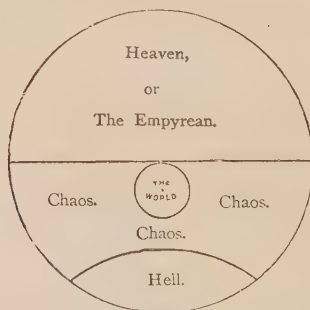
a vast region of fire, sulphurous lake, plain, and mountain, and of all forms of fiery and icy torment. It is into this nethermost and dungeon-like portion of space, separated from Heaven by a huge belt of intervening Chaos, that the Fallen Angels are thrust. For nine days and nights they have been falling through Chaos, or rather being driven down through Chaos by the Messiah's pursuing thunders, before they reach this new home (vi. 871). When they do reach it, the roof closes over them and shuts them in. Meanwhile the Messiah has returned in triumph into highest Heaven, and there is rejoicing over the expulsion of the damned.

For the moment, therefore, there are three divisions of Universal Space—HEAVEN, CHAOS, and HELL. Almost immediately, however, there is a fourth. Not only have the expelled Angels been nine days and nights in falling through Chaos to reach Hell; but, after they have reached Hell and it has closed over them, they lie for another period of nine days and nights (i. 50—53) stupefied and bewildered in the fiery gulf. It is during this second nine days that there takes place a great event, which farther modifies the map of Infinity. Long had there been talk in Heaven of a new race of beings to be created at some time by the Almighty, inferior in some respects to the Angels, but in the history of whom and of God's dealings with them there was to be a display of the divine power and love which even the Angels might contemplate with wonder. The time for the creation of this new race of beings has now arrived. Scarcely have the Rebel Angels been enclosed in Hell, and Chaos has recovered from the turmoil of the descent of such a rout through its depths, when the Paternal Deity, addressing the Son, tells him that, in order to repair the loss caused to Heaven, the predetermined creation of Man and of

the World of Man shall now take effect. It is for the Son to execute the will of the Father. Straightway he goes forth on his creating errand. The everlasting gates of Heaven open wide to let him pass forth; and, clothed with majesty, and accompanied with thousands of Seraphim and Cherubim, anxious to behold the great work to be done, he does pass forth—far into that very Chaos through which the Rebel Angels have so recently fallen, and which now intervenes between Heaven and Hell. At length he stays his fervid wheels, and, taking the golden compasses in his hands, centres one point of them where he stands and turns the other through the obscure profundity around (vii. 224—231). Thus are marked out, or cut out, through the body of Chaos, the limits of the new Universe of Man—that Starry Universe which to us seems measureless and the same as Infinity itself, but which is really only a beautiful azure sphere or drop, insulated in Chaos, and hung at its topmost point or zenith from the Empyrean. But, though the limits of the new experimental Creation are thus at once marked out, the completion of the Creation is a work of Six Days (vii. 242, 550). On the last of these, to crown the work, the happy Earth received its first human pair—the appointed lords of the entire new Creation. And so, resting from his labours, and beholding all that he had made, that it was good, the Messiah returned to his Father, re-ascending through the golden gates, which were now just over the zenith of the new World, and were its point of suspension from the Empyrean Heaven; and the Seventh Day or Sabbath was spent in songs of praise by all the Heavenly hosts over the finished work, and in contemplation of it as it hung beneath them,

“another Heaven,  
From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
On the clear hyaline.”

And now, accordingly, this was the diagram of the Universal Infinitude :—



There are the three regions of HEAVEN, CHAOS, and HELL as before; but there is also now a fourth region, hung drop-like into Chaos by an attachment to Heaven at the north pole or zenith. This is the NEW WORLD, or the STARRY UNIVERSE—all that Universe of orbs and galaxies which man's vision can reach by utmost power of telescope, and which even to his imagination is

illimitable. And yet as to the proportions of this World to the total map Milton dares to be exact. The distance from its nadir or lowest point to the upper boss of Hell is exactly equal to its own radius; or, in other words, the distance of Hell-gate from Heaven-gate is exactly three semidiameters of the Human or Starry Universe (i. 73, 74).

Meanwhile, just as this final and stupendous modification of the map of Infinity has been accomplished, Satan and his rebel adherents in Hell begin to recover from their stupor—Satan the first, and the others at his call. There ensue Satan's first speech to them, their first surveys of their new domain, their building of their palace of Pandemonium, and their deliberations there in full council as to their future policy. Between Moloch's advice for a renewal of open war with Heaven, and Belial's and Mammon's counsels, which recommend acquiescence in their new circumstances and a patient effort to make the best of them, Beelzebub insinuates the proposal which is really Satan's, and which is ultimately carried. It is that there should be an excursion from Hell back through Chaos, to ascertain whether that new Universe, with a new race of beings in it, of which there had been so much talk in Heaven, and which there was reason to think might come into existence about this time, *had* come into existence. If it had, might not means be found to vitiate this new Universe and the favourite race that was to possess it, and to drag them down to the level of Hell itself? Would not such a ruining of the Almighty's new experiment at its outset be a revenge that would touch Him deeply? Would it not be easier than open war? And on the stepping-stone of such a success might they not raise themselves to further victory, or at least to an improvement of their present condition, and an extent of empire that should include more than Hell?

Satan's counsel having been adopted, it is Satan himself that adventures the perilous expedition up through Chaos in quest of the new Universe. He is detained for a while at Hell-gate by the ghastly shapes of Sin and Death who are there to guard it; but, the gates being at length opened to him, never to shut again, he emerges into the hideous Chaos overhead. His journey up through it is arduous. Climbing, swimming, wading, flying, through the boggy consistency—now falling plumb-down thousands of fathoms, again carried upwards by a gust or explosion—he reaches at length, about midway in his journey, the central throne and pavilion where Chaos personified and Night have their government. There he receives definite intelligence that the new World he is in search of has actually been created. Thus encouraged, and directed on his way, again he springs upward, "like a pyramid of fire," through what of Chaos remains; and, after much farther flying, tacking, and steering, he at last reaches the upper confines of Chaos, where its substance seems thinner, so that he can wing about more easily, and where a glimmering dawn of the light from above begins also to appear. For a while in this calmer space he weighs his wings to behold at leisure (ii. 1046) the sight that is breaking upon him. And what a sight!

"Far off the Empyrean Heaven extended wide  
In crescent, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorned  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat,  
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent World, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon,"

Care must be taken not to misinterpret this passage. Even Addison misinterpreted it. He speaks of Satan's distant discovery "of the Earth that hung close by the Moon" as one of the most "wonderfully beautiful and poetical" passages of the poem. But it is more wonderfully beautiful and poetical than Addison thought. For, as even a correct reading of the passage by itself would have shown, the "pendent World" which Satan here sees is not the Earth at all, but the entire Starry Universe, or Mundane Sphere, hung drop-like by a golden touch from the Empyrean above it. In proportion to this Empyrean, at the distance whence Satan gazes, even the Starry Universe pendent from it is but as a star of smallest magnitude seen on the edge of the full or crescent moon.

At length (III. 418—422) Satan alights on the opaque outside, or convex shell, of the new Universe. As he had approached it, what seemed at first but as a star had taken the dimensions of a globe; and, when he had alighted, and begun to walk on it, this globe had become, as it seemed, a boundless continent of firm land, exposed, dark and starless, to the stormy Chaos blustering round like an inclement sky. Only on the upper convex of the shell, in its angles towards the zenith, some reflection of light was gained from the wall of Heaven. Apparently it was on this upper convex of the outside of the New World, and not at its nadir, or the point nearest Hell, that Satan first alighted and walked (compare II. 1034—1053, III. 418—430, X. 312—349). At all events he had to reach the zenith before he could begin the real business of his errand. For only at this point—only at the point of attachment or suspension of the new Universe to the Empyrean—was there an opening into the interior of the Universe. All the outer shell, save at that point, was hard, compact, and not even transpicuous to the light within, as the spherical glass round a lamp is, but totally opaque, or only glistering faintly on its upper side with the reflected light of Heaven. Accordingly—after wandering on this dark outside of the Universe long enough to allow Milton that extraordinary digression (III. 440—497) in which he finds one of the most magnificently grotesque uses for the outside of the Universe that it could have entered into the imagination of any poet to conceive—the Fiend is attracted in the right direction to the opening at the zenith. What attracts him thither is a gleam of light from the mysterious structure or staircase (III. 501 *et seq.*) which there serves the Angels in their descents from Heaven's gate into the Human Universe, and again in their ascents from the Universe to Heaven's gate. Sometimes these stairs are drawn up to Heaven and invisible; but at the moment when Satan reached the spot they were let down, so that, standing on the lower stair, and gazing down through the opening right underneath, he could suddenly behold the whole interior of the Starry Universe at once. He can behold it in all directions—both in the direction of latitude, or depth from the pole where he stands to the opposite pole or nadir; and also longitudinally,

"from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond the horizon."

At this point, and before following the Fiend in his flight down into the interior of our Astronomical Universe, it is necessary to describe the system or constitution of that interior as it is conceived by Milton and assumed throughout the poem. Let us attend, therefore, more particularly now to that small

central circle of our last diagram, hanging drop-like from the Empyrean, which we have as yet described no farther than by saying that, small as it is, it represents our vast Starry Universe in Milton's total scheme of Infinitude. Although a great part of the action of the poem takes place in the Empyrean, in Chaos, and in Hell, much of it also takes place within the bounds of this Starry Universe; so that, if there is any peculiarity in Milton's conception of the interior arrangements of this Universe, that peculiarity must be understood before many parts of the poem are intelligible. Such a peculiarity there is; and a distinct exposition of it is nearly all that is farther desirable in this Introduction to the Poem.

Milton's Astronomy, or, at least, the astronomical system which he thought proper to employ in his *Paradise Lost*, is not our present Copernican system—which, in his time, was not generally or popularly accepted. It is the older Astronomical System, now usually called "the Ptolemaic," because it had been set forth in its main features by the astronomer Ptolemy of Alexandria, who lived in the second century.

According to this "Ptolemaic system," the Earth was the fixed centre of the Mundane Universe, and the apparent motions of the other celestial bodies were caused by the real revolutions of successive Heavens, or Spheres of Space, enclosing the central Earth at different distances. First, and nearest to the Earth, were the Spheres or Orbs of the Seven Planets then known, in this order—the Moon (treated as a planet), Mercury, Venus, the Sun (treated as a planet—the "glorious planet Sol," Shakespeare calls it, *1* *roil*, and *Cress*. Act I. Scene 3), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. Beyond these, as an Eighth Sphere or Orb, was the Firmament or Heaven of all the fixed stars. These eight Spheres or Heavens had sufficed till Aristotle's time, and beyond it, for all the purposes of astronomical explanation. The outermost or Eighth Sphere was supposed to wheel diurnally, or in twenty-four hours, from East to West, carrying in it all the fixed stars, and carrying with it also all the seven interior Heavens or Spheres—which Spheres, however, had also separate and slower motions of their own, giving rise to those apparent motions of the Moon (months), Mercury, Venus, the Sun (years), Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, which could not be accounted for by the revolution of the Starry Sphere alone. But, later observations having discovered irregularities in the phenomena of the heavens which the supposed motions of even the Eight Spheres could not account for, two extra Spheres had been added. To account for the very slow change called "the precession of the equinoxes," the discovery of which was prepared by Hipparchus in the second century B.C., it had been necessary to imagine a Ninth Sphere, called "the Crystalline Sphere," beyond that of the Fixed Stars; and, finally, for farther reasons, it had been necessary to suppose all enclosed in a Tenth Sphere, called "the Primum Mobile," or "first moved." These two outermost spheres, or at least the Tenth Sphere, had been added in the Middle Ages; and, indeed, the Ptolemaic system, so completed up to the final number of Ten Spheres, may be called rather the "Alphonsine System," as having been adopted and taught by the famous King and astronomer, Alphonso X. of Castille (1252—1284). It need only be added that the Spheres were not necessarily supposed to be actual spheres of solid matter. It was enough if they were conceived as spheres of invisible or transpicuous space. Perhaps only the outermost Sphere, or Primum Mobile,

enclosing the whole Universe from absolute Infinity or Nothingness, had to be thought of as in any sense a material or impenetrable shell.

The utter strangeness of this Ptolemaic system to our present habits of thought causes us to forget how long it lasted. Although it was in 1543 that Copernicus had propounded the other system, and although the views of Copernicus struggled gradually into the belief of subsequent astronomers, and had further demonstration given them by Galileo (1610—1616), the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine system, with its ten Spheres enclosing the stationary Earth at different distances, and wheeling round it in a complex combination of their separate motions, retained its prevalence in the popular mind of Europe, and even in the scientific world, till the end of the seventeenth century. Hence all the literature of England, and of other countries, down to that date, is latently cast in the imaginative mould of that system, and is full of its phraseology and of suggestions from it. When Shakespeare speaks of the “stars starting from their spheres,” he means from the Ptolemaic Spheres; and, similarly, the word “sphere” in our old poetry has generally this meaning. Indeed, it retains this meaning in some of our still current expressions, as “This is not my sphere,” “You are out of your sphere,” &c. A full examination of our old literature in the light of the principle of criticism here suggested—*i.e.* with the recollection that it was according to the Ptolemaic conception of the Universe, and not according to the Copernican, that our old poets thought of things and expressed their thoughts—might lead to curious results. We are concerned at present, however, with Milton only.

In Milton's case we are presented with the interesting phenomenon of a mind apparently uncertain to the last which of the two systems, the Ptolemaic on the Copernican, was the true one, or perhaps beginning to be persuaded of the higher probability of the Copernican, but yet retained the Ptolemaic for poetical purposes. For Milton's life (1608—1674) coincides with the period of the struggle between the two systems. In his boyhood and youth he had, doubtless, inherited the general or Ptolemaic belief—that in which Shakspeare died. Here, for example, is what everybody was reading during Milton's youth in that favourite book, Sylvester's Translation of Du Bartas :—

“As the ague-sick upon his shivering pallet  
Delays his health oft to delight his palate,  
When wilfully his tasteless taste delights  
In things unsavoury to sound appetites,  
Even so some brain-sicks live there now-a-days  
That lose themselves still in contrary ways—  
Preposterous wits that cannot row at ease  
On the smooth channel of our common seas ;  
And such are those, in my conceit at least,  
Those clerks that think—think how absurd a jest !—  
That neither heavens nor stars do turn at all  
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball,  
But the Earth itself, this massy globe of ours,  
Turns round about once every twice-twelve hours.

Du Bartas had been a French Protestant, and his English translator, Sylvester, was a Puritan. It was not, therefore, only to the Roman Inquisition or to Roman Catholics that Galileo must have seemed a “brain-sick” and “a preposterous wit” when he advocated the Copernican theory. In 1638 Milton had himself conversed with Galileo, then old and blind, near Florence. “There it was,” he wrote in 1644 (*Arcopag.*), “that I found and visited th

"famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in "Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." And yet, despite this passage, and other passages showing how strongly the character and history of Galileo had fascinated him, it may be doubted whether Milton even then felt himself entitled to reject the system which Galileo had impugned. His friends and literary associates, the *Smectymnuans*, at all events, in their answer to Bishop Hall's "Humble Remonstrance" (1641), had cited the Copernican doctrine as an unquestionable instance of a supreme absurdity. "There is no more truth in this assertion," they say of one of Bishop Hall's statements, "than if he had said, with Anaxagoras, 'Snow is black,' or with Copernicus, 'The Earth moves, and the Heavens stand still.'" There cannot be a more distinct proof than this incidental passage affords, of the utter repulsiveness of the Copernican theory to even the educated English intellect as late as the middle of the seventeenth century. Milton was probably even then, if we may judge from the above-quoted reference to Galileo, in advance of his contemporaries on this question; and in the interval between that time and the completion of his *Paradise Lost* his Copernicanism may have become decided. There are, at any rate, two passages in *Paradise Lost* where he shows his perfect acquaintance with the Copernican theory, and with the arguments in its behalf. The one (IV. 592—597) is an incidental passage; in the other and much longer passage (VIII. 15—178) he makes the question a subject of express conversation between Raphael and Adam. In this last passage Adam is represented as arriving by intuition at the Copernican theory, or at least as perceiving its superior simplicity over the Ptolemaic; and, though the drift of the Angel's reply is that the question is an abstruse one, and that it is of no great consequence for man's real duty in the world which system is the true one, yet the balance of the Angel's remarks is also Copernican. There is no doubt that these two passages were inserted by Milton to relieve his own mind on the subject, and by way of caution to the reader that the scheme of the physical Universe adopted in the construction of the poem is not to be taken as more than a hypothesis for the imagination.

That scheme is, undoubtedly, the Ptolemaic or Alphonsine. Accordingly the little central circle, hung drop-like from the Empyrean in our last diagram—and there representing the dimensions of the total Creation of the six days, or, in other words, of our Starry Universe—may be exhibited now on a magnified scale, by simply reproducing one of the diagrams of the Heavens which were given in all the old books of Astronomy. The following is a copy (a little neater than the original, but otherwise exact) from a woodcut which we find in an edition, in 1610, of the *Sphæra* of the celebrated middle-age astronomer, Joannes a Sacrobosco, or John Holywood. This treatise, originally written in the thirteenth century, and amended or added to by subsequent writers, was the favourite manual of astronomy throughout Europe down to Milton's time. He himself used it as a text-book, as we learn from his nephew Phillips. The cut, the reader ought to understand, represents the interior of the Mundane System in equatorial section as looked *down* into from the pole of the ecliptic. It is, in short, a view *down* from the opening at the pole in the preceding cut.

This, literally this, so far as mere diagram can represent it, is the World or Mundane Universe, as Milton keeps it in his mind's eye throughout the poem. It is an enormous azure round of space scooped or carved out of Chaos, and communicating aloft with the Empyrean, but consisting within itself of ten Orbs or hollow Spheres in succession, wheeling one within the other, down to

the stationary nest of our small Earth at the centre, with the elements of water, air, and fire, that are immediately around it. It is according to this scheme that Milton virtually describes the process of creation in the first, the second, and the fourth of the six days of Genesis (VII. 232—275 and 339—386)—the only deviation being that the word “Firmament” is not there applied specifically to the eighth or Starry Sphere, but is used for the whole continuous depth of all the heavens as far as the *Primum Mobile*. As if to



prevent any mistake, however, there is one passage in which the Ten Spheres are actually enumerated. It is that (III. 481—483) where the attempted ascent of ambitious souls from Earth to the Empyrean by their own effort is described. In order to reach the opening into the Empyrean at the World's zenith, what are the successive stages of their flight?

“They pass the Planets Seven, and pass the Fixed,  
And that Crystalline Sphere whose balance weighs  
The trepidation talked, and that First Moved.”

Here we have the Alphonsine heavens in their order, and with their exact names. But all through the poem the language assumes the same astronomical system. Where the words *Orb* and *Sphere* occur, for example, they almost invariably—not *quite* invariably—mean *Orb* or *Sphere* in the Ptolemaic sense. Yet, to make all safe, Milton, as we have seen, inserts two passages at least in which the Copernican theory of the heavens is distinctly suggested as a possible or probable alternative; and, moreover, even while using the language of the other theory, he so arranges that it need not be supposed he does so for any other reason than *poetical* preference.

In one respect the diagram must fail to convey Milton's complete notion of the World or Mundane Universe at that moment where he supposes the Fiend first gazing down into it from the glorious opening at the zenith, and then plunging precipitate through its azure depths (III. 561—565) in quest of that particular spot in it where Man had his abode. That small Earth which is so conspicuous in the diagram, as being at the centre, either was not visible even to angelic eyes from such an amazing distance as the opening at the zenith of the Primum Mobile, or was not yet marked. The luminary that attracts Satan first, from its all-surpassing splendour, is the Sun. Though the tenant only of the fourth of the Spheres, this luminary so far surpasses all others in majesty that it seems like the King not only of the seven planetary Orbs, but of all the ten. It seems the very God of the whole new Universe—shooting its radiance even through the beds of the stars, as far as the Primum Mobile itself (III. 571—587). It is thither, accordingly, that Satan bends his flight; it is on this of all the bodies in the new Universe that he first alights; and it is only after the Angel Uriel, whom he there encounters, and who does not recognise him in his disguise, has pointed out to him the Earth shining at a distance in the sunlight (III. 722—724) that he knows the exact scene of his further labours. Thus informed, he wings off again from the Sun's body, and, wheeling his steep flight towards the Earth, alights at length on the top of Niphates, near Eden.

There is no need to follow the action of the poem farther in this Introduction. All that takes place after the arrival of Satan on the Earth—all that portion of the story that is enacted within the bounds of Eden or of Paradise—the reader can without difficulty make out for himself; or any such incidental elucidation as may be requisite will easily occur to him. It is necessary only to take account here of certain final modifications in Milton's imaginary physical structure of the Universe, which take place after the Tempter has succeeded in his enterprise and Man has fallen:—In the first place there is then established—what did not exist before—a permanent communication between Hell and the new Universe. When Satan had come up through Chaos from Hell-gate, he had done so with toil and difficulty, as one exploring his way; but no sooner had he succeeded in his mission than Sin and Death, whom he had left at Hell-gate, felt themselves instinctively aware of his success, and of the necessity there would thenceforward be for a distinct road between Hell and the new World, by which all the Infernals might go and come. Accordingly (x. 282—324) they construct such a road—a wonderful causeway or bridge from Hell-gate, right through or over Chaos, to that exact part of the outside of the new Universe where Satan had first alighted,—*i.e.* not to its nadir, but to some point near its zenith, where there is the break or orifice in the Primum Mobile towards the Empyrean. And what is the consequence of this vast

alteration in the physical structure of the Universe? The consequence is that the Infernal host are no longer confined to Hell, but possess also the new Universe, like an additional island or pleasure-domain, up in Chaos, and on the very confines of their former home, the Empyrean. Preferring this conquest to their proper empire in Hell, they are thenceforward perhaps more frequently in our World than in Hell, winging through its various Spheres, but chiefly inhabiting the Air round our central Earth. But this causey from Hell to the World, constructed by Sin and Death, is not the only modification of the physical Universe consequent on the Fall. The interior of the Human World as it hangs from the Empyrean receives some alterations for the worse by the decree of the Almighty Himself. The elements immediately round the Earth become harsher and more malignant; the planetary and starry Spheres are so influenced that thenceforward planets and stars look inward upon the central Earth with aspects of malevolence; nay, perhaps it was now first that, either by a heaving askance of the Earth from its former position, or by a change in the Sun's path, the ecliptic became oblique to the equator (X. 651—691). All this is apart from changes in the actual body of the Earth, including the obliteration of the site of the desecrated Paradise, and the outbreak of virulence among all things animate.

From the foregoing sketch, it will be seen that, while the poem is properly enough, as the name *Paradise Lost* indicates, the tragical story of the temptation and fall of the human race in its first parents, yet this story is included in a more comprehensive epic, of which the rebel Archangel is the hero, and the theatre of which is nothing less than Universal Infinitude. While the consummation, as regards Man, is the loss of innocence and Eden, and the liability to Death, the consummation, as regards Satan, is more in the nature of a triumph. He has succeeded in *his* enterprise. He has vitiated the new World at its beginning, and he has added it as a conquest to the Hell which had been assigned to him and his for their only proper realm. True, in the very hour of his triumph a curse has been pronounced upon him; he and his host experience a farther abasement of their being by transmutation into the image of the Serpent; and he and they are left with the expectation of a time when their supposed conquest will be snatched from them, and they will be driven in ignominy back to whence they came. Still, for the present, and until that "greater Man" arise who is to restore the human race, and be the final and universal victor, they are left in successful possession. Whatever the sequel is to be (and it is foreshadowed in vision in the two last books), the Epic has here reached its natural close. Its purpose was to furnish the imagination with such a story of transcendent construction as should connect the mysteries of the inconceivable and immeasurable universe anterior to Time and to Man with the traditions and experience of our particular planet. This is accomplished by fastening the imagination on one great being, supposed to belong to the thronging multitudes of the angelic race that peopled the Empyrean before our World was created; by following this being in his actions as a rebel in Heaven and then as an exile into Hell; and by leaving him at last so far in possession of the new Universe of Man that thenceforward his part as an Archangel is well-nigh forgotten, and he is content with his new and degraded function as the Devil of mere terrestrial regions. Thenceforward he and his are to dwell more in these terrestrial regions, and particularly in the air, than in Hell—mingling themselves devilishly in human affairs, and

even, by a splendid stroke of diabolic policy, enjoying the worship of men while securing their ruin, by passing themselves off as gods and demigods of all kinds of mongrel mythologies. That this is the main course and purport of the Epic will be perceived all the more clearly if the reader will note how much of the action, though it all bears ultimately on the fate of Earth, takes place away from the Earth altogether, and at a rate different from that of earthly causation—in the Empyrean, in Hell, in Chaos, or among the orbs and starry interspaces of the entire Cosmos. The portions of the poem which are occupied with descriptions of Eden and Paradise and the relation of events there are attractive from their peculiar beauty, but they amount to but a fragment of the whole.

One result which ought to follow from a right understanding of the scheme of the Poem, as it has been here exhibited, is a truer idea of the place which Milton's Epic holds among the great poems of the world, and also of its relation to his total mind and life. What is that in any man which is highest, deepest, and most essential in him—which governs all, reveals all, gives the key to all that he thinks or is? What but his way of thinking or feeling, whatever it may be, respecting the relation or non-relation of the whole visible or physical world to that which is boundless, invisible, unfeatured, metaphysical? What he thinks or feels on this subject is essentially his philosophy; if he abstains from thinking on it at all, then that very abstinence is equally his philosophy. And what greater character can there be in a poem, or in any other work of art, than that it truly conveys the author's highest mind or mood on this subject—his theory, if he has one, or his antipathy to any theory, should that be the case? It may be doubted whether the world ever has taken a poem to its larger heart, or placed it in the list of the poems spoken of as great, except from a perception, more or less conscious, that it possessed, in a notable degree, this characteristic—that it was the expression, in some form or other, under whatever nominal theme, and with whatever intermixture of matter, of the intimate personal philosophy of a great living mind. To suppose, at all events, that Milton could have put forth any poem of large extent uninformed by his deepest and most serious philosophy of life and of the world, is to know nothing whatever about him. The ingenious construction of a fiction that should anyhow entertain the world, and which the author might behold floating away, detached from himself, as a beautifully-blown bubble—this was not *his* notion of poesy. Into whatever he wrote he was sure to put as much of *himself* as possible; and into that work which he intended to be his greatest it would have been safe to predict that he would studiously put the very most of himself. It would have been safe to predict that he would make it not only a phantasy or tale of majestic proportions, with which the human race might regale its leisure, but also a bequest of his own thoughts and speculations on the greatest subjects interesting to man—a kind of testament to posterity that it was thus and thus that he, Milton, veteran and blind, had learnt to think on such subjects, and dared advise the world for ever to think also. True, from the nature of the case, a poet must express himself on such subjects not so much in direct propositions addressed to the reason as in figurative conceptions, phantasmagories, or allegories, imagined individually and connectedly in accordance with his intellectual intention. In as far, therefore, as *Paradise Lost* is an expression of Milton's habitual mode of thought respecting Man and History in relation to an eternal and unknown

Infinity, it is so by way of what the Germans call *Vorstellung* (popular image or representation), and not by way of *Begriff* (pure or philosophic notion). Whether on such subjects it is possible to address the human mind at all except through visual or other sensuous images, and whether the most abstract language of philosophers consists of anything else than such images reduced to dust and made colourless, needs not here be inquired. Whatever might have been Milton's abstract theory on any such subject, it was certainly in the nature of his genius to express it in a *Vorstellung*. He had faith in this method as that by which the collective soul of man had been impressed and ruled in all ages, and would be impressed and ruled to the end of time. He more than once inserts in the poem passages cautioning the reader that his descriptions and narratives of supra-mundane scenes and events are not to be taken literally, but only symbolically. Thus, when the Archangel Raphael, yielding to Adam's request, begins, after a pause, his narration of the events that had taken place in the Empyrean Heaven before the creation of Man and his Universe, he is made (v. 563—576) to preface the narration with these words :—

“High matter thou enjoin'st me, O prime of Men—  
Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate  
To human sense the invisible exploits  
Of warring Spirits ? how, without remorse,  
The ruin of so many, glorious once,  
And perfect, while they stood ? how last unfold  
The secrets of another world, perhaps  
Not lawful to reveal ? Yet for thy good  
This is dispensed ; and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense I shall delineate so,  
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best—though what if Earth  
Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein  
Each to other like more than on Earth is thought ? ”

Let *Paradise Lost*, then, be called a *Vorstellung*. But what a *Vorstellung* it is ! That World of Man, the world of all our stars and starry transparencies, hung but drop-like after all from the Empyrean ; the great Empyrean itself, “undetermined square or round,” so that, though we do diagram it for form's sake, it is beyond all power of diagram ; Hell, far beneath but still measurably far, with its outcast infernal Powers tending disastrously upwards or tugging all downwards ; finally, between the Empyrean and Hell, that blustering blackness of an unimaginable Chaos, roaring around the Mundane Sphere, and assailing everlastingly its outermost bosses, but unable to break through, or to disturb the serenity of the golden poise that steadies it from the zenith—what phantasmagory more truly all-significant than this has the imagination of poet ever conceived ? What expanse of space, comparable to this for vastness, has any other poet presumed to occupy with a coherent story ? The physical universe of Dante's great poem would go into a nutshell as compared with that to which the imagination must stretch itself out in *Paradise Lost*. In this respect—in respect of the extent of physical immensity through which the poem ranges, and which it orbs forth with soul-dilating clearness and divides with never-to-be-obliterated accuracy before the eye—no possible poem can ever overpass it. And then the story itself ! What story mightier, or more full of meaning, can there ever be than that of the Archangel rebelling in Heaven, degraded from Heaven into Hell, reascending from Hell to the Human Universe, winging through the starry spaces of that Universe, and

at last possessing himself of our central Earth, and impregnating its incipient history with the spirit of Evil? Vastness of scene and power of story together, little wonder that the poem should have so impressed the world. Little wonder that it should now be Milton's Satan, and Milton's narrative of the Creation in its various transcendental connexions, that are in possession of the British imagination, rather than the strict Biblical accounts from which Milton so scrupulously derived the hints to which he gave such marvellous expansion!

But will the power of the poem be permanent? Grand conception as it is, was it not a conception framed too much in congruity with special beliefs and modes of thinking of Milton's own age to retain its efficiency for ever? If the matters it symbolized are matters which the human imagination, and the reason of man in its most exalted mood, must ever strive to symbolize in some form or other, may not the very definiteness, the blazing visual exactness, of Milton's symbolization jar on modern modes of thought? Do we not desire, in our days also, to be left to our own liberty of symbolizing in these matters, and may it not be well to prefer, in the main, symbolisms the least fixed, the least sensuous, the most fluent and cloud-like, the most tremulous to every touch of new idea or new feeling? To this objection—an objection, however, which would apply to all great Poetry and Art whatever, and would affect the paintings of Michael Angelo, for example, as much as the *Paradise Lost* of Milton—something must be conceded. Changes in human ideas since the poem was written *have* thrown the poem, or parts of it, farther out of keeping with the demands of the modern imagination than it can have been with the requirements of Milton's contemporaries. Not to speak of the direct traces in it of a peculiar theology in the form of speeches and arguments (in which kind, however, there is less that need really be obsolete than some theological critics have asserted), the Ptolemaism of Milton's astronomical scheme would alone put the poem somewhat in conflict with the educated modern conceptions of physical Nature. No longer now is the Mundane Universe thought of as a definite succession of Orbs round the globe of Earth. No longer now can the fancy of man be stayed at any distance, however immense, by an imaginary Primum Mobile or outermost shell, beyond which all is Chaos. The Primum Mobile has been for ever burst; and into the Chaos supposed to be beyond it the imagination has voyaged out and still out, finding no Chaos, and no sign of shore or boundary, but only the same ocean of transpicuous space, with firmaments for its scattered islands, and such islands still rising to view on every farthest horizon. Thus accustomed to the idea of Nature as boundless, the mind, in one of its moods, may *refuse* to conceive it as bounded, and may regard the attempt to do so as a treason against pure truth. All this must be conceded, though the effects of the concession will not stop at *Paradise Lost*. But there are other moods of the mind—moral and spiritual moods—which poesy is bound to serve; and, just as Milton, in the interest of these, knowingly and almost avowedly repudiated the obligation of consistency with physical science as known to himself, and set up a great symbolic phantasy, so to this day the phantasy which he did set up has, for those anyway like-minded to him, lost none of its sublime significance. For all such is not that physical Universe, which we have learnt not to bound, still, in its inconceivable totality, but as a drop hung from the Empyrean; is not darkness around it; is not Hell beneath it? And what though all are not such? Is it not the highest function of a book to perpetuate like-mindedness to its author after he is gone, and

may not *Paradise Lost* be doing this? Nay, and what though the relevancy of the poem to the present soul of the world should have been more impaired by the lapse of time and the change of ideas than we have admitted it to be, and much of the interest of it, as of all the other great poems of the world, should now be *historical*? Even so what interest it possesses! What a portrait, what a study, of a great English mind of the seventeenth century it brings before us! "I wonder not so much at the poem itself, though worthy "of all wonder," says Bentley in the preface to his Edition of the poem, "as "that the author could so abstract his thoughts from his own troubles as to "be able to make it—that, confined in a narrow and to him a dark chamber, "surrounded with cares and fears, he could expatiate at large through the "compass of the whole Universe, and through all Heaven beyond it, and "could survey all periods of time from before the creation to the consum- "mation of all things. This theory, no doubt, was a great solace to him "in his affliction, but it shows in him a greater strength of spirit, that made "him capable of such a solace. And it would almost seem to me to be "peculiar to him, had not experience by others taught me that there is that "power in the human mind, supported with innocence and *conscia virtus*, "that can make it shake off all outward uneasiness and involve itself secure "and pleased in its own integrity and entertainment." It is refreshing to be able to quote from the great scholar and critic words showing so deep an appreciation by him of the real significance of the poem which, as an editor, he mangled. Whatever the *Paradise Lost* is, it is, as Bentley here points out, a monument of almost unexampled magnanimity.

PARADISE LOST:

*A POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.*

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.



## COMMENDATORY VERSES,

PREFIXED TO THE SECOND EDITION.

### IN *PARADISUM AMISSAM* SUMMI POETÆ JOHANNIS MILTONI.

QUI legis *Amissam Paradisum*, grandia magni  
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?  
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,  
Et fata, et fines, continet iste liber.  
Intima panduntur magni penetralia Mundi,  
Scribitur et toto quicquid in Orbe latet;  
Terræque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum,  
Sulphureumque Erebi flammivomumque specus;  
Quæque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara cæca,  
Quæque colunt summi lucida regna poli;  
Et quodcunque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam;  
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus;  
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,  
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.  
Hæc qui speraret quis crederet esse futurum?  
Et tamen hæc hodie terra Britannia legit.  
O quantos in bella duces, quæ protulit arma!  
Quæ canit, et quantâ prælia dira tubâ!  
Cœlestes acies, atque in certamine Cælum!  
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!  
Quantus in ætheriis tollit se Lucifer armis,  
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaelis minor!  
Quantis et quam funestis concurrat iris,  
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!  
Dum vulsos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,  
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt,  
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,  
Et metuit pugnæ non superesse suæ.  
At simul in cœlis Messæ insignia fulgent,  
Et currus animes, armaque digna Deo,  
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et sæva rotarum  
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,  
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua raucò  
Admistis flammis insonuere pòlo,

Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,  
 Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;  
 Ad pœnas fugiunt, et, ceu foret Orcus asyllum,  
 Infernis certant condere se tenebris.  
 Cedite, Romani Scriptores; cedite, Graii;  
 Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus:  
 Hæc quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit  
 Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

S. B., M.D.

### ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,  
 In slender book his vast design unfold—  
 Messiah crowned, God's reconciled decree,  
 Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,  
 Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All—the argument  
 Held me a while misdoubting his intent,  
 That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)  
 The sacred truths to fable and old song  
 (So Samson groped the temple's posts in spite),  
 The world o'erwhelming to revenge his sight.

Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,  
 I liked his project, the success did fear—  
 Through that wide field how he his way should find  
 O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind;  
 Lest he perplexed the things he would explain,  
 And what was easy he should render vain.

Or, if a work so infinite he spanned,  
 Jealous I was that some less skilful hand  
 (Such as disquiet always what is well,  
 And by ill-imitating would excel,)  
 Might hence presume the whole Creation's day  
 To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet; nor despise  
 My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.  
 But I am now convinced, and none will dare  
 Within thy labours to pretend a share.  
 Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit,  
 And all that was improper dost omit;  
 So that no room is here for writers left,  
 But to detect their ignorance or theft.

The majesty which through thy work doth reign  
 Draws the devout, deterring the profane.  
 And things divine thou treat'st of in such state  
 As them preserves, and thee, inviolate.  
 At once delight and horror on us seize;

Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease,  
And above human flight dost soar aloft  
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.  
The bird named from the Paradise you sing  
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where could'st thou words of such a compass find?  
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind?  
Just Heaven, thee like Tiresias to requite,  
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure  
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure;  
While the Town-Bayes writes all the while and spells,  
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.  
Their fancies like our bushy points appear;  
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.  
I too, transported by the mode, offend,  
And, while I meant to *praise* thee, must *commend*.  
Thy verse, created, like thy theme sublime,  
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

A. M.



## THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin—rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they would have expressed them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings—a fault avoided by the learned ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

Wm. H. French.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject—Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise, wherein he was placed: then touches the prime cause of his fall—the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great Deep. Which action passed over, the Poem hastens into the midst of things; presenting Satan, with his Angels, now fallen into Hell—described here not in the Centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, certainly not yet accursed), but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest called Chaos. Here Satan, with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderstruck and astonished, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion; calls up him who, next in order and dignity, lay by him: they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded. They rise: their numbers, array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech: comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven; but tells them, lastly, of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy, or report, in Heaven—for that Angels were long before this visible creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: the infernal Peers there sit in council.

OF MAN'S first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the World, and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, Heavenly Muse, that, on the secret top  
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire  
That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed  
In the beginning how the heavens and earth  
Rose out of Chaos: or, if Sion hill  
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God, I thence  
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer  
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,  
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first  
Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread, 20  
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,  
And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark  
Illumine, what is low raise and support;  
That, to the highth of this great argument,  
I may assert Eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Say first—for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,  
Nor the deep tract of Hell—say first what cause  
Moved our grand Parents, in that happy state,  
Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off 30  
From their Creator, and transgress his will  
For one restraint, lords of the World besides.  
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

The infernal Serpent; he it was whose guile,  
Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived  
The mother of mankind, what time his pride  
Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
To set himself in glory above his peers,  
He trusted to have equalled the Most High, 40  
If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim  
Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,  
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chains and penal fire,  
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night 50  
To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,  
Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
Confounded, though immortal. But his doom  
Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.  
At once, as far as Angel's ken, he views  
The dismal situation waste and wild. 60  
A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
No light; but rather darkness visible

Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all, but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared 70  
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,  
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
 Oh how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named 80  
 BEELZEBUB. To whom the Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heaven called SATAN, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—

“If thou beest he—but Oh how fallen! how changed  
 From him!—who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine  
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined 90  
 In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest  
 From what highth fallen: so much the stronger proved  
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,  
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100  
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,  
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
 All is not lost—the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield:  
 And what is else not to be overcome.  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might 110

Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power  
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late  
 Doubted his empire—that were low indeed;  
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath  
 This downfall; since, by fate, the strength of Gods,  
 And this empyreal substance, cannot fail;  
 Since, through experience of this great event,  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy  
 Sole reigning holds the tyranny of Heaven.”

120

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,  
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair;  
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:—

“O Prince, O Chief of many thronèd Powers  
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war  
 Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds  
 Fearless, endangered Heaven’s perpetual King,  
 And put to proof his high supremacy,  
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate!  
 Too well I see and rue the dire event  
 That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,  
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host  
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,  
 As far as Gods and Heavenly Essences  
 Can perish: for the mind and spirit remains  
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,  
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state  
 Here swallowed up in endless misery.

130

140

But what if He our Conqueror (whom I now  
 Of force believe almighty, since no less  
 Than such could have o’erpowered such force as ours)  
 Have left us this our spirit and strength entire,  
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,  
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,  
 Or do him mightier service as his thralls  
 By right of war, whate’er his business be,  
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,  
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep?  
 What can it then avail though yet we feel  
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being  
 To undergo eternal punishment?”

150

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-Fiend replied:—  
 “Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,

Doing or suffering: but of this be sure—  
 To do aught good never will be our task,  
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160  
 As being the contrary to His high will  
 Whom we resist. If then his providence  
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,  
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,  
 And out of good still to find means of evil;  
 Which oftentimes may succeed so as perhaps  
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb  
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.  
 But see! the angry Victor hath recalled  
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit 170  
 Back to the gates of Heaven: the sulphurous hail,  
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid  
 The fiery surge that from the precipice  
 Of Heaven received us falling; and the thunder,  
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,  
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now  
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.  
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn  
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.  
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild, 180  
 The seat of desolation, void of light,  
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames  
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend  
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves;  
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there;  
 And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,  
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend  
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,  
 How overcome this dire calamity,  
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope, 190  
 If not what resolution from despair."

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
 With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
 That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides  
 Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
 As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,  
 Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
 By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
 Leviathan, which God of all his works  
 Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream.  
 Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
 The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,

Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
 With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,  
 Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
 Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.  
 So stretched out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,  
 Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence 210  
 Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs,  
 That with reiterated crimes he might  
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought  
 Evil to others, and enraged might see  
 How all his malice served but to bring forth  
 Infinite goodness, grace, and mercy, shewn  
 On Man by him seduced, but on himself 220  
 Treble confusion, wrath, and vengeance poured.

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled  
 In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,  
 And such appeared in hue as when the force 230  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singèd bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke. Such resting found the sole  
 Of unblest feet. Him followed his next mate;  
 Both glorying to have scaped the Stygian flood  
 As gods, and by their own recovered strength, 240  
 Not by the sufferance of supernal power.

[“Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,”  
 Said then the lost Archangel, “this the seat  
 That we must change for Heaven?—this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light? Be it so, since He  
 Who now is sovran can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right: farthest from Him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equalled, force hath made supreme  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,  
 Infernal World! and thou, profoundest Hell, 250

Receive thy new possessor—one who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be, all but less than he  
 Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:  
 Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and co-partners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonished on the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion, or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regained in Heaven, or what more lost in Hell?"

260

270

So Satan spake; and him Beëlzebub  
 Thus answered:—"Leader of those armies bright  
 Which, but the Omnipotent, none could have foiled!  
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge  
 Of hope in fears and dangers—heard so oft  
 In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge  
 Of battle, when it raged, in all assaults  
 Their surest signal—they will soon resume  
 New courage and revive, though now they lie  
 Grovelling and prostrate on yon lake of fire,  
 As we erewhile, astounded and amazed;  
 No wonder, fallen such a pernicious highth!"

280

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast. The broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
 At evening, from the top of Fesolè,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear—to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great ammiral, were but a wand—  
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps  
 On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.

290

Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called 300  
 His legions—Angel Forms, who lay entranced  
 Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades  
 High over-arched embower; or scattered sedge  
 Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed  
 Hath vexed the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew  
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,  
 While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
 The sojourners of Goshen, who beheld 310  
 From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
 And broken chariot-wheels. So thick bestrown,  
 Abject and lost, lay these, covering the flood,  
 Under amazement of their hideous change.  
 He called so loud that all the hollow deep  
 Of Hell resounded:—"Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the Flower of Heaven—once yours; now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find 320  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!" 330

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,  
 On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day, —  
 Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud 340  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell,

'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding fires;  
 Till, as a signal given, the uplifted spear  
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct  
 Their course, in even balance down they light  
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the plain: 350  
 A multitude like which the populous North  
 Poured never from her frozen loins to pass  
 Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous sorts  
 Came like a deluge on the South, and spread  
 Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands.  
 Forthwith, from every squadron and each band,  
 The heads and leaders thither haste where stood  
 Their great Commander—godlike Shapes, and Forms  
 Excelling human; princely Dignities;  
 And Powers that erst in Heaven sat on thrones, 360  
 Though of their names in Heavenly records now  
 Be no memorial, blotted out and rased  
 By their rebellion from the Books of Life.  
 Nor had they yet among the sons of Eve  
 Got them new names, till, wandering o'er the earth,  
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,  
 By falsities and lies the greatest part  
 Of mankind they corrupted to forsake  
 God their Creator, and the invisible  
 Glory of Him that made them to transform 370  
 Oft to the image of a brute, adorned  
 With gay religions full of pomp and gold,  
 And devils to adore for deities:  
 Then were they known to men by various names,  
 And various idols through the Heathen World.]

Say, Muse, their names then known, who first, who last,  
 Roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,  
 At their great Emperor's call, as next in worth  
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,  
 While the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof. 380

The chief were those who, from the pit of Hell  
 Roaming to seek their prey on Earth, durst fix  
 Their seats, long after, next the seat of God,  
 Their altars by His altar, gods adored  
 Among the nations round, and durst abide  
 Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned  
 Between the Cherubim; yea, often placed  
 Within His sanctuary itself their shrines,  
 Abominations; and with cursed things  
 His holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,  
 And with their darkness durst affront His light.  
 First, *Moloch*, horrid king, besmeared with blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears ;  
 Though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,  
 Their children's cries unheard that passed through fire  
 To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite  
 Worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,  
 In Argob and in Basan, to the stream  
 Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such  
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart 400  
 Of Solomon he led by fraud to build  
 His temple right against the temple of God  
 On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove  
 The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence  
 And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.  
 Next *Chemos*, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,  
 From Aroar to Nebo and the wild  
 Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon  
 And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond  
 The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,  
 And Eleale to the Asphaltic Pool: 410  
 Peor his other name, when he enticed  
 Israel in Sittim, on their march from Nile,  
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.  
 Yet thence his lustful orgies he enlarged  
 Even to that hill of scandal, by the grove  
 Of Moloch homicide, lust hard by hate,  
 Till good Josiah drove them thence to Hell. *Ken*  
 With these came they who, from the bordering flood  
 Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420  
 Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names  
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*—those male,  
 These feminine. For Spirits, when they please,  
 Can either sex assume, or both ; so soft  
 And uncompounded is their essence pure,  
 Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,  
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,  
 Like cumbrous flesh ; but, in what shape they choose,  
 Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,  
 Can execute their aery purposes, 430  
 And works of love or enmity fulfil.  
 For those the race of Israel oft forsook  
 Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left  
 His righteous altar, bowing lowly down  
 To bestial gods ; for which their heads, as low  
 Bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear  
 Of despicable foes. With these in troop  
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the Phoenicians called  
 Astarte, queen of heaven, with crescent horns ;

To whose bright image nightly by the moon 440  
 Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs ;  
 In Sion also not unsung, where stood  
 Her temple on the offensive mountain, built  
 By that uxorious king whose heart, though large,  
 Beguiled by fair idolatresses, fell  
 To idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,  
 Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured  
 The Syrian damsels to lament his fate  
 In amorous ditties all a summer's day,  
 While smooth Adonis from his native rock 450  
 Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood  
 Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale  
 Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,  
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch  
 Ezekiel saw, when, by the vision led,  
 His eye surveyed the dark idolatries  
 Of alienated Judah. Next came one  
 Who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark  
 Maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off,  
 In his own temple, on the grunsel-edge, 460  
 Where he fell flat and shamed his worshipers :  
*Dagon* his name, sea-monster, upward man  
 And downward fish ; yet had his temple high  
 Reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast  
 Of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,  
 And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.  
 Him followed *Rimmon*, whose delightful seat  
 Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks  
 Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid streams. 470  
 He also against the house of God was bold :  
 A leper once he lost, and gained a king—  
 Ahaz, his sottish conqueror, whom he drew  
 God's altar to disparage and displace  
 For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn  
 His odious offerings, and adore the gods  
 Whom he had vanquished. After these appeared  
 A crew who, under names of old renown—  
*Osiris, Isis, Orus*, and their train—  
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused  
 Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek 480  
 Their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms  
 Rather than human. Nor did Israel scape  
 The infection, when their borrowed gold composed  
 The calf in Oreb ; and the rebel king  
 Doubled that sin in Bethel and in Dan,  
 Likening his Maker to the grazèd ox—

Jehovah, who, in one night, when he passed  
 From Egypt marching, equalled with one stroke  
 Both her first-born and all her bleating gods.  
*Belial* came last ; than whom a Spirit more lewd 490  
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love  
 Vice for itself. To him no temple stood  
 Or altar smoked ; yet who more oft than he  
 In temples and at altars, when the priest  
 Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled  
 With lust and violence the house of God ?  
 In courts and palaces he also reigns,  
 And in luxurious cities, where the noise  
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,  
 And injury and outrage ; and, when night 500  
 Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons.  
 Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.  
 Witness the streets of Sodom, and that night  
 In Gibeah, when the hospitable door  
 Exposed a matron, to avoid worse rape.]

These were the prime in order and in might :  
 The rest were long to tell ; though far renowned  
 The Ionian gods—of Javan's issue held  
 Gods, yet confessed later than Heaven and Earth,  
 Their boasted parents ;—*Titan*, Heaven's first-born, 510  
 With his enormous brood, and birthright seized  
 By younger *Saturn* : he from mightier Jove,  
 His own and *Rhea's* son, like measure found ;  
 So *Jove* usurping reigned. These, first in Crete  
 And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top  
 Of cold *Olympus* ruled the middle air,  
 Their highest heaven ; or on the *Delphian* cliff,  
 Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds  
 Of *Doric* land ; or who with *Saturn* old  
 Flew over *Adria* to the *Hesperian* fields, 520  
 And o'er the *Celtic* roamed the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp ; yet such wherein appeared  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost  
 In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears : 530  
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
 His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall :  
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
The imperial ensign ; which, full high advanced,  
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
Serafic arms and trophies ; all the while  
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :  
At which the universal host up-sent. 540  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old, Night.  
All in a moment through the gloom were seen  
Ten thousand banners rise into the air,  
With orient colours waving : with them rose  
A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms  
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array  
Of depth immeasurable. Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood 550  
Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised  
To highth of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm, and unmoved  
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat ;  
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage  
With solemn touches troubled thoughts, and chase  
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain  
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,  
Breathing united force with fixèd thought, 560  
Moved on in silence to soft pipes that charmed  
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil. And now  
Advanced in view they stand—a horrid front  
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guise  
Of warriors old, with ordered spear and shield,  
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief  
Had to impose. He through the armèd files  
Darts his experienced eye, and soon traverse  
The whole battalion views—their order due,  
Their visages and stature as of gods ; 570  
Their number last he sums.] And now his heart  
Distends with pride, and, hardening in his strength,  
Glories : for never, since created Man,  
Met such embodied force as, named with these,  
Could merit more than that small infantry  
Warred on by cranes—though all the giant brood  
Of Phlegra with the heroic race were joined  
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each side  
Mixed with auxiliar gods ; and what resounds  
In fable or romance of Uther's son, 580

Begirt with British and Armoric knights;  
 And all who since, baptized or infidel,  
 Jousted in Aspramont, or Montalban,  
 Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisonde,  
 Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore  
 When Charlemain with all his peerage fell  
 By Fontarabbia. Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observed  
 Their dread Commander. He, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent, 590  
 Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appeared  
 Less than Archangel ruined, and the excess  
 Of glory obscured: as when the sun new-risen  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air  
 Shorn of his beams, or, from behind the moon,  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone  
 Above them all the Archangel: but his face 600  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge. Cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss), condemned  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain—  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerced  
 Of Heaven, and from eternal splendours flung 610  
 For his revolt—yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire  
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,  
 With singèd top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared  
 To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers: Attention held them mute.  
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth: at last  
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way:— 620  
 “O myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers  
 Matchless, but with the Almighty!—and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
 hateful to utter. But what power of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth

ten of ten thousand

immense number

Of knowledge past or present, could have feared  
How such united force of gods, how such  
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630  
For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
That all these puissant legions, whose exile  
Hath emptied Heaven, shall fail to re-ascend,  
Self-raised, and re-possess their native seat?  
For me, be witness all the host of Heaven,  
If counsels different, or danger shunned  
By me, have lost our hopes. But he, who reigns  
Monarch in Heaven till then as one secure  
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
Consent or custom, and his regal state 640  
Put forth at full, but still his strength concealed—  
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
So as not either to provoke, or dread  
New war provoked: our better part remains  
To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
What force effected not; that he no less  
At length from us may find, Who overcomes  
By force hath overcome but half his foe.  
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650  
There went a fame in Heaven that He ere long  
Intended to create, and therein plant  
A generation whom his choice regard  
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven.  
Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
Our first eruption—thither, or elsewhere;  
For this infernal pit shall never hold  
Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor the Abyss  
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despaired; 660  
For who can think submission? War, then, war  
Open or understood, must be resolved.”

He spake; and, to confirm his words, out-flew  
Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
Of mighty Cherubim; the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined Hell. Highly they raged  
Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped arms  
Clashed on their sounding shields the din of war,  
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top 670  
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf—undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore,  
The work of sulphur. Thither, winged with speed,

A numerous brigad hastened: as when bands  
 Of pioneers, with spade and pickaxe armed,  
 Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,  
 Or cast a rampart. Mammon led them on—*God of riches*  
 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell <sup>679</sup>  
 From Heaven; for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
 Were always downward bent, admiring more  
 The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
 Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed  
 In vision beatific. By him first  
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,  
 Ransacked the Centre, and with impious hands  
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth  
 For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew  
 Opened into the hill a spacious wound,  
 And digged out ribs of gold. Let none admire  
 That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best <sup>690</sup>  
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those  
 Who boast in mortal things, and wondering tell  
 Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,  
 Learn how their greatest monuments of fame,  
 And strength, and art, are easily outdone  
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour  
 What in an age they, with incessant toil  
 And hands innumerable, scarce perform.  
 Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepared, <sup>700</sup>  
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire  
 Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude  
 With wondrous art founded the massy ore,  
 Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion-dross.  
 A third as soon had formed within the ground  
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells  
 By strange conveyance filled each hollow nook;  
 As in an organ, from one blast of wind,  
 To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.  
 Anon out of the earth a fabric huge <sup>710</sup>  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet—  
 Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
 With golden architrave; nor did there want  
 Cornice or frieze, with bossy sculptures graven: *\* make the stone*  
 The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon *in each his*  
 Nor great Alcairo such magnificence *and cornice*  
 Equalled, in all their glories, to enshrine  
 Belus or Serapis their gods, or seat  
 Their kings, when Egypt with Assyria strove

In wealth and luxury ✓ The ascending pile  
 Stood fixed her stately highth; and straight the doors,  
 Opening their brazen folds, discover, wide  
 Within, her ample spaces o'er the smooth  
 And level pavement: from the archèd roof,  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets, fed  
 With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. The hasty multitude 730  
 Admiring entered; and the work some praise,  
 And some the architect. His hand was known  
 In Heaven by many a towered structure high,  
 Where sceptred Angels held their residence,  
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King  
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,  
 Each in his hierarchy, the Orders bright.  
 Nor was his name unheard or unadored  
 In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land  
 Men called him Mulciber; and how he fell 740  
 From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove  
 Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn  
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,  
 A summer's day, and with the setting sun  
 Dropt from the zenith, like a falling star,  
 On Lemnos, the Ægæan isle. Thus they relate,  
 Erring; for he with this rebellious rout  
 Fell long before; nor aught availed him now  
 To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he scape  
 By all his engines, but was headlong sent, 750  
 With his industrious crew, to build in Hell.

Meanwhile the wingèd Haralds, by command  
 Of sovran power, with awful cêremony  
 And trumpet's sound, throughout the host proclaim  
 A solemn council forthwith to be held  
 At Pandemonium, the high capital  
 Of Satan and his peers. Their summons called  
 From every band and squared regiment  
 By place or choice the worthiest: they anon  
 With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760  
 Attended. All access was thronged; the gates  
 And porches wide, but chief the spacious hall  
 (Though like a covered field, where champions bold  
 Wont ride in armed, and at the Soldan's chair  
 Defied the best of Panim chivalry  
 To mortal combat, or career with lance),  
 Thick swarmed, both on the ground and in the air,  
 Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings. As bees

In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,  
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive 770  
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers  
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothèd plank,  
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,  
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate, and confer  
Their state-affairs: so thick the aery crowd  
Swarmed and were straitened; till, the signal given,  
Behold a wonder! They but now who seemed  
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,  
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room  
Throng numberless—like that pygmean race 780  
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,  
Whose midnight revels, by a forest-side  
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,  
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon  
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the Earth  
Wheels her pale course: they, on their mirth and dance  
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;  
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.  
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms  
Reduced their shapes immense, and were at large, 790  
Though without number still, amidst the hall  
Of that infernal court. But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat,  
A thousand demi-gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full. After short silence then,  
And summons read, the great consult began.

*End.*

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK II.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The consultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade. A third proposal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan—to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search: Satan, their chief, undertakes alone the voyage: is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to Hell-gates; finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them: by whom at length they are opened, and discover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven. With what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

✓ **H**IGH on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised  
To that bad eminence; and, from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
Vain war with Heaven; and, by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations thus displayed:—

10

“Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!—  
For, since no deep within her gulf can hold  
Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,  
I give not Heaven for lost: from this descent  
Celestial Virtues rising will appear  
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
And trust themselves to fear no second fate!—  
Me though just right, and the fixed laws of Heaven,  
Did first create your leader—next, free choice,  
With what besides in council or in fight  
Hath been achieved of merit—yet this loss,  
Thus far at least recovered, hath much more

20

Established in a safe, unenvied throne,  
Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
Envy from each inferior; but who here  
Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim  
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
Of endless pain? Where there is, then, no good 30  
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
From faction: for none sure will claim in Hell  
Precedence; none whose portion is so small  
Of present pain that with ambitious mind  
Will covet more! With this advantage, then,  
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
More than can be in Heaven, we now return  
To claim our just inheritance of old,  
Surer to prosper than prosperity  
Could have assured us; and by what best way, 40  
Whether of open war or covert guile,  
We now debate. Who can advise may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
Stood up—the strongest and the fiercest Spirit  
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by despair.  
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less  
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost  
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse,  
He recked not, and these words thereafter spake:— 50

"My sentence is for open war. Of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not: them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.  
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest—  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend—sit lingering here,  
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of His tyranny who reigns  
By our delay? No! let us rather choose, 60  
Armed with Hell-flames and fury, all at once  
O'er Heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the Torturer; when, to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder, and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his Angels, and his throne itself  
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur and strange fire,

His own invented torments. But perhaps 70  
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe!  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat; descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursued us through the Deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight 80  
We sunk thus low? The ascent is easy, then;  
The event is feared! Should we again provoke  
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
To our destruction, if there be in Hell  
Fear to be worse destroyed! What can be worse  
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned  
In this abhorrèd deep to utter woe;  
Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
Must exercise us without hope of end  
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge 90  
Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
Calls us to penance? More destroyed than thus,  
We should be quite abolished, and expire.  
What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,  
Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
To nothing this essential—happier far  
Than miserable to have eternal being!—  
Or, if our substance be indeed divine, 100  
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heaven,  
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne:  
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.”  
He ended frowning, and his look denounced  
Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
To less than gods. On the other side up rose  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane.  
A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed 110  
For dignity composed, and high exploit.  
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low—  
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds

Timorous and slothful. Yet he pleased the ear,  
And with persuasive accent thus began:—

“I should be much for open war, O Peers,  
As not behind in hate, if what was urged 120  
Main reason to persuade immediate war  
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;  
When he who most excels in fact of arms,  
In what he counsels and in what excels  
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.  
First, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are filled  
With armèd watch, that render all access 130  
Impregnable: oft on the bordering Deep  
Encamp their legions, or with obscure wing  
Scout far and wide into the realm of Night,  
Scorning surprise. Or, could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection to confound  
Heaven’s purest light, yet our great Enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted, and the ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel 140  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope  
Is flat despair: we must exasperate  
The Almighty Victor to spend all his rage;  
And that must end us; that must be our cure—  
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated Night, 150  
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe  
Can give it, or will ever? How he can  
Is doubtful; that he never will is sure.  
Will He, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger whom his anger saves  
To punish endless? ‘Wherefore cease we, then?’  
Say they who counsel war; ‘we are decreed,  
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse?’ Is this, then, worst— 160

Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What when we fled amain, pursued and strook  
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The Deep to shelter us? This Hell then seemed  
A refuge from those wounds. Or when we lay  
Chained on the burning lake? That sure was worse.  
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,  
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage, 170  
And plunge us in the flames; or from above  
Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
Her stores were opened, and this firmament  
Of Hell should spout her cataracts of fire,  
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall  
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,  
Designing or exhorting glorious war,  
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled, 180  
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk  
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains,  
There to converse with everlasting groans,  
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,  
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
War, therefore, open or concealed, alike  
My voice dissuades; for what can force or guile  
With Him, or who deceive His mind, whose eye  
Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth 190  
All these our motions vain sees and derides,  
Not more almighty to resist our might  
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.  
Shall we, then, live thus vile—the race of Heaven  
Thus trampled, thus expelled, to suffer here  
Chains and these torments? Better these than worse,  
By my advice; since fate inevitable  
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,  
The Victor's will. To suffer, as to do,  
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust 200  
That so ordains. This was at first resolved,  
If we were wise, against so great a foe  
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.  
I laugh when those who at the spear are bold  
And venturous, if that fail them, shrink, and fear  
What yet they know must follow—to endure  
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,  
The sentence of their conqueror. This is now  
Our doom; which if we can sustain and bear,  
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit 210

His anger, and perhaps, thus far removed,  
 Not mind us not offending, satisfied  
 With what is punished; whence these raging fires  
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.  
 Our purer essence then will overcome  
 Their noxious vapour; or, inured, not feel;  
 Or, changed at length, and to the place conformed  
 In temper and in nature, will receive  
 Familiar the fierce heat; and, void of pain,  
 This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;  
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight  
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change  
 Worth waiting—since our present lot appears  
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,  
 If we procure not to ourselves more woe.”

220

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,  
 Counsell'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloth,  
 Not peace; and after him thus Mammon spake:—

“Either to disenthroned the King of Heaven  
 We war, if war be best, or to regain  
 Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then  
 May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yield  
 To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the strife.  
 The former, vain to hope, argues as vain  
 The latter; for what place can be for us  
 Within Heaven's bound, unless Heaven's Lord Supreme  
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent,  
 And publish grace to all, on promise made  
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we  
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive  
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne  
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing  
 Forced Halleluiahs, while he lordly sits  
 Our envied sovran, and his altar breathes  
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,  
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task  
 In Heaven, this our delight. How wearisome  
 Eternity so spent in worship paid  
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue,  
 By force impossible, by leave obtained  
 Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our state  
 Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek  
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own  
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,  
 Free and to none accountable, preferring  
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke  
 Of servile pomp. Our greatness will appear

230

240

250

Then most conspicuous when great things of small,  
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,  
 We can create, and in what place soe'er 260  
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain  
 Through labour and endurance. This deep world  
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst  
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire  
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,  
 And with the majesty of darkness round  
 Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar,  
 Mustering their rage, and Heaven resembles Hell!  
 As He our darkness, cannot we His light  
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil 270  
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;  
 Nor want we skill or art from whence to raise  
 Magnificence; and what can Heaven show more?  
 Our torments also may, in length of time,  
 Become our elements, these piercing fires  
 As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
 Into their temper; which must needs remove  
 The sensible of pain. All things invite  
 To peaceful counsels, and the settled state  
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280  
 Compose our present evils, with regard  
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite  
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled  
 The assembly as when hollow rocks retain  
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long  
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull  
 Seafaring men o'erwatched, whose bark by chance,  
 Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay  
 After the tempest. Such applause was heard 290  
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased,  
 Advising peace: for such another field  
 They dreaded worse than Hell; so much the fear  
 Of thunder and the sword of Michaël  
 Wrought still within them; and no less desire  
 To found this nether empire, which might rise,  
 By policy and long process of time,  
 In emulation opposite to Heaven.  
 Which when Beëlzebub perceived—than whom,  
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave 300  
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed  
 A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven  
 Deliberation sat, and public care;  
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,

Majestic, though in ruin. Sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention still as night  
Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake:—  
“Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven. 310  
Ethereal Virtues! or these titles now  
Must we renounce, and, changing style, be called  
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote  
Inclines—here to continue, and build up here  
A growing empire; doubtless! while we dream,  
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doomed  
This place our dungeon—not our safe retreat  
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt  
From Heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league  
Banded against his throne, but to remain 320  
In strictest bondage, though thus far removed,  
Under the inevitable curb, reserved  
His captive multitude. For He, be sure,  
In highth or depth, still first and last will reign  
Sole king, and of his kingdom lose no part  
By our revolt, but over Hell extend  
His empire, and with iron sceptre rule  
Us here, as with his golden those in Heaven.  
What sit we then projecting peace and war?  
War hath determined us and foiled with loss 330  
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none  
Voutsafed or sought; for what peace will be given  
To us enslaved, but custody severe,  
And stripes and arbitrary punishment  
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,  
But, to our power, hostility and hate,  
Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,  
Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least  
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice  
In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340  
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need  
With dangerous expedition to invade  
Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,  
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find  
Some easier enterprise? There is a place  
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heaven  
Err not)—another World, the happy seat  
Of some new race, called Man, about this time  
To be created like to us, though less  
In power and excellence, but favoured more 350  
Of Him who rules above; so was His will.

Pronounced among the gods, and by an oath  
That shook Heaven's whole circumference confirmed.

Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn  
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould  
Or substance, how endued, and what their power  
And where their weakness : how attempted best,  
By force or subtlety. Though Heaven be shut,  
And Heaven's high Arbitrator sit secure

In his own strength, this place may lie exposed, 360  
The utmost border of his kingdom, left

To their defence who hold it : here, perhaps,  
Some advantageous act may be achieved  
By sudden onset—either with Hell-fire

To waste his whole creation, or possess  
All as our own, and drive, as we are driven,

The puny habitants ; or, if not drive,  
Seduce them to our party, that their God  
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand  
Abolish his own works. This would surpass 370

Common revenge, and interrupt His joy  
In our confusion, and our joy upraise

In His disturbance ; when his darling sons,  
Hurled headlong to partake with us, shall curse  
Their frail original, and faded bliss—

Faded so soon ! Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here  
Hatching vain empires." Thus Beëlzebub

Pleaded his devilish counsel—first devised

By Satan, and in part proposed : for whence, 380  
But from the author of all ill, could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race  
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite  
The great Creator ? But their spite still serves

His glory to augment. The bold design  
Pleased highly those Infernal States, and joy

Sparkled in all their eyes : with full assent  
They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews :—


" Well have ye judged, well ended long debate, 390  
Synod of Gods, and, like to what ye are,

Great things resolved, which from the lowest deep  
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,

Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view  
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms,

And opportune excursion, we may chance  
Re-enter Heaven ; or else in some mild zone

Dwell, not unvisited of Heaven's fair light,

Secure, and at the brightening orient beam  
Purge off this gloom: the soft delicious air, 400  
To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,  
Shall breathe her balm. But, first, whom shall we send  
In search of this new World? whom shall we find  
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandering feet  
The dark, unbottomed, infinite Abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his aery flight,  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast Abrupt, ere he arrive  
The happy Isle? What strength, what art, can then 410  
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe  
Through the strict senteries and stations thick  
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need  
All circumspection: and we now no less  
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send  
The weight of all, and our last hope, relies."   
This said, he sat; and expectation held  
His look suspense, awaiting who appeared  
To second, or oppose, or undertake  
The perilous attempt. But all sat mute, 420  
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each  
In other's countenance read his own dismay,  
Astonished. None among the choice and prime  
Of those Heaven-warring champions could be found  
So hardy as to proffer or accept,  
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till, at last,  
Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised  
Above his fellows, with monarchical pride  
Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake:—  
"O Progeny of Heaven! Empyrean Thrones! 430  
With reason hath deep silence and demur  
Seized us, though undismayed. Long is the way  
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light.  
Our prison strong, this huge convex of fire,  
Outrageous to devour, immures us round  
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,  
Barred over us, prohibit all egress.  
These passed, if any pass, the void profound  
Of uncessant Night receives him next,  
Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being 440  
Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf.  
If thence he scape, into whatever world,  
Or unknown region, what remains him less  
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape?  
But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,

And this imperial sovrantry, adorned  
With splendour, armed with power, if aught proposed  
And judged of public moment in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume 450  
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,  
Refusing to accept as great a share  
Of hazard as of honour, due alike  
To him who reigns, and so much to him due  
Of hazard more as he above the rest,  
High honoured sits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,  
Terror of Heaven, though fallen; intend at home,  
While here shall be our home, what best may ease  
The present misery, and render Hell  
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm 460  
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain  
Of this ill mansion: intermit no watch  
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad  
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek  
Deliverance for us all. This enterprise  
None shall partake with me." Thus saying, rose  
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;  
Prudent lest, from his resolution raised,  
Others among the chief might offer now,  
Certain to be refused, what erst they feared, 470  
And, so refused, might in opinion stand  
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute  
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they  
Dreaded not more the adventure than his voice  
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose.  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend  
With awful reverence prone, and as a God  
Extol him equal to the Highest in Heaven.  
Nor failed they to express how much they praised 480  
That for the general safety he despised  
His own: for neither do the Spirits damned  
Lose all their virtue; lest bad men should boast  
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,  
Or close ambition varnished o'er with zeal.  
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark  
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless Chief:  
As, when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element 490  
Scowls o'er the darkened landskip snow or shower,  
If chance the radiant sun, with farewell sweet,

Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,  
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.  
 O shame to men! Devil with devil damned  
 Firm concord holds; men only disagree  
 Of creatures rational, though under hope  
 Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,  
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife  
 Among themselves, and levy cruel wars  
 Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:  
 As if (which might induce us to accord)  
 Man had not hellish foes enow besides,  
 That day and night for his destruction wait!

500

The Stygian council thus dissolved; and forth  
 In order came the grand Infernal Peers:  
 Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seemed  
 Alone the antagonist of Heaven, nor less  
 Than Hell's dread Emperor, with pomp supreme,  
 And god-like imitated state: him round  
 A globe of fiery Seraphim enclosed

510

With bright emblazonry, and horrent arms.  
 Then of their session ended they bid cry  
 With trumpet's regal sound the great result:  
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim  
 Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy,  
 By harald's voice explained; the hollow Abyss  
 Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell  
 With deafening shout returned them loud acclaim.  
 Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat raised  
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers  
 Disband; and, wandering, each his several way  
 Pursues, as inclination or sad choice  
 Leads him perplexed, where he may likeliest find  
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain  
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.  
 Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,  
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend,  
 As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;  
 Part curb their fiery steeds, or shun the goal  
 With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form:  
 As when, to warn proud cities, war appears  
 Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush  
 To battle in the clouds; before each van  
 Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears,  
 Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms  
 From either end of heaven the welkin burns.  
 Others, with vast Typhœan rage, more fell,

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Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air 540  
 In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar—  
 As when Alcides, from Æchalia crowned  
 With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore  
 Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,  
 And Lichas from the top of Æta threw  
 Into the Euboic sea. Others, more mild,  
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing  
 With notes angelical to many a harp  
 Their own heroic deeds, and hapless fall  
 By doom of battle, and complain that Fate 550  
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.  
 Their song was partial ; but the harmony  
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing ?)  
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment  
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet  
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense)  
 Others apart sat on a hill retired,  
 In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high  
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate—  
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute— 560  
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.  
 Of good and evil much they argued then,  
 Of happiness and final misery,  
 Passion and apathy, and glory and shame :  
 Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy !—  
 Yet, with a pleasing sorcery, could charm  
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite  
 Fallacious hope, or arm the obdurèd breast  
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel.  
 Another part, in squadrons and gross bands, 570  
 On bold adventure to discover wide  
 That dismal world, if any clime perhaps  
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend  
 Four ways their flying march, along the banks  
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge  
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams—  
 Abhorrèd Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;  
 Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep ;  
 Cocytus, named of lamentation loud  
 Heard on the rueful stream ; fierce Phlegeton, 580  
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.  
 Far off from these, a slow and silent stream,  
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
 Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets—  
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

Beyond this flood a frozen continent  
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms  
 Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land  
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems  
 Of ancient pile; all else deep snow and ice,  
 A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog  
 Betwixt Damiata and Mount Casius old,  
 Where armies whole have sunk: the parching air  
 Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of fire.  
 Thither, by harpy-footed Furies haled,  
 At certain revolutions all the damned  
 Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
 Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
 From beds of raging fire to starve in ice  
 Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
 Immovable, infixed, and frozen round  
 Periods of time,—thence hurried back to fire.  
 They ferry over this Lethean sound  
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,  
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach  
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose  
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,  
 All in one moment, and so near the brink;  
 But Fate withstands, and, to oppose the attempt,  
 Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards  
 The ford, and of itself the water flies  
 All taste of living wight, as once it fled  
 The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on  
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands,  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 Viewed first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They passed, and many a region dolorous,  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of death —  
 A universe of death, which God by curse  
 Created evil, for evil only good;  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.  
 Meanwhile the Adversary of God and Man,  
 Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design.  
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the gates of Hell  
 Explores his solitary flight: sometimes  
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left;

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Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
 Up to the fiery concave towering high.  
 As when far off at sea a fleet descried  
 Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds  
 Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles  
 Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring,  
 Their spicy drugs; they on the trading flood,  
 Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,  
 Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed  
 Far off the flying Fiend. At last appear  
 Hell-bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,  
 And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were brass,  
 Three iron, three of adamantine rock,  
 Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,  
 Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat  
 On either side a formidable Shape.  
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,  
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold,  
 Voluminous and vast—a serpent armed  
 With mortal sting. About her middle round  
 A cry of Hell-hounds never-ceasing barked  
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung  
 A hideous peal; yet, when they list, would creep,  
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,  
 And kennel there; yet there still barked and howled  
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these  
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts  
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore;  
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called  
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,  
 Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance  
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon  
 Eclipses at their charms. The other Shape—  
 If shape it might be called that shape had none  
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;  
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,  
 For each seemed either—black it stood as Night,  
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,  
 And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head  
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.  
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat  
 The monster moving onward came as fast  
 With horrid strides; Hell trembled as he strode.  
 The undaunted Fiend what this might be admired—  
 Admired, not feared (God and his Son except,  
 Created thing naught valued he nor shunned),  
 And with disdainful look thus first began:—  
 “Whence and what art thou, execrable Shape,

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That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance  
Thy miscreated front athwart my way  
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,  
That be assured, without leave asked of thee.  
Retire; or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,  
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heaven."

To whom the Goblin, full of wrath, replied:—  
"Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou he,  
Who first broke peace in Heaven and faith, till then  
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's sons,  
Conjured against the Highest—for which both thou  
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned  
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?  
And reckon'st thou thyself with Spirits of Heaven,  
Hell-doomed, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,  
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,  
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,  
False fugitive; and to thy speed add wings,  
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue  
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart  
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

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So spake the grisly Terror, and in shape,  
So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold  
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,  
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge  
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head  
Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands  
No second stroke intend; and such a frown  
Each cast at the other as when two black clouds,  
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on  
Over the Caspian,—then stand front to front  
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow  
To join their dark encounter in mid-air.  
So frowned the mighty combatants that Hell  
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;  
For never but once more was either like  
To meet so great a foe. And now great deeds  
Had been achieved, whereof all Hell had rung,  
Had not the snaky Sorceress, that sat  
Fast by Hell-gate and kept the fatal key,  
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.  
"O father, what intends thy hand," she cried,  
"Against thy only son? What fury, O son,  
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart

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720

Against thy father's head? And know'st for whom? 730

For Him who sits above, and laughs the while

At thee, ordained his drudge to execute

Whate'er his wrath, which He calls justice, bids—

His wrath, which one day will destroy ye both!”

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest

Forbore: then these to her Satan returned:—

“So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange

Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,

Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds

What it intends, till first I know of thee

What thing thou art, thus double-formed, and why, 740

In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st

Me father, and that phantasm call'st my son.

I know thee not, nor ever saw till now

Sight more detestable than him and thee.”

To whom thus the Portress of Hell-gate replied:—

“Hast thou forgot me, then; and do I seem

Now in thine eye so foul?—once deemed so fair

In Heaven, when at the assembly, and in sight

Of all the Seraphim with thee combined

In bold conspiracy against Heaven's King, 750

All on a sudden miserable pain

Surprised thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast

Threw forth, till on the left side opening wide,

Likest to thee in shape and countenance bright,

Then shining heavenly fair, a goddess armed,

Out of thy head I sprung. Amazement seized

All the host of Heaven; back they recoiled afraid

At first, and called me *Sin*, and for a sign 760

Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,

I pleased, and with attractive graces won

The most averse—thee chiefly, who, full oft

Thyself in me thy perfect image viewing,

Becam'st enamoured; and such joy thou took'st

With me in secret that my womb conceived

A growing burden. Meanwhile war arose,

And fields were fought in Heaven: wherein remained

(For what could else?) to our Almighty Foe

Clear victory; to our part loss and rout

Through all the Empyrean. Down they fell, 770

Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down

Into this Deep; and in the general fall

I also: at which time this powerful key

Into my hands was given, with charge to keep

These gates for ever shut, which none can pass

Without my opening. Pensive here I sat

Alone; but long I sat not, till my womb,  
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown,  
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes. 780  
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest,  
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way,  
 Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain  
 Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew  
 Transformed: but he my inbred enemy  
 Forth issued, brandishing his fatal dart,  
 Made to destroy. I fled, and cried out *Death!*  
 Hell trembled at the hideous name, and sighed  
 From all her caves, and back resounded *Death!*  
 I fled; but he pursued (though more, it seems, 790  
 Inflamed with lust than rage), and, swifter far,  
 Me overtook, his mother, all dismayed,  
 And, in embraces forcible and foul  
 Engendering with me, of that rape begot  
 These yelling monsters, that with ceaseless cry  
 Surround me, as thou saw'st—hourly conceived  
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite  
 To me: for, when they list, into the womb  
 That bred them they return, and howl, and gnaw  
 My bowels, their repast; then, bursting forth 800  
 Afresh, with conscious terrors vex me round,  
 That rest or intermission none I find.  
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
 Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
 And me, his parent, would full soon devour  
 For want of other prey, but that he knows  
 His end with mine involved, and knows that I  
 Should prove a bitter morsel, and his bane,  
 Whenever that shall be: so Fate pronounced.  
 But thou, O father, I forewarn thee, shun 810  
 His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope  
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,  
 Though tempered heavenly; for that mortal dint,  
 Save He who reigns above, none can resist." ~~He~~  
 She finished; and the subtle Fiend his lore  
 Soon learned, now milder, and thus answered smooth:—  
 "Dear daughter—since thou claim'st me for thy sire,  
 And my fair son here show'st me, the dear pledge  
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys  
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820  
 Befallen us unforeseen, unthought-of—know,  
 I come no enemy, but to set free  
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain  
 Both him and thee, and all the Heavenly host  
 Of Spirits that, in our just pretences armed,

Fell with us from on high. From them I go  
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all  
Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread  
The unfounded Deep, and through the void immense  
To search, with wandering quest, a place foretold 830  
Should be—and, by concurring signs, ere now  
Created vast and round—a place of bliss  
In the purlieus of Heaven; and therein placed  
A race of upstart creatures, to supply  
Perhaps our vacant room, though more removed,  
Lest Heaven, surcharged with potent multitude,  
Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or aught  
Than this more secret, now designed, I haste  
To know; and, this once known, shall soon return,  
And bring ye to the place where thou and Death 840  
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen  
Wing silently the buxom air, embalmed  
With odours. There ye shall be fed and filled  
Immeasurably; all things shall be your prey."

He ceased; for both seemed highly pleased, and Death  
Grinned horrible a ghastly smile, to hear  
His famine should be filled, and blessed his maw  
Destined to that good hour. No less rejoiced  
His mother bad, and thus bespake her sire:—

"The key of this infernal Pit, by due 850  
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,  
I keep, by Him forbidden to unlock  
These adamantine gates; against all force  
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,  
Fearless to be o'ermatched by living might.  
But what owe I to His commands above,  
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down  
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound, .  
To sit in hateful office here confined,  
Inhabitant of Heaven and heavenly-born— 860  
Here in perpetual agony and pain,  
With terrors and with clamours compassed round  
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?  
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou  
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey  
But thee? whom follow? Thou wilt bring me soon  
To that new world of light and bliss, among  
The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign  
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems  
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end." 870

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,  
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;  
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,

Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,  
Which, but herself, not all the Stygian Powers  
Could once have moved; then in the key-hole turns  
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar  
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease  
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound, 880  
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She opened; but to shut  
Excelled her power: the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a bannered host,  
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through  
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.  
Before their eyes in sudden view appear 890  
The secrets of the hoary Deep—a dark  
Illimitable ocean, without bound,  
Without dimension; where length, breadth, and highth,  
And time, and place, are lost; where eldest Night  
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise  
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand.  
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,  
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring  
Their embryon atoms: they around the flag 900  
Of each his faction, in their several clans,  
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,  
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands  
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,  
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise  
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere  
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,  
And by decision more embroils the fray  
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,  
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss, 910  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,  
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed  
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,  
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain  
His dark materials to create more worlds—  
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend  
Stood on the brink of Hell and looked a while,  
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith  
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed 920  
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare

Great things with small) than when Bellona storms  
 With all her battering engines, bent to rase  
 Some capital city; or less than if this frame  
 Of heaven were falling, and these elements  
 In mutiny had from her axle torn  
 The steadfast Earth. At last his sail-broad vans  
 He spreads for flight, and, in the surging smoke  
 Uplifted, spurns the ground; thence many a league,  
 As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides 930  
 Audacious; but, that seat soon failing, meets  
 A vast vacuity. All unawares,  
 Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb-down he drops  
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour  
 Down had been falling, had not, by ill chance,  
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,  
 Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him  
 As many miles aloft. That fury stayed—  
 Quenched in a boggy Syrtis, neither sea,  
 Nor good dry land—nigh foundered, on he fares, 940  
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,  
 Half flying; behoves him now both oar and sail.  
 As when a gryphon through the wilderness  
 With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,  
 Pursues the Arimaspian, who by stealth  
 Had from his wakeful custody purloined  
 The guarded gold; so eagerly the Fiend  
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,  
 With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,  
 And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies. 950  
 At length a universal hubbub wild  
 Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,  
 Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear  
 With loudest yehemence. Thither he plies  
 Undaunted, to meet there whatever Power  
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss  
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask  
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies  
 Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne  
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread 960  
 Wide on the wasteful Deep! With him enthroned  
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood  
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name  
 Of Demogorgon; Rumour next, and Chance,  
 And Tumult, and Confusion, all embroiled,  
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

To whom Satan, turning boldly, thus:—"Ye Powers  
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss.

Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy 970  
 With purpose to explore or to disturb  
 The secrets of your realm ; but, by constraint  
 Wandering this darksome desert, as my way  
 Lies through your spacious empire up to light,  
 Alone and without guide, half lost, I seek,  
 What readiest path leads where your gloomy bounds  
 Confine with Heaven ; or, if some other place,  
 From your dominion won, the Ethereal King  
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive  
 I travel this profound. Direct my course : 980  
 Directed, no mean recompense it brings  
 To your behoof, if I that region lost,  
 All usurpation thence expelled, reduce  
 To her original darkness and your sway  
 (Which is my present journey), and once more  
 Erect the standard there of ancient Night.  
 Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge !”

Thus Satan ; and him thus the Anarch old,  
 With faltering speech and visage incomposed,  
 Answered :—“ I know thee, stranger, who thou art— 990  
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late  
 Made head against Heaven’s King, though overthrown.  
 I saw and heard ; for such a numerous host  
 Flew not in silence through the frightened Deep,  
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,  
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heaven-gates  
 Poured out by millions her victorious bands,  
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here  
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve  
 That little which is left so to defend, 1000  
 Encroached on still through our intestine broils  
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night : first, Hell,  
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath ;  
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world  
 Hung o’er my realm, linked in a golden chain  
 To that side Heaven from whence your legions fell !  
 If that way be your walk, you have not far ;  
 So much the nearer danger. Go, and speed ;  
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin, are my gain.”

He ceased ; and Satan staid not to reply, 1010  
 But, glad that now his sea should find a shore,  
 With fresh alacrity and force renewed  
 Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,  
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock  
 Of fighting elements, on all sides round  
 Environed, wins his way ; harder beset  
 And more endangered than when Argo passed

Through Bosphorus betwixt the justling rocks,  
Or when Ulysses on the larboard shunned  
Charybdis, and by the other Whirlpool steered. 1020

So he with difficulty and labour hard  
Moved on. With difficulty and labour he ;  
But, he once passed, soon after, when Man fell,  
Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain,  
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)  
Paved after him a broad and beaten way  
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling gulf  
Tamely endured a bridge of wondrous length,  
From Hell continued, reaching the utmost Orb  
Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse 1030  
With easy intercourse pass to and fro  
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom  
God and good Angels guard by special grace.

But now at last the sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night  
A glimmering dawn. Here Nature first begins  
Her farthest verge, and Chaos to retire,  
As from her outmost works, a broken foe,  
With tumult less and with less hostile din : 1040

That Satan with less toil, and now with ease,  
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light,  
And, like a weather-beaten vessel, holds  
Gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn ;  
Or in the emptier waste, resembling air,  
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold  
Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide  
In circuit, undetermined square or round,  
With opal towers and battlements adorned  
Of living sapphire, - once his native seat, 1050  
And, fast by, hanging in a golden chain,  
This pendent World, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon.  
Thither, full fraught with mischievous revenge,  
Accurst, and in a cursed hour, he hies.

*End.*  
THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK III.

### THE ARGUMENT.

God, sitting on his throne, sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created : shows him to the Son, who sat at his right hand ; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind ; clears his own justice and wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and ab'e enough to have withstood his Tempter ; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduced. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man : but God again declares that grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of Divine Justice ; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore, with all his progeny, devoted to death, must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a ransom for Man : the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all names in Heaven and Earth ; commands all the Angels to adore him. They obey, and, hymning to their harps in full quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Meanwhile Satan alights upon the bare convex of this World's outermost orb ; where wandering he first finds a place since called the Lumb of Vanity ; what persons and things fly up thither : thence comes to the gate of Heaven, described ascending by stairs, and the waters above the firmament that flow about it. His passage thence to the orb of the Sun : he finds there Uriel, the regent of that orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel, and, pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God had placed here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed : Alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL, holy Light, offspring of Heaven first-born!  
Or of the Eternal coeternal beam  
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,  
And never but in unapproachèd light  
Dwelt from eternity—dwelt then in thee,  
Bright effluence of bright essence increate!  
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,  
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the Sun,  
Before the Heavens, thou wert, and at the voice  
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest  
The rising World of waters dark and deep,  
Won from the void and formless Infinite!  
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,  
Escaped the Stygian Pool, though long detained  
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight,

Through utter and through middle Darkness borne,  
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre  
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night,  
Taught by the Heavenly Muse to venture down  
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend, 20  
Though hard and rare. Thee I revisit safe,  
And feel thy sovran vital lamp ; but thou  
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain  
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;  
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,  
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more  
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt  
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,  
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief  
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath, 30  
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,  
Nightly I visit : nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equalled with me in fate,  
So were I equalled with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,  
And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old :  
Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,  
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year 40  
Seasons return ; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;  
But cloud instead and ever-during dark  
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with a universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,  
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out. 50  
So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,  
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,  
From the pure Empyrean where He sits  
High throned above all highth, bent down his eye,  
His own works and their works at once to view :  
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60  
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight received  
Beatitude past utterance ; on his right

The radiant image of his glory sat,  
 His only Son. On Earth he first beheld  
 Our two first parents, yet the only two  
 Of mankind, in the Happy Garden placed,  
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,  
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivalled love,  
 In blissful solitude. He then surveyed  
 Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there  
 Coasting the wall of Heaven on this side Night,  
 In the dun air sublime, and ready now  
 To stoop, with wearied wings and willing feet,  
 On the bare outside of this World, that seemed  
 Firm land imbosomed without firmament,  
 Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.  
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,  
 Wherein past, present, future, he beholds,  
 Thus to His only Son foreseeing spake:—

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“Only-begotten Son, seest thou what rage  
 Transports our Adversary? whom no bounds  
 Prescribed, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains  
 Heaped on him there, nor yet the main Abyss  
 Wide interrupt, can hold; so bent he seems  
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound  
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now,  
 Through all restraint broke loose, he wings his way  
 Not far off Heaven, in the precincts of light,  
 Directly towards the new-created World,  
 And Man there placed, with purpose to assay  
 If him by force he can destroy, or, worse,  
 By some false guile pervert: And shall pervert;  
 For Man will hearken to his glozing lies,  
 And easily transgress the sole command,  
 Sole pledge of his obedience: so will fall  
 He and his faithless progeny. Whose fault?  
 Whose but his own? Ingrate, he had of me  
 All he could have; I made him just and right,  
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.  
 Such I created all the Ethereal Powers

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And Spirits, both them who stood and them who failed;  
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.  
 Not free, what proof could they have given sincere  
 Of true allegiance, constant faith, or love,  
 Where only what they needs must do appeared,  
 Not what they would? What praise could they receive,  
 What pleasure I, from such obedience paid,  
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is Choice),  
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoiled,

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Made passive both, had served Necessity,  
Not Me? They, therefore, as to right belonged  
So were created, nor can justly accuse  
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,  
As if Predestination overruled  
Their will, disposed by absolute decree  
Or high foreknowledge. They themselves decreed  
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,  
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.

So without least impulse or shadow of fate,  
Or aught by me immutably foreseen,  
They trespass, authors to themselves in all,  
Both what they judge and what they choose; for so  
I formed them free, and free they must remain  
Till they enthrall themselves: I else must change  
Their nature, and revoke the high decree  
Unchangeable, eternal, which ordained  
Their freedom; they themselves ordained their fall.  
The first sort by their own suggestion fell,  
Self-tempted, self-depraved; Man falls, deceived  
By the other first: Man, therefore, shall find grace;  
The other, none. In mercy and justice both,  
Through Heaven and Earth, so shall my glory excel;  
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine."

Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance filled  
All Heaven, and in the blessed Spirits elect  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused.  
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen  
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone  
Substantially expressed; and in his face  
Divine compassion visibly appeared,  
Love without end, and without measure grace;  
Which uttering, thus He to his Father spake:—

"O Father, gracious was that word which closed  
Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;  
For which both Heaven and Earth shall high extol  
Thy praises, with the innumerable sound  
Of hymns and sacred songs, wherewith thy throne  
Encompassed shall resound thee ever blest.  
For, should Man finally be lost—should Man,  
Thy creature late so loved, thy youngest son,  
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joined  
With his own folly——! That be from thee far,  
That far be from thee, Father, who art judge  
Of all things made, and judgest only right!  
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain

His end, and frustrate thine? shall he fulfil  
 His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught  
 Or proud return, though to his heavier doom  
 Yet with revenge accomplished, and to Hell  
 Draw after him the whole race of mankind,  
 By him corrupted? Or wilt thou thyself  
 Abolish thy creation, and unmake,  
 For him, what for thy glory thou hast made?—  
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both  
 Be questioned and blasphemed without defence.”

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To whom the great Creator thus replied :—  
 “O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,  
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone  
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,  
 All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all  
 As my eternal purpose hath decreed.  
 Man shall not quite be lost, but saved who will;  
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me  
 Freely voutsafed. Once more I will renew  
 His lapsèd powers, though forfeit, and enthralled  
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires :

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Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand  
 On even ground against his mortal foe—  
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail  
 His fallen condition is, and to me owe  
 All his deliverance, and to none but me.  
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,  
 Elect above the rest ; so is my will :  
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warned  
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes  
 The incensèd Deity, while offered grace  
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark  
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts  
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.  
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,  
 Though but endeavoured with sincere intent,  
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.  
 And I will place within them as a guide  
 My umpire Conscience ; whom if they will hear,  
 Light after light well used they shall attain,  
 And to the end persisting safe arrive.  
 This my long sufferance, and my day of grace,  
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste ;  
 But hard be hardened, blind be blinded more,  
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;  
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.—  
 But yet all is not done. Man disobeying,

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Disloyal, breaks his fealty, and sins  
Against the high supremacy of Heaven,  
Affecting Godhead, and, so losing all,  
To expiate his treason hath naught left,  
But, to destruction sacred and devote,  
He with his whole posterity must die;—  
Die he or Justice must; unless for him  
Some other, able, and as willing, pay  
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.  
Say, Heavenly Powers, where shall we find such love?  
Which of ye will be mortal, to redeem  
Man's mortal crime, and just, the unjust to save?  
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?" #

He asked, but all the Heavenly Quire stood mute,  
And silence was in Heaven: on Man's behalf  
Patron or intercessor none appeared—  
Much less that durst upon his own head draw  
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
And now without redemption all mankind  
Must have been lost, adjudged to Death and Hell  
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,  
His dearest mediation thus renewed:—

"Father, thy word is passed, Man shall find grace;  
And shall Grace not find means, that finds her way,  
The speediest of thy wingèd messengers,  
To visit all thy creatures, and to all  
Comes unprevented, unimplored, unsought?  
Happy for Man, so coming! He her aid  
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost—  
Atonement for himself, or offering meet,  
Indebted and undone, hath none to bring.  
Behold *me*, then: me for him, life for life,  
I offer; on me let thine anger fall;  
Account me Man: I for his sake will leave  
Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee  
Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
Well pleased; on me let Death wreak all his rage.  
Under his gloomy power I shall not long  
Lie vanquished. Thou hast given me to possess  
Life in myself for ever; by thee I live;  
Though now to Death I yield, and am his due,  
All that of me can die, yet, that debt paid,  
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsome grave  
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted soul  
For ever with corruption there to dwell;  
But I shall rise victorious, and subdue

My vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil.  
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop  
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarmed;  
 I through the ample air in triumph high  
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show *in spirit*  
 The powers of Darkness bound. Thou, at the sight,  
 Pleased, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
 While, by thee raised, I ruin all my foes—  
 Death last, and with his carcase glut the grave;  
 Then, with the multitude of my redeemed,  
 Shall enter Heaven, long absent, and return,  
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud  
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assured  
 And reconcilment: wrath shall be no more  
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence joy entire."

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His words here ended; but his meek aspect  
 Silent yet spake, and breathed immortal love  
 To mortal men, above which only shone  
 Filial obedience: as a sacrifice  
 Glad to be offered, he attends the will  
 Of his great Father. Admiration seized  
 All Heaven, what this might mean, and whither tend,  
 Wondering; but soon the Almighty thus replied:—

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"O thou in Heaven and Earth the only peace  
 Found out for mankind under wrath, O thou  
 My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear  
 To me are all my works; nor Man the least,  
 Though last created, that for him I spare  
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,  
 By losing thee a while, the whole race lost!  
 Thou, therefore, whom thou only canst redeem,  
 Their nature also to thy nature join;  
 And be thyself Man among men on Earth,  
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of virgin seed,  
 By wondrous birth; be thou in Adam's room  
 The head of all mankind, though Adam's son.  
 As in him perish all men, so in thee,  
 As from a second root, shall be restored  
 As many as are restored; without thee, none.  
 His crime makes guilty all his sons; thy merit,  
 Imputed, shall absolve them who renounce  
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee  
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
 Shall satisfy for Man, be judged and die,  
 And dying rise, and, rising, with him raise  
 His brethren, ransomed with his own dear life.

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So Heavenly love shall outdo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroyed, and still destroys  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.  
Nor shalt thou, by descending to assume  
Man's nature, lessen or degrade thine own.  
Because thou hast, though throned in highest bliss  
Equal to God, and equally enjoying  
God-like fruition, quitted all to save  
A world from utter loss, and hast been found  
By merit more than birthright Son of God,—  
Found worthiest to be so by being good,  
Far more than great or high; because in thee  
Love hath abounded more than glory abounds;  
Therefore thy humiliation shall exalt  
With thee thy manhood also to this throne:  
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign  
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
Anointed universal King. All power  
I give thee; reign for ever, and assume  
Thy merits; under thee, as Head Supreme,  
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce:  
All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide  
In Heaven, or Earth, or, under Earth, in Hell.  
When thou, attended gloriously from Heaven,  
Shalt in the sky appear, and from thee send  
The summoning Archangels to proclaim  
Thy dread tribunal, forthwith from all winds  
The living, and forthwith the cited dead  
Of all past ages, to the general doom  
Shall hasten; such a peal shall rouse their sleep.  
Then, all thy Saints assembled, thou shalt judge  
Bad men and Angels; they arraigned shall sink  
Beneath thy sentence; Hell, her numbers full,  
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Meanwhile  
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
New Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,  
And, after all their tribulations long,  
See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
Then thou thy regal sceptre shalt lay by;  
For regal sceptre then no more shall need;  
God shall be all in all. But all ye Gods,  
Adore him who, to compass all this, dies;  
Adore the Son, and honour him as me.”

No sooner had the Almighty ceased but—all

The multitude of Angels, with a shout  
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet  
 As from blest voices, uttering joy—Heaven rung  
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas filled  
 The eternal regions. Lowly reverent  
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the ground 350  
 With solemn adoration down they cast  
 Their crowns, inwove with amarant and gold,—  
 Immortal amarant, a flower which once  
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,  
 Began to bloom, but, soon for Man's offence  
 To Heaven removed where first it grew, there grows  
 And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,  
 And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven  
 Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream!  
 With these, that never fade, the Spirits elect 360  
 Bind their resplendent locks, inwreathed with beams.  
 Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the bright  
 Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,  
 Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.  
 Then, crowned again, their golden harps they took—  
 Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
 Like quivers hung; and with preamble sweet  
 Of charming symphony they introduce  
 Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
 No voice exempt, no voice but well could join 370  
 Melodious part; such concord is in Heaven.  
 Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,  
 Immutable, Immortal. Infinite,  
 Eternal King; thee, Author of all being,  
 Fountain of light, thyself invisible  
 Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st  
 Throned inaccessible, but when thou shad'st  
 The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud  
 Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine  
 Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380  
 Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim  
 Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.  
 Thee next they sang, of all creation first,  
 Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,  
 In whose conspicuous countenance, without cloud  
 Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,  
 Whom else no creature can behold: on thee  
 Impressed the effulgence of his glory abides;  
 Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.  
 He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein, 390  
 By thee created; and by thee threw down

The aspiring Dominations. Thou that day  
 Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,  
 Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook  
 Heaven's everlasting frame, while o'er the necks  
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarrayed.  
 Back from pursuit, thy Powers with loud acclaim  
 Thee only extolled, Son of thy Father's might,  
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes.  
 Not so on Man: him, through their malice fallen, 400  
 Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom  
 So strictly, but much more to pity incline.  
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son  
 Perceive thee purposed not to doom frail Man  
 So strictly, but much more to pity inclined,  
 He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife  
 Of mercy and justice in thy face discerned,  
 Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat  
 Second to thee, offered himself to die  
 For Man's offence. O unexampled love! 410  
 Love nowhere to be found less than Divine!  
 Hail, Son of God, Saviour of men! Thy name  
 Shall be the copious matter of my song  
 Henceforth, and never shall my harp thy praise  
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin! #

Thus they in Heaven, above the Starry Sphere,  
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.  
 Meanwhile, upon the firm opacous globe  
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides  
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclosed 420  
 From Chaos and the inroad of Darkness old,  
 Satan alighted walks. A globe far off  
 It seemed; now seems a boundless continent,  
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night  
 Starless exposed, and ever-threatening storms  
 Of Chaos blustering round, inclement sky,  
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heaven,  
 Though distant far, some small reflection gains  
 Of glimmering air less vexed with tempest loud.  
 Here walked the Fiend at large in spacious field. 430  
 As when a vulture, on Imaus bred, *Imaus*  
 Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,  
 Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,  
 To gorge the flesh of lambs or yeanning kids  
 On hills where flocks are fed, flies toward the springs  
 Of Ganges or Hydaspes, India's streams,  
 But in his way lights on the barren plains  
 Of Sericana, where Chinese drive

With sails and wind their cany waggons light ;  
 So, on this windy sea of land, the Fiend 440  
 Walked up and down alone, bent-on his prey :  
 Alone, for other creature in this place,  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none ;—  
 None yet ; but store hereafter from the Earth  
 Up hither like aerial vapours flew  
 Of all things transitory and vain, when sin  
 With vanity had filled the works of men—  
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things  
 Built their fond hopes of glory or lasting fame,  
 Or happiness in this or the other life. 450  
 All who have their reward on earth, the fruits  
 Of painful superstition and blind zeal,  
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find  
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;  
 All the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand,  
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed,  
 Dissolved on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,  
 Till final dissolution, wander here—  
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamed :  
 Those argent fields more likely habitants, 460  
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold,  
 Betwixt the angelical and human kind.  
 Hither, of ill-joined sons and daughters born,  
 First from the ancient world those Giants came.  
 With many a vain exploit, though then renowned :  
 The builders next of Babel on the plain  
 Of Sennaar, and still with vain design  
 New Babels, had they wherewithal, would build :  
 Others came single ; he who, to be deemed  
 A god, leaped fondly into Ætna flames, 470  
 Empedocles ; and he who, to enjoy  
 Plato's Elysium, leaped into the sea,  
 Cleombrotus ; and many more, too long,  
 Embryos and idiots, eremites and friars,  
 White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.  
 Here pilgrims roam, that strayed so far to seek  
 In Golgotha him dead who lives in Heaven ;  
 And they who, to be sure of Paradise,  
 Dying put on the weeds of Dominic,  
 Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised. 480  
 They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed.  
 And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs  
 The trepidation talked, and that first moved ;  
 And now Saint Peter at Heaven's wicket seems  
 To wait them with his keys, and now at foot

Of Heaven's ascent they lift their feet, when, lo!  
A violent cross wind from either coast  
Blows them transverse, ten thousand leagues awry,  
Into the devious air. Then might ye see  
Cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost  
And fluttered into rags; then reliques, beads,  
Indulgences, dispenses, pardons, bulls,  
The sport of winds: all these, upwhirled aloft,  
Fly o'er the backside of the World far off  
Into a Limbo large and broad, since called  
The Paradise of Fools; to few unknown  
Long after, now unpeopled and untrod.

All this dark globe the Fiend found as he passed:  
And long he wandered, till at last a gleam  
Of dawning light turned thitherward in haste  
His travelled steps. Far distant he descries,  
Ascending by degrees magnificent  
Up to the wall of Heaven, a structure high;  
At top whereof, but far more rich, appeared  
The work as of a kingly palace-gate,  
With frontispiece of diamond and gold  
Embellished; thick with sparkling orient gems  
The portal shone, inimitable on Earth  
By model, or by shading pencil drawn.  
The stairs were such as whereon Jacob saw  
Angels ascending and descending, bands  
Of guardians bright, when he from Esau fled  
To Padan-Aram, in the field of Luz  
Dreaming by night under the open sky,  
And waking cried, *This is the gate of Heaven.*  
Each stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood  
There always, but drawn up to Heaven sometimes  
Viewless; and underneath a bright sea flowed  
Of jasper, or of liquid pearl, whereon  
Who after came from Earth sailing arrived  
Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the lake  
Rapt in a chariot drawn by fiery steeds.  
The stairs were then let down, whether to dare  
The Fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss:  
Direct against which opened from beneath,  
Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,  
A passage down to the Earth—a passage wide;  
Wider by far than that of after-times  
Over Mount Sion, and, though that were large,  
Over the Promised Land to God so dear,  
By which, to visit oft those happy tribes,

On high behests his Angels to and fro  
Passed frequent, and his eye with choice regard  
From Paneas, the fount of Jordan's flood,  
To Beërsaba, where the Holy Land  
Borders on Egypt and the Arabian shore.  
So wide the opening seemed, where bounds were set  
To darkness, such as bound the ocean wave.  
Satan from hence, now on the lower stair,  
That scaled by steps of gold to Heaven-gate,  
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view  
Of all this World at once. As when a scout,  
Through dark and desert ways with peril gone  
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn  
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,  
Which to his eye discovers unaware  
The goodly prospect of some foreign land  
First seen, or some renowned metropolis  
With glistening spires and pinnacles adorned,  
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams;  
Such wonder seized, though after Heaven seen,  
The Spirit malign, but much more envy seized,  
At sight of all this World beheld so fair.  
Round he surveys (and well might, where he stood  
So high above the circling canopy  
Of Night's extended shade) from eastern point  
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears  
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas  
Beyond the horizon; then from pole to pole  
He views in breadth,—and, without longer pause,  
Down right into the World's first region throws  
His flight precipitant, and winds with ease  
Through the pure marble air his oblique way  
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone  
Stars distant, but high-hand seemed other worlds.  
Or other worlds they seemed, or happy isles,  
Like those Hesperian Gardens famed of old,  
Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales;  
Thrice happy isles! But who dwelt happy there  
He staid not to inquire; above them all  
The golden Sun, in splendour likest Heaven,  
Allured his eye. Thither his course he bends,  
Through the calm firmament (but up or down,  
By centre or eccentric, hard to tell,  
Or longitude) where the great luminary,  
Aloof the vulgar constellations thick,  
That from his lordly eye keep distance due,  
Dispenses light from far. They, as they move

Their starry dance in numbers that compute 580  
Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering lamp  
Turn swift their various motions, or are turned  
By his magnetic beam, that gently warms  
The Universe, and to each inward part  
With gentle penetration, though unseen,  
Shoots invisible virtue even to the Deep ;  
So wondrously was set his station bright.  
There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps  
Astronomer in the Sun's lucent orb  
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw. 590  
The place he found beyond expression bright,  
Compared with aught on Earth, metal or stone—  
Not all parts like, but all alike informed  
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire.  
If metal, part seemed gold, part silver clear ;  
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,  
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone  
In Aaron's breast-plate, and a stone besides,  
Imagined rather oft than elsewhere seen—  
That stone, or like to that, which here below 600  
Philosophers in vain so long have sought ;  
In vain, though by their powerful art they bind  
Volatile Hermes, and call up unbound  
In various shapes old Proteus from the sea,  
Drained through a limbec to his native form.  
What wonder then if fields and regions here  
Breathe forth elixir pure, and rivers run  
Potable gold, when, with one virtuous touch,  
The arch-chemic Sun, so far from us remote,  
Produces, with terrestrial humour mixed, 610  
Here in the dark so many precious things  
Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?  
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met  
Undazzled. Far and wide his eye commands ;  
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,  
But all sunshine, as when his beams at noon  
Culminate from the equator, as they now  
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round  
Shadow from body opaque can fall ; and the air,  
Nowhere so clear, sharpened his visual ray 620  
To objects distant far, whereby he soon  
Saw within ken a glorious Angel stand,  
The same whom John saw also in the Sun.  
His back was turned, but not his brightness hid ;  
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tiar  
Circled his head, nor less his locks behind

Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings  
Lay waving round: on some great charge employed  
He seemed, or fixed in cogitation deep.  
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630  
To find who might direct his wandering flight  
To Paradise, the happy seat of Man,  
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.  
But first he casts to change his proper shape,  
Which else might work him danger or delay:  
And now a stripling Cherub he appears,  
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffused; so well he feigned.  
Under a coronet his flowing hair 640  
In curls on either cheek played; wings he wore  
Of many a coloured plume sprinkled with gold,  
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held  
Before his decent steps a silver wand.  
He drew not nigh unheard; the Angel bright,  
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turned,  
Admonished by his ear, and straight was known  
The Archangel Uriel—one of the seven  
Who in God's presence, nearest to his throne,  
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes 650  
That run through all the Heavens, or down to the Earth  
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,  
O'er sea and land. Him Satan thus accosts:—  
“Uriel! for thou of those seven Spirits that stand  
In sight of God's high throne, gloriously bright,  
The first art wont his great authentic will  
Interpreter through highest Heaven to bring,  
Where all his Sons thy embassy attend,  
And here art likeliest by supreme decree  
Like honour to obtain, and as his eye 660  
To visit oft this new Creation round—  
Unspeakable desire to see and know  
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,  
His chief delight and favour, him for whom  
All these his works so wondrous he ordained,  
Hath brought me from the quires of Cherubim  
Alone thus wandering. Brightest Seraph, tell  
In which of all these shining orbs hath Man  
His fixed seat—or fixed seat hath none,  
But all these shining orbs his choice to dwell— 670  
That I may find him, and with secret gaze  
Or open admiration him behold  
On whom the great Creator hath bestowed

Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces poured ;  
That both in him and all things, as is meet,  
The Universal Maker we may praise ;  
Who justly hath driven out his rebel foes  
To deepest Hell, and, to repair that loss,  
Created this new happy race of Men  
To serve him better : Wise are all his ways !”

580

So spake the false dissembler unperceived ;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy—the only evil that walks  
Invisible, except to God alone,  
By his permissive will, through Heaven and Earth ;  
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom’s gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems : which now for once beguiled  
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held  
The sharpest-sighted Spirit of all in Heaven ;  
Who to the fraudulent impostor foul,  
In his uprightness, answer thus returned :—

690

“ Fair Angel, thy desire, which tends to know  
The works of God, thereby to glorify  
The great Work-master, leads to no excess  
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise  
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither  
From thy empyreal mansion thus alone,  
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps,  
Contented with report, hear only in Heaven :  
For wonderful indeed are all his works,  
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all  
Had in remembrance always with delight !  
But what created mind can comprehend  
Their number, or the wisdom infinite  
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep ?  
I saw when, at his word, the formless mass,  
This World’s material mould, came to a heap :  
Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar  
Stood ruled, stood vast Infinitude confined ;  
Till, at his second bidding, Darkness fled,  
Light shone, and order from disorder sprung.  
Swift to their several quarters hasted then  
The cumbrous elements—Earth, Flood, Air, Fire ;  
And this ethereal quintessence of Heaven  
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,  
That rolled orbicular, and turned to stars  
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move :  
Each had his place appointed, each his course ;

700

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720

The rest in circuit walls this Universe.  
 Look downward on that globe, whose hither side  
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines :  
 That place is Earth, the seat of Man ; that light  
 His day, which else, as the other hemisphere,  
 Night would invade ; but there the neighbouring Moon  
 (So call that opposite fair star) her aid  
 Timely interposes, and, her monthly round  
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid-heaven,  
 With borrowed light her countenance triform *more like the moon*  
 Hence fills and empties, to enlighten the Earth,  
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.  
 That spot to which I point is Paradise,  
 Adam's abode ; those lofty shades his bower.  
 Thy way thou canst not miss ; me mine requires."

Thus said, he turned ; and Satan, bowing low,  
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heaven,  
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,  
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,  
 Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,  
 Throws his steep flight in many an aery wheel,  
 Nor staid till on Niphates' top he lights.

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THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

*Paradise Lost*  
PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions—fear, envy, and despair; but at length confirms himself in evil; journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and situation is described; overleaps the bounds; sits, in the shape of a cormorant, on the Tree of Life, as highest in the Garden, to look about him. The Garden described; Satan's first sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at their excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work their fall; overhears their discourse; thence gathers that the Tree of Knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death, and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress; then leaves them a while, to know further of their state by some other means. Meanwhile Uriel, descending on a sunbeam, warns Gabriel, who had in charge the gate of Paradise, that some evil Spirit had escaped the Deep, and passed at noon by his Sphere, in the shape of a good Angel. down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the mount. Gabriel promises to find him ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest: their bower described; their evening worship. Gabriel, drawing forth his bands of night-watch to walk the rounds of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adam's bower, lest the evil Spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping: there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom questioned, he scornfully answers; prepares resistance; but, hindered by a sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

FOR that warning voice, which he who saw  
The Apocalypse heard cry in Heaven aloud,  
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,  
Came furious down to be revenged on men,  
*Woe to the inhabitants on Earth!* that now,  
While time was, our first parents had been warned  
The coming of their secret foe, and scaped,  
Haply so scaped, his mortal snare! For now  
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,  
The tempter, ere the accuser, of mankind,  
To wreak on innocent frail Man his loss  
Of that first battle, and his flight to Hell.  
Yet not rejoicing in his speed, though bold  
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,  
Begins his dire attempt; which, nigh the birth  
Now rolling, boils in his tumultuous breast,

And like a devilish engine back recoils  
Upon himself. Horror and doubt distract  
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir  
The hell within him ; for within him Hell 20  
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell  
One step, no more than from himself, can fly  
By change of place. Now conscience wakes despair  
That slumbered ; wakes the bitter memory  
Of what he was, what is, and what must be  
Worse ; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue !  
Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view  
Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixes sad ;  
Sometimes towards Heaven and the full-blazing Sun,  
Which now sat high in his meridian tower : 30  
Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :—  
“ O thou that, with surpassing glory crowned,  
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
Of this new World—at whose sight all the stars  
Hide their diminished heads—to thee I call,  
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
That bring to my remembrance from what state  
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,  
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down, 40  
Warring in Heaven against Heaven's matchless King !  
Ah, wherefore ? He deserved no such return  
From me, whom he created what I was  
In that bright eminence, and with his good  
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
What could be less than to afford him praise,  
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
How due ? Yet all his good proved ill in me,  
And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,  
I scorned subjection, and thought one step higher 50  
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
The debt immense of endless gratitude,  
So burdensome, still paying, still to owe ;  
Forgetful what from him I still received ;  
And understood not that a grateful mind  
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
Indebted and discharged—what burden then ?  
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained  
Me some inferior Angel, I had stood  
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised 60  
Ambition. Yet why not ? Some other Power  
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,  
Drawn to his part. But other Powers as great

Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within  
Or from without to all temptations armed !  
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?  
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse,  
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?  
Be then his love accursed, since, love or hate,  
To me alike it deals eternal woe. 70  
Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will  
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly.  
Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?  
Which way I fly is Hell ; myself am Hell ;  
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heaven.  
O, then, at last relent ! Is there no place  
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ? 80  
None left but by submission ; and that word  
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
With other promises and other vaunts  
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue  
The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know  
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,  
Under what torments inwardly I groan.  
While they adore me on the throne of Hell,  
With diadem and sceptre high advanced, 90  
The lower still I fall, only supreme  
In misery : such joy ambition finds !  
But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon  
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay  
What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant  
Vows made in pain, as violent and void  
(For never can true reconciliation grow  
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep) ;  
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100  
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear  
Short intermission, bought with double smart.  
This knows my Punisher ; therefore as far  
From granting he, as I from begging, peace.  
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,  
Mankind, created, and for him this World !  
So farewell hope, and, with hope, farewell fear,  
Farewell remorse ! All good to me is lost ;  
Evil, be thou my Good : by thee at least 110

Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,  
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;  
As Man ere long, and this new World, shall know."

Thus while he spake, each passion dimmed his face,  
Thrice changed with pale—ire, envy, and despair;  
Which marred his borrowed visage, and betrayed  
Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld:

For Heavenly minds from such distempers foul  
Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware  
Each perturbation smoothed with outward calm,  
Artificer of fraud; and was the first  
That practised falsehood under saintly show,  
Deep malice to conceal, couched with revenge:  
Yet not enough had practised to deceive  
Uriel, once warned; whose eye pursued him down  
The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount  
Saw him disfigured, more than could befall  
Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce  
He marked and mad demeanour, then alone,  
As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen.

120

130

So on he fares, and to the border comes  
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,  
Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,  
As with a rural mound, the champain head  
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides  
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,  
Access denied; and overhead up-grew  
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,  
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,  
A sylvan scene, and, as the ranks ascend  
Shade above shade, a woody theatre  
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops  
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung;  
Which to our general sire gave prospect large  
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.  
And higher than that wall a circling row  
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,  
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,  
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;  
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath showered the earth: so lovely seemed  
That landskip. And of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive  
All sadness but despair. Now gentle gales,  
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense

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150

Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole  
Those balmy spoils. As, when to them who sail  
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past  
Mozambic, off at sea north-east winds blow  
Sabeian odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the Blest, with such delay  
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league  
Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles;  
So entertained those odorous sweets the Fiend  
Who came their bane, though with them better pleased  
Than Asmodæus with the fishy fume  
That drove him, though enamoured, from the spouse  
Of Tobit's son, and with a vengeance sent  
From Media post to Egypt, there fast bound.

Now to the ascent of that steep savage hill  
Satan had journeyed on, pensive and slow;  
But further way found none; so thick entwined,  
As one continued brake, the undergrowth  
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplexed  
All path of man or beast that passed that way.  
One gate there only was, and that looked east  
On the other side. Which when the Arch-Felon saw,  
Due entrance he disdained, and, in contempt,  
At one slight bound high overleaped all bound  
Of hill or highest wall, and sheer within  
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling wolf,  
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,  
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve,  
In huddled cotes amid the field secure,  
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;  
Or as a thief, bent to unhoard the cash  
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,  
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,  
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;  
So clomb this first grand Thief into God's fold:  
So since into his Church lewd hirelings climb.  
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,  
The middle tree and highest there that grew,  
Sat like a cormorant; yet not true life  
Thereby regained, but sat devising death  
To them who lived; nor on the virtue thought  
Of that life-giving plant, but only used  
For prospect what, well used, had been the pledge  
Of immortality. So little knows  
Any, but God alone, to value right  
The good before him, but perverts best things  
To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,  
To all delight of human sense exposed,  
In narrow room Nature's whole wealth; yea, more!—  
A Heaven on Earth: for blissful Paradise  
Of God the garden was, by him in the east  
Of Eden planted. Eden stretched her line 210  
From Auran eastward to the royal towers  
Of great Seleucia, built by Grecian kings,  
Or where the sons of Eden long before  
Dwelt in Telassar. In this pleasant soil  
His far more pleasant garden God ordained.  
Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow  
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;  
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,  
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit  
Of vegetable gold; and next to life, 220  
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by—  
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.  
Southward through Eden went a river large,  
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill  
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown  
That mountain, as his garden-mould, high raised  
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins  
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,  
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill  
Watered the garden; thence united fell 230  
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,  
Which from his darksome passage now appears,  
And now, divided into four main streams,  
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm  
And country whereof here needs no account;  
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell  
How, from that sapphirc fount the crispèd brooks,  
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,  
With mazy error under pendent shades  
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240  
Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice Art  
In beds and curious knots, but Nature boon  
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,  
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote  
The open field, and where the unpierced shade  
Imbrowned the noontide bowers. Thus was this place,  
A happy rural seat of various view:  
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;  
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,  
Hung amiable—Hesperian fables true, 250  
If true, here only—and of delicious taste.

Between them lawns, or level downs, and flocks  
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,  
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap  
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,  
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.  
Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves  
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine  
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps  
Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall 260  
Down the slope hills dispersed, or in a lake,  
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned  
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.  
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,  
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune  
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,  
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,  
Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpin gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis 270  
Was gathered—which cost Ceres all that pain  
To seek her through the world—nor that sweet grove  
Of Daphne, by Orontes and the inspired  
Castalian spring, might with this Paradise  
Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle,  
Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,  
Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,  
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,  
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;  
Nor, where Abassin kings their issue guard, 280  
Mount Amara (though this by some supposed  
True Paradise) under the Ethiop line  
By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,  
A whole day's journey high, but wide remote  
From this Assyrian garden, where the Fiend  
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind  
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.  
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,  
God-like erect, with native honour clad  
In naked majesty, seemed lords of all, 290  
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine  
The image of their glorious Maker shone,  
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure—  
Severe, but in true filial freedom placed,  
Whence true authority in men: though both  
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;  
For contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;

He for God only, she for God in him.  
His fair large front and eye sublime declared 300  
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks  
Round from his parted forelock manly hung  
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :  
She, as a veil down to the slender waist,  
Her unadornèd golden tresses wore  
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved  
As the vine curls her tendrils—which implied  
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,  
And by her yielded, by him best received  
Yielded, with coy submission, modest pride, 310  
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.  
Nor those mysterious parts were then concealed ;  
Then was not guilty shame. Dishonest shame  
Of Nature's works, honour dishonourable,  
Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind  
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,  
And banished from man's life his happiest life,  
Simplicity and spotless innocence !  
So passed they naked on, nor shunned the sight  
Of God or Angel ; for they thought no ill : 320  
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair  
That ever since in love's embraces met—  
Adam the goodliest man of men since born  
His sons ; the fairest of her daughters Eve.  
Under a tuft of shade that on a green  
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain-side,  
They sat them down ; and, after no more toil  
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed  
To recommend cool Zephyr, and make ease  
More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite 330  
More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell—  
Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs  
Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline  
On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers.  
The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,  
Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream ;  
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles  
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance, as beseems  
Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league,  
Alone as they. About them frisking played 340  
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase  
In wood or wilderness, forest or den.  
Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw  
Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,  
Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,

To make them mirth, used all his might, and wreathed  
His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,  
Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine  
His braided train, and of his fatal guile  
Gave proof unheeded. Others on the grass  
Couched, and, now filled with pasture, gazing sat,  
Or bedward ruminating ; for the sun,  
Declined, was hastening now with prone career  
To the Ocean Isles, and in the ascending scale  
Of Heaven the stars that usher evening rose :  
When Satan, still in gaze as first he stood,  
Scarce thus at length failed speech recovered sad :—

350

“O Hell ! what do mine eyes with grief behold ?  
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced  
Creatures of other mould—Earth-born perhaps,  
Not Spirits, yet to Heavenly Spirits bright  
Little inferior—whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love ; so lively shines  
In them divine resemblance, and such grace  
The hand that formed them on their shape hath poured.  
Ah ! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh  
Your change approaches, when all these delights  
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe—

360

More woe, the more your taste is now of joy :  
Happy, but for so happy ill secured  
Long to continue, and this high seat, your Heaven,  
Ill fenced for Heaven to keep out such a foe  
As now is entered ; yet no purposed foe  
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,  
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,  
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,

370

That I with you must dwell, or you with me,  
Henceforth. My dwelling, haply, may not please,  
Like this fair Paradise, your sense ; yet such  
Accept your Maker's work ; he gave it me,  
Which I as freely give. Hell shall unfold,  
To entertain you two, her widest gates,  
And send forth all her kings ; there will be room,  
Not like these narrow limits, to receive  
Your numerous offspring ; if no better place,  
Thank him who puts me, loath, to this revenge  
On you, who wrong me not, for him who wronged.  
And, should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just—

380

Honour and empire with revenge enlarged  
By conquering this new World—compels me now  
To do what else, though damned, I should abhor.”

390

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,  
 The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.  
 Then from his lofty stand on that high tree  
 Down he alights among the sportful herd  
 Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,  
 Now other, as their shape served best his end  
 Nearer to view his prey, and, unespied,  
 To mark what of their state he more might learn 400  
 By word or action marked. About them round  
 A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;  
 Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied  
 In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,  
 Straight crouches close; then, rising, changes oft  
 His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,  
 Whence rushing he might surest seize them both  
 Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,  
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,  
 Turned him all ear to hear new utterance flow:— 410

"Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,  
 Dearer thyself than all, needs must the Power  
 That made us, and for us this ample World,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal and free as infinite;  
 That raised us from the dust, and placed us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need; he who requires 420  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge—of all the trees  
 In Paradise that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only Tree  
 Of Knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life;  
 So near grows Death to Life, whate'er Death is—  
 Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st  
 God hath pronounced it Death to taste that Tree:  
 The only sign of our obedience left  
 Among so many signs of power and rule  
 Conferred upon us, and dominion given 430  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, Air, and Sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights;  
 But let us ever praise him, and extol  
 His bounty, following our delightful task,  
 To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers;  
 Which, were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."

To whom thus Eve replied :—“ O thou for whom 440  
And from whom I was formed flesh of thy flesh,  
And without whom am to no end, my guide  
And head ! what thou hast said is just and right.  
For we to him, indeed, all praises owe,  
And daily thanks—I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee  
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst nowhere find.  
That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awaked, and found myself reposed, 450  
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain ; then stood unmoved,  
Pure as the expanse of Heaven. I thither went  
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite 460  
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
Bending to look on me. I started back,  
It started back ; but pleased I soon returned,  
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love. There I had fixed  
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warned me : ‘ What thou seest,  
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;  
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,  
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays 470  
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces—he  
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy  
Inseparably thine ; to him shalt bear  
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called  
Mother of human race.’ What could I do,  
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?  
Till I espied thee, fair, indeed, and tall,  
Under a platane ; yet methought less fair,  
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
Than that smooth watery image. Back I turned ; 480  
Thou, following, cried’st aloud, ‘ Return, fair Eve ;  
Whom fliest thou ? Whom thou fliest, of him thou art,  
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
Substantial life, to have thee by my side  
Henceforth an individual solace dear :

Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim  
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand  
Seized mine: I yielded, and from that time see  
How beauty is excelled by manly grace  
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair."

490

So spake our general mother, and, with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unproved,  
And meek surrender, half-embracing leaned  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his, under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid. He, in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,  
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter  
On Juno smiles when he impregns the clouds  
That shed May flowers, and pressed her matron lip  
With kisses pure. Aside the Devil turned  
For envy; yet with jealous leer malign  
Eyed them askance, and to himself thus plained:—

500

"Sight hateful, sight tormenting! Thus these two,  
Imparadised in one another's arms,  
The happier Eden, shall enjoy their fill  
Of bliss on bliss; while I to Hell am thrust,  
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,  
Among our other torments not the least,  
Still unfulfilled, with pain of longing pines!  
Yet let me not forget what I have gained  
From their own mouths. All is not theirs, it seems;  
One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge called,  
Forbidden them to taste. Knowledge forbidden?  
Suspicious, reasonless! Why should their Lord  
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?  
Can it be death? And do they only stand  
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,  
The proof of their obedience and their faith?  
O fair foundation laid whereon to build  
Their ruin! Hence I will excite their minds  
With more desire to know, and to reject  
Envious commands, invented with design  
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt  
Equal with gods. Aspiring to be such,  
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?  
But first with narrow search I must walk round  
This garden, and no corner leave unsied;  
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet  
Some wandering Spirit of Heaven, by fountain-side,  
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw  
What further would be learned. Live while ye may,

510

520

530

Yet happy pair ; enjoy, till I return,  
Short pleasures ; for long woes are to succeed !”

So saying, his proud step he scornful turned,  
But with sly circumspection, and began  
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er dale, his roam.  
Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where Heaven  
With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun

540

Slowly descended, and with right aspect  
Against the eastern gate of Paradise  
Levelled his evening rays. It was a rock

Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,  
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent  
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high ;

The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung  
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.

Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,  
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night ;

550

About him exercised heroic games

The unarmed youth of Heaven ; but nigh at hand

Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,

Hung high, with diamond flaming and with gold.

Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even

On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star

In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired

Impress the air, and shows the mariner

From what point of his compass to beware

Impetuous winds. He thus began in haste :—

560

“Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given

Charge and strict watch that to this happy place

No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at highth of noon came to my sphere

A Spirit, zealous, as he seemed, to know

More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly Man,

God's latest image. I described his way

Bent all on speed, and marked his aery gait,

But in the mount that lies from Eden north,

Where he first lighted, soon discerned his looks

570

Alien from Heaven, with passions foul obscured.

Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade

Lost sight of him. One of the banished crew,

I fear, hath ventured from the Deep, to raise

New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.”

To whom the winged Warrior thus returned :—

“Uriel, no wonder if thy perfect sight,

Amid the Sun's bright circle where thou sitt'st,

See far and wide. In at this gate none pass

The vigilance here placed, but such as come

580

Well known from Heaven ; and since meridian hour  
 No creature thence. If Spirit of other sort,  
 So minded, have o'erleaped these earthy bounds  
 On purpose, hard thou know'st it to exclude  
 Spiritual substance with corporeal bar.  
 But, if within the circuit of these walks,  
 In whatsoever shape, he lurk of whom  
 Thou tell'st, by morrow dawning I shall know."

So promised he ; and Uriel to his charge  
 Returned on that bright beam, whose point now raised 590  
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun, now fallen  
 Beneath the Azores ; whether the Prime Orb,  
 Incredible how swift, had thither rolled  
 Diurnal, or this less volúbil Earth,  
 By shorter flight to the east, had left him there  
 Arraying with reflected purple and gold  
 The clouds that on his western throne attend.

Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray  
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;  
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird, 600  
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.

She all night long her amorous descant sung :  
 Silence was pleased. Now glowed the firmament  
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led  
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,  
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,  
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw ;  
 When Adam thus to Eve :—"Fair consort, the hour 610  
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men  
 Successive, and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines  
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways ; 620  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.

To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth.  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease.  
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest."

630

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned :—  
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey. So God ordains :

God is thy law, thou mine : to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.  
With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
All seasons, and their change ; all please alike.

640

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the Sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile Earth  
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming-on  
Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;  
Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes ?"

650

To whom our general ancestor replied :—

"Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,  
Those have their course to finish round the Earth  
By morrow evening, and from land to land

660

In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise ;  
Lest total Darkness should by night regain  
Her old possession, and extinguish life  
In nature and all things ; which these soft fires  
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
Of various influence foment and warm,  
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive  
Perfection from the Sun's more potent ray.  
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,

670

Shine not in vain. Nor think, though men were none,  
 That Heaven would want spectators, God want praise.  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the Earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep :  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night. How often, from the steep 680  
 Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator ! Oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven."

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed  
 On to their blissful bower. It was a place 690  
 Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed  
 All things to Man's delightful use. The roof  
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,  
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side  
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,  
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,  
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,  
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought  
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet, 700  
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone  
 Of costliest emblem. Other creature here,  
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;  
 Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bower  
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,  
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor Nymph  
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,  
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,  
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed, 710  
 And heavenly choirs the hymenæan sung,  
 What day the genial Angel to our sire  
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,  
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods  
 Endowed with all their gifts ; and, O ! too like  
 In sad event, when, to the unwiser son  
 Of Japhet brought by Hermes, she ensnared  
 Mankind with her fair looks, to be avenged  
 On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arrived, both stood, 720  
 Both turned, and under open sky adored

The God that made both Sky, Air, Earth, and Heaven,  
Which they beheld, the Moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry Pole :—"Thou also madest the Night,  
Maker Omnipotent ; and thou the Day,  
Which we, in our appointed work employed,  
Have finished, happy in our mutual help  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss  
Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place.  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.  
But thou hast promised from us two a race  
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extol  
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,  
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

730

This said unanimous, and other rites  
Observing none, but adoration pure,  
Which God likes best, into their inmost bower  
Handed they went ; and, eased the putting-off  
These troublesome disguises which we wear,  
Straight side by side were laid ; nor turned, I ween,  
Adam from his fair spouse, nor Eve the rites  
Mysterious of connubial love refused :

740

Whatever hypocrites austerely talk  
Of purity, and place, and innocence,  
Defaming as impure what God declares  
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all.  
Our Maker bids increase ; who bids abstain  
But our destroyer, foe to God and Man ?

Hail, wedded Love, mysterious law, true source  
Of human offspring, sole propriety

750

In Paradise of all things common else !  
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men  
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee,  
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,  
Relations dear, and all the charities  
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.

Far be it that I should write thee sin or blame,  
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,  
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,

760

Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,  
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used.  
Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile  
Of harlots—loveless, joyless, unendeared,  
Casual fruition ; nor in court amours,  
Mixed dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,

Or serenate, which the starved lover sings  
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain. 770  
These, lulled by nightingales, embracing slept,  
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof  
Showered roses, which the morn repaired. Sleep on,  
Blest pair! and, O! yet happiest, if ye seek  
No happier state, and know to know no more!

Now had Night measured with her shadowy cone  
Half-way up-hill this vast sublunar vault,  
And from their ivory port the Cherubim  
Forth issuing, at the accustomed hour, stood armed  
To their night-watches in warlike parade; 780  
When Gabriel to his next in power thus spake:—

“Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the south  
With strictest watch; these other wheel the north:  
Our circuit meets full west.” As flame they part,  
Half wheeling to the shield, half to the spear.  
From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he called  
That near him stood, and gave them thus in charge:—

“Ithuriel and Zephon, with winged speed  
Search through this Garden; leave unsearched no nook;  
But chiefly where those two fair creatures lodge, 790  
Now laid perhaps asleep, secure of harm.  
This evening from the Sun’s decline arrived  
Who tells of some infernal Spirit seen  
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?), escaped  
The bars of Hell, on errand bad, no doubt:  
Such, where ye find, seize fast, and hither bring.”

So saying, on he led his radiant files,  
Dazzling the moon; these to the bower direct  
In search of whom they sought. Him there they found  
Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve, 800  
Assaying by his devilish art to reach  
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge  
Illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise  
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise,  
At least distempered, discontented thoughts,  
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,  
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.  
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear 810  
Touched lightly; for no falsehood can endure  
Touch of celestial temper, but returns  
Of force to its own likeness. Up he starts,  
Discovered and surprised. As, when a spark  
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid

Fit for the tun, some magazine to store  
Against a rumoured war, the smutty grain,  
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;  
So started up, in his own shape, the Fiend.  
Back stept those two fair Angels, half amazed  
So sudden to behold the grisly King ;  
Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon :—

“ Which of those rebel Spirits adjudged to Hell  
Com'st thou, escaped thy prison? and, transformed,  
Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,  
Here watching at the head of these that sleep ?”

“ Know ye not, then,” said Satan, filled with scorn,  
“ Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate  
For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar !  
Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,  
The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,  
Why ask ye, and superfluous begin  
Your message, like to end as much in vain ?”

To whom thus Zephon, answering scorn with scorn :—

“ Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or undiminished brightness, to be known  
As when thou stood'st in Heaven upright and pure.  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee ; and thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foul.  
But come ; for thou, be sure, shalt give account  
To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep  
This place inviolable, and these from harm.”

So spake the Cherub ; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible. Abashed the Devil stood,  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely—saw, and pined  
His loss ; but chiefly to find here observed  
His lustre visibly impaired ; yet seemed  
Undaunted. “ If I must contend,” said he,  
“ Best with the best—the sender, not the sent ;  
Or all at once : more glory will be won,  
Or less be lost.” “ Thy fear,” said Zephon bold,  
“ Will save us trial what the least can do  
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.”

The Fiend replied not, overcome with rage ;  
But, like a proud steed reined, went haughty on,  
Champing his iron curb. To strive or fly  
He held it vain ; awe from above had quelled  
His heart, not else dismayed. Now drew they nigh  
The western point, where those half-rounding guards

Just met, and, closing, stood in squadron joined,  
Awaiting next command. To whom their chief,  
Gabriel, from the front thus called aloud :—

“O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet  
Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern  
Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade ;  
And with them comes a third, of regal port,  
But faded splendour wan, who by his gait  
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell—  
Not likely to part hence without contest.  
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.”

870

He scarce had ended, when those two approached,  
And brief related whom they brought, where found,  
How busied, in what form and posture couched.

To whom, with stern regard, thus Gabriel spake :—

“Why hast thou, Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgressions, and disturbed the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place ;  
Employed, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?”

880

To whom thus Satan, with contemptuous brow :—

“Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven the esteem of wise ;  
And such I held thee ; but this question asked  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain ?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,  
Though thither doomed ? Thou wouldst thyself, no doubt, 890  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight ; which in this place I sought :

To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast not tried. And wilt object  
His will who bound us ? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance. Thus much what was asked :  
The rest is true ; they found me where they say ;  
But that implies not violence or harm.”

900

Thus he in scorn. The warlike Angel moved,  
Disdainfully half smiling, thus replied :—

“O loss of one in Heaven to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew,  
And now returns him from his prison scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicensed from his bounds in Hell prescribed !

So wise he judges it to fly from pain  
However, and to scape his punishment ! 910  
So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,  
Which taught thee yet no better that no pain  
Can equal anger infinite provoked.

But wherefore thou alone? Wherefore with thee  
Came not all Hell broke loose? Is pain to them  
Less pain, less to be fled? or thou than they  
Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief, 920  
The first in flight from pain, hadst thou alleged  
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the Fiend thus answered, frowning stern:—

"Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,  
Insulting Angel! well thou know'st I stood  
Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
The blasting volleyed thunder made all speed  
And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
But still thy words at random, as before, 930  
Argue thy inexperience what behoves,

From hard assays and ill successes past,  
A faithful leader—not to hazard all  
Through ways of danger by himself untried.  
I, therefore, I alone, first undertook  
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spy  
This new-created World, whereof in Hell  
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
Better abode, and my afflicted Powers  
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Air; 940  
Though for possession put to try once more  
What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
High up in Heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
And practised distances to cringe, not fight."

To whom the Warrior-Angel soon replied:—

"To say and straight unsay, pretending first  
Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy,  
Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
Satan; and couldst thou 'faithful' add? O name, 950  
O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
Army of fiends, fit body to fit head!  
Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
Your military obedience, to dissolve  
Allegiance to the acknowledged Power Supreme?"

And thou, sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawned, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 Heaven's awful Monarch? wherefore, but in hope 960  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign?  
 But mark what I areed thee now: Avaunt!  
 Fly thither whence thou fledd'st. If from this hour  
 Within these hallowed limits thou appear,  
 Back to the Infernal Pit I drag thee chained,  
 And seal thee so as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of Hell too slightly barred."

So threatened he; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage, replied:—  
 "Then, when I am thy captive, talk of chains, 970  
 Proud liminary Cherub! but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though Heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers,  
 Used to the yoke, draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of Heaven star-paved."

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
 Turned fiery red, sharpening in moonèd horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field 980  
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears which way the wind  
 Sways them; the careful ploughman doubting stands  
 Lest on the threshing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarmed,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved:  
 His stature reached the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat Horror plumed; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seemed both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds 990  
 Might have ensued; nor only Paradise,  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of Heaven perhaps, or all the Elements  
 At least, had gone to wrack, disturbed and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in Heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign,  
 Wherein all things created first he weighed,  
 The pendulous round Earth with balanced air 1000  
 In counterpoise, now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms. In these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight:

The latter quick up flew, and kicked the beam;  
Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the Fiend:—

“Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine,  
Neither our own, but given; what folly then

To boast what arms can do! since thine no more  
Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now

To trample thee as mire. For proof look up, 1010  
And read thy lot in yon celestial sign,

Where thou art weighed, and shown how light, how weak  
If thou resist.” The Fiend looked up, and knew

His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled  
Murmuring; and with him fled the shades of Night.

*THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.*

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK V.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Morning approached, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: they come forth to their day labours: their morning hymn at the door of their bower. God, to render Man inexcusable, sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand, who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise; his appearance described: his coming discerned by Adam afar off, sitting at the door of his bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise, got together by Eve; their discourse at table. Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates, at Adam's request, who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, persuading all but only Abdiel, a seraph, who in argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

NOW Morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime  
Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl,  
When Adam waked, so custom'd; for his sleep  
Was aery light, from pure digestion bred,  
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,  
Lightly dispersed, and the shrill matin song  
Of birds on every bough. So much the more  
His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve,  
With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest. He, on his side  
Leaning half raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice  
Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whispered thus:—"Awake,  
My fairest, my espoused, my latest found,  
Heaven's last, best gift, my ever-new delight!  
Awake! the morning shines, and the fresh field  
Calls us; we lose the prime to mark how spring

Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,  
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How Nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering waked her, but with startled eye  
On Adam; whom embracing, thus she spake:—

"O sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
Thy face, and morn returned; for I this night  
(Such night till this I never passed) have dreamed, 30  
If dreamed, not, as I oft am wont, of thee,  
Works of day past, or morrow's next design;  
But of offence and trouble, which my mind  
Knew never till this irksome night. Methought  
Close at mine ear one called me forth to walk  
With gentle voice; I thought it thine. It said,  
'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake 40  
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns  
Full-orbed the moon, and, with more pleasing light,  
Shadowy sets off the face of things—in vain,  
If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes;  
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze?'  
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not:  
To find thee I directed then my walk;  
And on, methought, alone I passed through ways 50  
That brought me on a sudden to the tree  
Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seemed,  
Much fairer to my fancy than by day;  
And, as I wondering looked, beside it stood  
One shaped and winged like one of those from Heaven  
By us oft seen: his dewy locks distilled  
Ambrosia. On that tree he also gazed;  
And, 'O fair plant,' said he, 'with fruit surcharged,  
Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,  
Nor God nor Man? Is knowledge so despised? 60  
Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?  
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold  
Longer thy offered good, why else set here?'  
This said, he paused not, but with venturous arm  
He plucked, he tasted. Me damp horror chilled  
At such bold words vouched with a deed so bold;  
But he thus, overjoyed: 'O fruit divine,  
Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus crompt,

Forbidden here, it seems, as only fit  
For gods, yet able to make gods of men ! 70  
And why not gods of men, since good, the more  
Communicated, more abundant grows,  
The author not impaired, but honoured more ?  
Here, happy creature, fair angelic Eve !  
Partake thou also : happy though thou art,  
Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be.  
Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods  
Thyself a goddess ; not to Earth confined,  
But sometimes in the Air, as we ; sometimes 80  
Ascend to Heaven, by merit thine, and see  
What life the gods live there, and such live thou.  
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,  
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part  
Which he had plucked : the pleasant savoury smel'  
So quickened appetite that I, methought,  
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds  
With him I flew, and underneath beheld  
The Earth outstretched immense, a prospect wide  
And various. Wondering at my flight and change  
To this high exaltation, suddenly 90  
My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,  
And fell asleep ; but, O, how glad I waked  
To find this but a dream !” Thus Eve her night  
Related, and thus Adam answered sad :—  
“ Best image of myself, and dearer half,  
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep  
Affects me equally ; nor can I like  
This uncouth dream—of evil sprung, I fear ;  
Yet evil whence ? In thee can harbour none,  
Created pure. But know that in the soul 100  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief. Among these Fancy next  
Her office holds ; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful senses represent,  
She forms imaginations, aery shapes,  
Which Reason, joining or disjoining, frames  
All what we affirm or what deny, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires  
Into her private cell when Nature rests.  
Oft, in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes 110  
To imitate her ; but, misjoining shapes,  
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,  
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.  
Some such resemblances, methinks, I find  
Of our last evening's talk in this thy dream,

But with addition strange. Yet be not sad :  
Evil into the mind of God or Man  
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave  
No spot or blame behind ; which gives me hope  
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream  
Waking thou never wilt consent to do. 120

Be not disheartened, then, nor cloud those looks,  
That wont to be more cheerful and serene  
Than when fair Morning first smiles on the world ;  
And let us to our fresh employments rise  
Among the groves, the fountains, and the flowers,  
That open now their choicest bosomed smells,  
Reserved from night, and kept for thee in store."

So cheered he his fair spouse ; and she was cheered,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall 130  
From either eye, and wiped them with her hair :  
Two other precious drops that ready stood,  
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
Kissed as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that feared to have offended.

So all was cleared, and to the field they haste.  
But first, from under shady arborous roof  
Soon as they forth were come to open sight  
Of day-spring, and the Sun—who, scarce uprisen,  
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean-brim, 140  
Shot parallel to the Earth his dewy ray,  
Discovering in wide landskip all the east  
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains—  
Lowly they bowed, adoring, and began  
Their orisons, each morning duly paid  
In various style ; for neither various style  
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise  
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced, or sung  
Unmeditated ; such prompt eloquence  
Flowed from their lips, in prose or numerous verse, 150  
More tuneable than needed lute or harp  
To add more sweetness : And they thus began :—

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty ! thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !  
Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light, 160  
Angels—for ye behold him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven ;  
On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime. 170  
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,  
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;  
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.  
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth 180  
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternions run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour to the World's great Author rise ;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers, 190  
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.  
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.  
Join voices, all ye living Souls. Ye Birds,  
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk 200  
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still  
To give us only good ; and, if the night  
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.”  
So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts

Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm. 210  
 On to their morning's rural work they haste,  
 Among sweet dews and flowers, where any row  
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far  
 Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check  
 Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine  
 To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines  
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings  
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn  
 His barren leaves. Them thus employed beheld  
 With pity Heaven's high King, and to him called 220  
 Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deigned  
 To travel with Tobias, and secured  
 His marriage with the seven-times-wedded maid.  
 "Raphael," said he, "thou hear'st what stir on Earth  
 Satan, from Hell scaped through the darksome Gulf,  
 Hath raised in Paradise, and how disturbed  
 This night the human pair; how he designs  
 In them at once to ruin all mankind.  
 Go, therefore; half this day, as friend with friend,  
 Converse with Adam, in what bower or shade 230  
 Thou find'st him from the heat of noon retired  
 To respite his day-labour with repast  
 Or with repose; and such discourse bring on  
 As may advise him of his happy state—  
 Happiness in his power left free to will,  
 Left to his own free will, his will though free  
 Yet mutable. Whence warn him to beware  
 He swerve not, too secure: tell him withal  
 His danger, and from whom; what enemy,  
 Late fallen himself from Heaven, is plotting now 240  
 The fall of others from like state of bliss.  
 By violence? no, for that shall be withstood;  
 But by deceit and lies. This let him know,  
 Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend  
 Surprisal, unadmonished, unforewarned."  
 So spake the Eternal Father, and fulfilled  
 All justice. Nor delayed the wingèd Saint  
 After his charge received; but from among  
 Thousand celestial Ardours, where he stood  
 Veiled with his gorgeous wings, upspringing light, 250  
 Flew through the midst of Heaven. The angelic quires,  
 On each hand parting, to his speed gave way  
 Through all the empyreal road, till, at the gate  
 Of Heaven arrived, the gate self-opened wide,  
 On golden hinges turning, as by work  
 Divine the sovran Architect had framed.

From hence—no cloud or, to obstruct his sight,  
Star interposed, however small—he sees,  
Not unconform to other shining globes,  
Earth, and the Garden of God, with cedars crowned 260  
Above all hills; as when by night the glass  
Of Galileo, less assured, observes  
Imagined lands and regions in the Moon;  
Or pilot from amidst the Cyclades  
Delos or Samos first appearing kens,  
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight  
He speeds, and through the vast ethereal sky  
Sails between worlds and worlds, with steady wing  
Now on the polar winds; then with quick fan  
Winnows the buxom air, till, within soar 270  
Of towering eagles, to all the fowls he seems  
A phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole bird,  
When, to enshrine his relics in the Sun's  
Bright temple, to Egyptian Thebes he flies.  
At once on the eastern cliff of Paradise  
He lights, and to his proper shape returns,  
A Seraph winged. Six wings he wore, to shade  
His lineaments divine: the pair that clad  
Each shoulder broad came mantling o'er his breast  
With regal ornament; the middle pair 280  
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round  
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold  
And colours dipt in heaven; the third his feet  
Shadowed from either heel with feathered mail,  
Sky-tinctured grain. Like Maia's son he stood,  
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled  
The circuit wide. Straight knew him all the bands  
Of Angels under watch, and to his state  
And to his message high in honour rise;  
For on some message high they guessed him bound. 290  
Their glittering tents he passed, and now is come  
Into the blissful field, through groves of myrrh,  
And flowering odours, cassia, nard, and balm,  
A wilderness of sweets; for Nature here  
Wantoned as in her prime, and played at will  
Her virgin fancies, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above rule or art, enormous bliss.  
Him, through the spicy forest onward come,  
Adam discerned, as in the door he sat  
Of his cool bower, while now the mounted Sun 300  
Shot down direct his fervid rays, to warm  
Earth's inmost womb, more warmth than Adam needs;  
And Eve, within, due at her hour, prepared

For dinner savoury fruits, of taste to please  
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst  
Of nectarous draughts between, from milky stream,  
Berry or grape: to whom thus Adam called:—

“Haste hither, Eve, and, worth thy sight, behold  
Eastward among those trees what glorious Shape  
Comes this way moving; seems another morn  
Risen on mid-noon. Some great behest from Heaven  
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe

310

This day to be our guest. But go with speed,  
And what thy stores contain bring forth, and pour  
Abundance fit to honour and receive

Our heavenly stranger; well we may afford  
Our givers their own gifts, and large bestow  
From large bestowed, where Nature multiplies  
Her fertile growth, and by disburdening grows  
More fruitful; which instructs us not to spare.”

320

To whom thus Eve:—“Adam, Earth’s hallowed mould,  
Of God inspired, small store will serve where store,  
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
Save what, by frugal storing, firmness gains  
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.  
But I will haste, and from each bough and brake,  
Each plant and juiciest gourd, will pluck such choice  
To entertain our Angel-guest as he,  
Beholding, shall confess that here on Earth  
God hath dispensed his bounties as in Heaven.

330

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste  
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent  
What choice to choose for delicacy best,  
What order so contrived as not to mix  
Tastes, not well joined, inelegant, but bring  
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change:  
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk  
Whatever Earth, all-bearing mother, yields  
In India East or West, or middle shore  
In Pontus or the Punic coast, or where  
Alcinöus reigned, fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rined, or bearded husk, or shell,  
She gathers, tribute large, and on the board  
Heaps with unsparing hand. For drink the grape  
She crushes, inoffensive must, and meaths  
From many a berry, and from sweet kernels pressed  
She tempers dulcet creams—nor these to hold  
Wants her fit vessels pure; then strews the ground  
With rose and odours from the shrub unfumed.

340

Meanwhile our primitive great Sire, to meet

350

His godlike guest, walks forth, without more train  
 Accompanied than with his own complete  
 Perfections ; in himself was all his state,  
 More solemn than the tedious pomp that waits  
 On princes, when their rich retinue long  
 Of horses led and grooms besmeared with gold  
 Dazzles the crowd and sets them all agape.  
 Nearer his presence, Adam, though not awed,  
 Yet with submissive approach and reverence meek,  
 As to a superior nature, bowing low,  
 Thus said :—" Native of Heaven (for other place  
 None can than Heaven such glorious Shape contain),  
 Since, by descending from the Thrones above,  
 Those happy places thou hast deigned a while  
 To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us,  
 Two only, who yet by sovran gift possess  
 This spacious ground, in yonder shady bower  
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears  
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat  
 Be over, and the sun more cool decline."

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370

Whom thus the angelic Virtue answered mild :—  
 " Adam, I therefore came ; nor art thou such  
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,  
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heaven,  
 To visit thee. Lead on, then, where thy bower  
 O'ershades ; for these mid-hours, till evening rise,  
 I have at will." So to the sylvan lodge  
 They came, that like Pomona's arbour smiled,  
 With flowerets decked and fragrant smells. But Eve,  
 Undecked, save with herself, more lovely fair  
 Than wood-nymph, or the fairest goddess feigned  
 Of three that in Mount Ida naked strove,  
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heaven ; no veil  
 She needed, virtue-proof ; no thought infirm  
 Altered her cheek. On whom the Angel " Hail !"  
 Bestowed—the holy salutation used  
 Long after to blest Mary, second Eve :—

380

" Hail ! Mother of mankind, whose fruitful womb  
 Shall fill the world more numerous with thy sons  
 Than with these various fruits the trees of God  
 Have heaped this table !" Raised of grassy turf  
 Their table was, and mossy seats had round,  
 And on her ample square, from side to side,  
 All Autumn piled, though Spring and Autumn here  
 Danced hand-in-hand. A while discourse they hold—  
 No fear lest dinner cool—when thus began  
 Our Author :—" Heavenly Stranger, please to taste

390

These bounties, which our Nourisher, from whom  
All perfect good, unmeasured-out, descends,  
To us for food and for delight hath caused  
The Earth to yield: unsavoury food, perhaps,  
To Spiritual Natures; only this I know,  
That one Celestial Father gives to all."

To whom the Angel:—"Therefore, what he gives  
(Whose praise be ever sung) to Man, in part  
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found  
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure  
Intelligential substances require  
As doth your Rational; and both contain  
Within them every lower faculty  
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,  
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,  
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.  
For know, whatever was created needs  
To be sustained and fed. Of Elements  
The grosser feeds the purer: Earth the Sea;  
Earth and the Sea feed Air; the Air those Fires  
Ethereal, and, as lowest, first the Moon;  
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurged  
Vapours not yet into her substance turned.  
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale  
From her moist continent to higher Orbs.  
The Sun, that light imparts to all, receives  
From all his alimential recompense  
In humid exhalations, and at even  
Supps with the Ocean. Though in Heaven the trees  
Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
Yield nectar—though from off the boughs each morn  
We brush mellifluous dew and find the ground  
Covered with pearly grain—yet God hath here  
Varied his bounty so with new delights  
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste  
Think not I shall be nice." So down they sat,  
And to their viands fell; nor seemingly  
The Angel, nor in mist—the common gloss  
Of theologians—but with keen dispatch  
Of real hunger, and concoctive heat  
To transubstantiate: what redounds transpires  
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder, if by fire  
Of sooty coal the empiric alchemist  
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn,  
Metals of drossiest ore to perfect gold,  
As from the mine. Meanwhile at table Eve  
Ministered naked, and their flowing cups

410

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With pleasant liquors crowned. O innocence  
Deserving Paradise! If ever, then,  
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have been  
Enamoured at that sight. But in those hearts  
Love unlibidinous reigned, nor jealousy  
Was understood, the injured lover's hell.

450

Thus when with meats and drinks they had sufficed,  
Not burdened nature, sudden mind arose  
In Adam not to let the occasion pass,  
Given him by this great conference, to know  
Of things above his world, and of their being  
Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw  
Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms,  
Divine effulgence, whose high power so far  
Exceeded human; and his wary speech  
Thus to the empyreal minister he framed:—

460

“Inhabitant with God, now know I well  
Thy favour, in this honour done to Man;  
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsafed  
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,  
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so  
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem  
At Heaven's high feasts to have fed: yet what compare!”

To whom the wingèd Hierarch replied:—

“O Adam, one Almighty is, from whom  
All things proceed, and up to him return,  
If not depraved from good, created all  
Such to perfection; one first matter all,  
Endued with various forms, various degrees  
Of substance, and, in things that live, of life;  
But more refined, more spiritous and pure,  
As nearer to him placed or nearer tending  
Each in their several active spheres assigned,  
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

470

Proportioned to each kind. So from the root  
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves  
More aery, last the bright consummate flower  
Spirits odorous breathes: flowers and their fruit,  
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,  
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,  
To intellectual; give both life and sense,  
Fancy and understanding; whence the Soul  
Reason receives, and Reason is her being,  
Discursive, or Intuitive: Discourse  
Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,  
Differing but in degree, of kind the same.

480

Wonder not, then, what God for you saw good

490

If I refuse not, but convert, as you,  
To proper substance. Time may come when Men  
With Angels may participate, and find  
No inconvenient diet, nor too light fare ;  
And from these corporal nutriments, perhaps,  
Your bodies may at last turn all to spirit,  
Improved by tract of time, and wing'd ascend  
Ethereal, as we, or may at choice  
Here or in heavenly paradises dwell,  
If ye be found obedient, and retain  
Unalterably firm his love entire  
Whose progeny you are. Meanwhile enjoy,  
Your fill, what happiness this happy state  
Can comprehend, incapable of more."

500

To whom the Patriarch of Mankind replied :—  
"O favourable Spirit, propitious guest,  
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct  
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set  
From centre to circumference, whereon,  
In contemplation of created things,  
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,  
What meant that caution joined, *If ye be found  
Obedient?* Can we want obedience, then,  
To him, or possibly his love desert,  
Who formed us from the dust, and placed us here  
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss  
Human desires can seek or apprehend?"

510

To whom the Angel :—"Son of Heaven and Earth,  
Attend! That thou art happy, owe to God ;  
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,  
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.  
This was that caution given thee ; be advised.  
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;  
And good he made thee ; but to persevere  
He left it in thy power—ordained thy will  
By nature free, not over-ruled by fate  
Inextricable, or strict necessity.  
Our voluntary service he requires,  
Not our necessitated. Such with him  
Finds no acceptance, nor can find ; for how  
Can hearts not free be tried whether they serve  
Willing or no, who will but what they must  
By destiny, and can no other choose?  
Myself, and all the Angelic Host, that stand  
In sight of God enthroned, our happy state  
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds.  
On other surety none : freely we serve,

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Because we freely love, as in our will  
 To love or not ; in this we stand or fall. 540  
 And some are fallen, to disobedience fallen,  
 And so from Heaven to deepest Hell. O fall  
 From what high state of bliss into what woe !”

To whom our great Progenitor :—“Thy words  
 Attentive, and with more delighted ear,  
 Divine instructor, I have heard, than when  
 Cherubic songs by night from neighbouring hills  
 Aërial music send. Nor knew I not  
 To be, both will and deed, created free.  
 Yet that we never shall forget to love 550  
 Our Maker, and obey him whose command  
 Single is yet so just, my constant thoughts  
 Assured me, and still assure ; though what thou tell’st  
 Hath passed in Heaven some doubt within me move,  
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,  
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,  
 Worthy of sacred silence to be heard.  
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun  
 Hath finished half his journey, and scarce begins  
 His other half in the great zone of heaven.” 560

Thus Adam made request ; and Raphael,  
 After short pause assenting, thus began :—  
 “High matter thou enjoin’st me, O prime of Men—  
 Sad task and hard ; for how shall I relate  
 To human sense the invisible exploits  
 Of warring Spirits ? how, without remorse,  
 The ruin of so many, glorious once  
 And perfect while they stood ? how, last, unfold  
 The secrets of another world, perhaps  
 Not lawful to reveal ? Yet for thy good 570  
 This is dispensed ; and what surmounts the reach  
 Of human sense I shall delineate so,  
 By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
 As may express them best—though what if Earth  
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein  
 Each to other like more than on Earth is thought !

“As yet this World was not, and Chaos wild  
 Reigned where these heavens now roll, where Earth now rests  
 Upon her centre poised, when on a day  
 (For Time, though in Eternity, applied 580  
 To motion, measures all things durable  
 By present, past, and future), on such day  
 As Heaven’s great year brings forth, the empyreal host  
 Of Angels, by imperial summons called,  
 Innumerable before the Almighty’s throne

Forthwith from all the ends of Heaven appeared  
Under their hierarchs in orders bright.

Ten thousand thousand ensigns high advanced,  
Standards and gonfalons, 'twixt van and rear  
Stream in the air, and for distinction serve

Of hierarchies, of orders, and degrees ;  
Or in their glittering tissues bear emblazed  
Holy memorials, acts of zeal and love  
Recorded eminent. Thus when in orbs

Of circuit inexpressible they stood,  
Orb within orb, the Father Infinite,  
By whom in bliss embosomed sat the Son,  
Amidst, as from a flaming mount, whose top  
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake :—

“Hear, all ye Angels, Progeny of Light,  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers,  
Hear my decree, which unrevoked shall stand !  
This day I have begot whom I declare  
My only Son, and on this holy hill

Him have anointed, whom ye now behold  
At my right hand. Your head I him appoint,  
And by myself have sworn to him shall bow  
All knees in Heaven, and shall confess him Lord.  
Under his great vicegerent reign abide,  
United as one individual soul,

For ever happy: Him who disobeys  
Me disobeys, breaks union, and, that day,  
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls  
Into utter darkness, deep engulfed, his place  
Ordained without redemption, without end.’

“So spake the Omnipotent, and with his words  
All seemed well pleased ; all seemed, but were not all.

That day, as other solemn days, they spent  
In song and dance about the sacred hill—  
Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere

Of planets and of fixed in all her wheels  
Resembles nearest ; mazes intricate,  
Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular

Then most when most irregular they seem ;  
And in their motions harmony divine  
So smooths her charming tones that God’s own ear  
Listens delighted. Evening now approached

(For we have also our evening and our morn—  
We ours for change delectable, not need),

Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn  
Desirous : all in circles as they stood,  
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled

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With Angels' food; and rubied nectar flows  
 In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,  
 Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of Heaven.  
 On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,  
 They eat, they drink, and in communion sweet  
 Quaff immortality and joy, secure  
 Of surfeit where full measure only bounds  
 Excess, before the all-bounteous King, who showered 640  
 With copious hand, rejoicing in their joy.  
 Now when ambrosial Night, with clouds exhaled  
 From that high mount of God whence light and shade  
 Spring both, the face of brightest Heaven had changed  
 To grateful twilight (for Night comes not there  
 In darker veil), and roseate dews disposed  
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,  
 Wide over all the plain, and wider far  
 Than all this globous Earth in plain outspread  
 (Such are the courts of God), the Angelic throng, 650  
 Dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend  
 By living streams among the trees of life—  
 Pavilions numberless and sudden reared,  
 Celestial tabernacles, where they slept,  
 Fanned with cool winds; save those who, in their course,  
 Melodious hymns about the sovran throne  
 Alternate all night long. But not so waked  
 Satan—so call him now; his former name  
 Is heard no more in Heaven. He, of the first,  
 If not the first Archangel, great in power, 660  
 In favour, and pre-eminence, yet fraught  
 With envy against the Son of God, that day  
 Honoured by his great Father, and proclaimed  
 Messiah, King Anointed, could not bear,  
 Through pride, that sight, and thought himself impaired.  
 Deep malice thence conceiving and disdain,  
 Soon as midnight brought on the dusky hour  
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolved  
 With all his legions to dislodge, and leave  
 Unworshiped, unbeyed, the Throne supreme, 670  
 Contemptuous, and, his next subordinate  
 Awakening, thus to him in secret spake:—

“‘Sleep'st thou, companion dear? what sleep can close  
 Thy eyelids? and rememberest what decree,  
 Of yesterday, so late hath passed the lips  
 Of Heaven's Almighty? Thou to me thy thoughts  
 Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont, to impart;  
 Both waking we were one; how, then, can now  
 Thy sleep dissent? New laws thou seest imposed;

New laws from him who reigns new minds may raise 680  
In us who serve—new counsels, to debate  
What doubtful may ensue. More in this place  
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou  
Of all those myriads which we lead the chief;  
Tell them that, by command, ere yet dim Night  
Her shadowy cloud withdraws, I am to haste,  
And all who under me their banners wave,  
Homeward with flying march where we possess  
The quarters of the North, there to prepare  
Fit entertainment to receive our King, 690  
The great Messiah, and his new commands,  
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies  
Intends to pass triumphant, and give laws.’  
“So spake the false Archangel, and infused  
Bad influence into the unwary breast  
Of his associate. He together calls,  
Or several one by one, the regent Powers,  
Under him regent; tells, as he was taught,  
That, the Most High commanding, now ere Night,  
Now ere dim Night had disencumbered Heaven, 700  
The great hierarchal standard was to move;  
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between  
Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound  
Or taint integrity. But all obeyed  
The wonted signal, and superior voice  
Of their great Potentate; for great indeed  
His name, and high was his degree in Heaven:  
His countenance, as the morning-star that guides  
The starry flock, allured them, and with lies  
Drew after him the third part of Heaven’s host. 710  
Meanwhile, the Eternal Eye, whose sight discerns  
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy mount,  
And from within the golden lamps that burn  
Nightly before him, saw without their light  
Rebellion rising—saw in whom, how spread  
Among the Sons of Morn, what multitudes  
Were banded to oppose his high decree;  
And, smiling, to his only Son thus said:—  
“Son, thou in whom my glory I behold 720  
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,  
Nearly it now concerns us to be sure  
Of our omnipotence, and with what arms  
We mean to hold what anciently we claim  
Of deity or empire: such a foe  
Is rising, who intends to erect his throne  
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;

Nor so content, hath in his thought to try  
In battle what our power is or our right.  
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw  
With speed what force is left, and all employ 730  
In our defence, lest unawares we lose  
This our high place, our sanctuary, our hill.

“To whom the Son, with calm aspect and clear  
Lightening divine, ineffable, serene,  
Made answer:—‘Mighty Father, thou thy foes  
Justly hast in derision, and secure  
Laugh’st at their vain designs and tumults vain—  
Matter to me of glory, whom their hate  
Illustrates, when they see all regal power  
Given me to quell their pride, and in event 740  
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue  
Thy rebels, or be found the worst in Heaven.’

“So spake the Son; but Satan with his Powers  
Far was advanced on winged speed, an host  
Innumerable as the stars of night,  
Or stars of morning, dew-drops which the sun  
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.  
Regions they passed, the mighty regencies  
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones  
In their triple degrees—regions to which 750  
All thy dominion, Adam, is no more  
Than what this garden is to all the earth  
And all the sea, from one entire globose  
Stretched into longitude; which having passed,  
At length into the limits of the North  
They came, and Satan to his royal seat  
High on a hill, far-blazing, as a mount  
Raised on a mount, with pyramids and towers  
From diamond quarries hewn and rocks of gold—  
The palace of great Lucifer (so call 760  
That structure, in the dialect of men  
Interpreted) which, not long after, he,  
Affecting all equality with God,  
In imitation of that mount whereon  
Messiah was declared in sight of Heaven,  
The Mountain of the Congregation called;  
For thither he assembled all his train,  
Pretending so commanded to consult  
About the great reception of their King  
Thither to come, and with calumnious art 770  
Of counterfeited truth thus held their ears:—

“‘Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers—  
If these magnificent titles yet remain

Not merely titular, since by decree  
 Another now hath to himself engrossed  
 All power, and us eclipsed under the name  
 Of King Anointed; for whom all this haste  
 Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,  
 This only to consult, how we may best,  
 With what may be devised of honours new,  
 Receive him coming to receive from us  
 Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile!  
 Too much to one! but double how endured—  
 To one and to his image now proclaimed?  
 But what if better counsels might erect  
 Our minds, and teach us to cast off this yoke!  
 Will ye submit your necks, and choose to bend  
 The supple knee? Ye will not, if I trust  
 To know ye right, or if ye know yourselves  
 Natives and Sons of Heaven possessed before  
 By none, and, if not equal all, yet free,  
 Equally free; for orders and degrees  
 Jar not with liberty, but well consist.  
 Who can in reason, then, or right, assume  
 Monarchy over such as live by right  
 His equals—if in power and splendour less,  
 In freedom equal? or can introduce  
 Law and edict on us, who without law  
 Err not? much less for this to be our Lord,  
 And look for adoration, to the abuse  
 Of those imperial titles which assert  
 Our being ordained to govern, not to serve!’

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“Thus far his bold discourse without control  
 Had audience, when, among the Seraphim,  
 Abdiel, than whom none with more zeal adored  
 The Deity, and divine commands obeyed,  
 Stood up, and in a flame of zeal severe  
 The current of his fury thus opposed:—  
 “‘O argument blasphemous, false, and proud—  
 Words which no ear ever to hear in Heaven  
 Expected; least of all from thee, ingrate,  
 In place thyself so high above thy peers!  
 Canst thou with impious obloquy condemn  
 The just decree of God, pronounced and sworn,  
 That to his only Son, by right endued  
 With regal sceptre, every soul in Heaven  
 Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due  
 Confess him rightful King? Unjust, thou say’st,  
 Flatly unjust, to bind with laws the free,  
 And equal over equals to let reign,

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One over all with unsucceeded power!  
Shalt thou give law to God? shalt thou dispute  
With Him the points of liberty, who made  
Thee what thou art, and formed the Powers of Heaven  
Such as he pleased, and circumscribed their being?  
Yet, by experience taught, we know how good,  
And of our good and of our dignity  
How provident, he is—how far from thought  
To make us less; bent rather to exalt  
Our happy state, under one head more near 830  
United. But—to grant it thee unjust  
That equal over equals monarch reign—  
Thyself, though great and glorious, dost thou count,  
Or all angelic nature joined in one,  
Equal to him, begotten Son, by whom,  
As by his Word, the mighty Father made  
All things, even thee, and all the Spirits of Heaven  
By him created in their bright degrees,  
Crowned them with glory, and to their glory named  
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers?— 840  
Essential Powers; nor by his reign obscured,  
But more illustrious made; since he, the head,  
One of our number thus reduced becomes;  
His laws our laws; all honour to him done  
Returns our own. Cease, then, this impious rage,  
And tempt not these; but hasten to appease  
The incensèd Father and the incensèd Son  
While pardon may be found, in time besought.  
“So spake the fervent Angel; but his zeal  
None seconded, as out of season judged, 850  
Or singular and rash. Whereat rejoiced  
The Apostate, and, more haughty, thus replied:—  
“That we were formed, then, say'st thou? and the work  
Of secondary hands, by task transferred  
From Father to his Son? Strange point and new!  
Doctrine which we would know whence learned! Who saw  
When this creation was? Remember'st thou  
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?  
We know no time when we were not as now;  
Know none before us, self-begot, self-raised . 860  
By our own quickening power when fatal course  
Had circled his full orb, the birth mature  
Of this our native Heaven, Ethereal Sons.  
Our puissance is our own; our own right hand  
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try  
Who is our equal. Then thou shalt behold  
Whether by supplication we intend

Address, and to begirt the Almighty Throne  
Beseeching or besieging. This report,  
These tidings, carry to the Anointed King ;  
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.' 870

"He said ; and, as the sound of waters deep,  
Hoarse murmur echoed to his words applause  
Through the infinite host. Nor less for that  
The flaming Seraph, fearless, though alone,  
Encompassed round with foes, thus answered bold :—

"O alienate from God, O Spirit accursed,  
Forsaken of all good ! I see thy fall  
Determined, and thy hapless crew involved  
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread 880  
Both of thy crime and punishment. Henceforth  
No more be troubled how to quit the yoke  
Of God's Messiah. Those indulgent laws  
Will not be now voutsafed ; other decrees  
Against thee are gone forth without recall ;  
That golden sceptre which thou didst reject  
Is now an iron rod to bruise and break  
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise ;  
Yet not for thy advice or threats I fly  
These wicked tents devoted, lest the wrath 890  
Impendent, raging into sudden flame,  
Distinguish not : for soon expect to feel  
His thunder on thy head, devouring fire.  
Then who created thee lamenting learn  
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.'

"So spake the Seraph Abdiel, faithful found ;  
Among the faithless faithful only he ;  
Among innumerable false unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal ; 900  
Nor number nor example with him wrought  
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,  
Though single. From amidst them forth he passed,  
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained  
Superior, nor of violence feared aught ;  
And with retorted scorn his back he turned  
On those proud towers, to swift destruction doomed."

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to battle against Satan and his Angels. The first fight described : Satan and his Powers retire under night. He calls a council ; invents devilish engines, which, in the second day's fight, put Michael and his Angels to some disorder ; but they at length, pulling up mountains, overwhelmed both the force and machines of Satan. Yet, the tumult not so ending, God, on the third day, sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had reserved the glory of that victory. He, in the power of his Father, coming to the place, and causing all his legions to stand still on either side, with his chariot and thunder driving into the midst of his enemies, pursues them, unable to resist, towards the wall of Heaven ; which opening, they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepared for them in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

“ALL night the dreadless Angel, unpursued,  
Through Heaven's wide campaign held his way, till Morn,  
Waked by the circling Hours, with rosy hand  
Unbarred the gates of Light. There is a cave  
Within the Mount of God, fast by his throne,  
Where Light and Darkness in perpetual round  
Lodge and dislodge by turns—which makes through Heaven  
Grateful vicissitude, like day and night;  
Light issues forth, and at the other door  
Obsequious Darkness enters, till her hour  
To veil the heaven, though darkness there might well  
Seem twilight here. And now went forth the Morn  
Such as in highest heaven, arrayed in gold  
Empyreal ; from before her vanished Night,  
Shot through with orient beams ; when all the plain  
Covered with thick embattled squadrons bright,  
Chariots, and flaming arms, and fiery steeds,  
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view.  
War he perceived, war in procinct, and found  
Already known what he for news had thought  
To have reported. Gladly then he mixed  
Among those friendly Powers, who him received

With joy and acclamations loud, that one,  
That of so many myriads fallen yet one,  
Returned not lost. On to the sacred hill  
They led him, high applauded, and present  
Before the seat supreme; from whence a voice,  
From midst a golden cloud, thus mild was heard:—

“Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought  
The better fight, who single hast maintained 30  
Against revolted multitudes the cause  
Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,  
And for the testimony of truth hast borne  
Universal reproach, far worse to bear  
Than violence; for this was all thy care—  
To stand approved in sight of God, though worlds  
Judged thee perverse. The easier conquest now  
Remains thee—aided by this host of friends,  
Back on thy foes more glorious to return  
Than scorned thou didst depart; and to subdue 40  
By force who reason for their law refuse—  
Right reason for their law, and for their King  
Messiah, who by right of merit reigns.  
Go, Michael, of celestial armies prince,  
And thou, in military prowess next,  
Gabriel; lead forth to battle these my sons  
Invincible; lead forth my armed Saints,  
By thousands and by millions ranged for fight,  
Equal in number to that godless crew  
Rebellious. Them with fire and hostile arms 50  
Fearless assault; and, to the brow of Heaven  
Pursuing, drive them out from God and bliss  
Into their place of punishment, the gulf  
Of Tartarus, which ready opens wide  
His fiery chaos to receive their fall.”

“So spake the Sovran Voice; and clouds began  
To darken all the hill, and smoke to roll  
In dusky wreaths reluctant flames, the sign  
Of wrath awaked; nor with less dread the loud  
Ethereal trumpet from on high gan blow. 60  
At which command the Powers Militant  
That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined  
Of union irresistible, moved on  
In silence their bright legions to the sound  
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed  
Heroic ardour to adventurous deeds  
Under their godlike leaders, in the cause  
Of God and his Messiah. On they move,  
Indissolubly firm; nor obvious hill,

Nor straitening vale, nor wood, nor stream, divides 70  
 Their perfect ranks ; for high above the ground  
 Their march was, and the passive air upbore  
 Their nimble tread. As when the total kind  
 Of birds, in orderly array on wing,  
 Came summoned over Eden to receive  
 Their names of thee ; so over many a tract  
 Of Heaven they marched, and many a province wide,  
 Tenfold the length of this terrene. At last,  
 Far in the horizon, to the north, appeared  
 From skirt to skirt a fiery region, stretched 80  
 In battailous aspect ; and, nearer view,  
 Bristled with upright beams innumerable  
 Of rigid spears, and helmets thronged, and shields  
 Various, with boastful argument portrayed,  
 The banded Powers of Satan hasting on  
 With furious expedition : for they weened  
 That self-same day, by fight or by surprise,  
 To win the Mount of God, and on his throne  
 To set the envier of his state, the proud  
 Aspirer. But their thoughts proved fond and vain 90  
 In the mid-way ; though strange to us it seemed  
 At first that Angel should with Angel war,  
 And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet  
 So oft in festivals of joy and love  
 Unanimous, as sons of one great Sire,  
 Hymning the Eternal Father. But the shout  
 Of battle now began, and rushing sound  
 Of onset ended soon each milder thought.  
 High in the midst, exalted as a God,  
 The Apostate in his sun-bright chariot sat, 100  
 Idol of majesty divine, enclosed  
 With flaming Cherubim and golden shields ;  
 Then lighted from his gorgeous throne—for now  
 'Twixt host and host but narrow space was left,  
 A dreadful interval, and front to front  
 Presented stood, in terrible array  
 Of hideous length. Before the cloudy van,  
 On the rough edge of battle ere it joined,  
 Satan, with vast and haughty strides advanced,  
 Came towering, armed in adamant and gold. 110  
 Abdiel that sight endured not, where he stood  
 Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,  
 And thus his own undaunted heart explores :—  
 “ ‘ O Heaven ! that such resemblance of the Highest  
 Should yet remain, where faith and realty  
 Remain not ! Wherefore should not strength and might

There fail where virtue fails, or weakest prove  
 Where boldest, though to sight unconquerable?  
 His puissance, trusting in the Almighty's aid,  
 I mean to try, whose reason I have tried  
 Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just  
 That he who in debate of truth hath won  
 Should win in arms, in both disputes alike  
 Victor. Though brutish that contest and foul,  
 When reason hath to deal with force, yet so  
 Most reason is that reason overcome.'

120

"So pondering, and from his armed peers  
 Forth-stepping opposite, half-way he met  
 His daring foe, at this prevention more  
 Incensed, and thus securely him defied:—

130

"'Proud, art thou met? Thy hope was to have reached  
 The highth of thy aspiring unopposed—  
 The throne of God unguarded, and his side  
 Abandoned at the terror of thy power  
 Or potent tongue. Fool! not to think how vain  
 Against the Omnipotent to rise in arms;  
 Who, out of smallest things, could without end  
 Have raised incessant armies to defeat  
 Thy folly; or with solitary hand,  
 Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow,  
 Unaided could have finished thee, and whelmed  
 Thy legions under darkness! But thou seest  
 All are not of thy train; there be who faith  
 Prefer, and piety to God, though then  
 To thee not visible when I alone  
 Seemed in thy world erroneous to dissent  
 From all: my Sect thou seest; now learn too late  
 How few sometimes may know when thousands err.'

140

"Whom the grand Foe, with scornful eye askance,  
 Thus answered:—'Ill for thee, but in wished hour  
 Of my revenge, first sought for, thou return'st  
 From flight, seditious Angel, to receive  
 Thy merited reward, the first assay  
 Of this right hand provoked, since first that tongue,  
 Inspired with contradiction, durst oppose  
 A third part of the Gods, in synod met  
 Their deities to assert: who, while they feel  
 Vigour divine within them, can allow  
 Omnipotence to none. But well thou com'st  
 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win  
 From me some plume, that thy success may show  
 Destruction to the rest. This pause between  
 (Unanswered lest thou boast) to let thee know.—

150

160

At first I thought that Liberty and Heaven  
 To heavenly souls had been all one ; but now  
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve,  
 Ministering Spirits, trained up in feast and song :  
 Such hast thou armed, the minstrelsy of heaven—  
 Servility with freedom to contend,  
 As both their deeds compared this day shall prove.’

170

“To whom, in brief, thus Abdiel stern replied :—  
 ‘Apostate! still thou err’st, nor end wilt find  
 Of erring, from the path of truth remote.  
 Unjustly thou deprav’st it with the name  
 Of servitude, to serve whom God ordains,  
 Or Nature : God and Nature bid the same,  
 When he who rules is worthiest, and excels  
 Them whom he governs. This is servitude—  
 To serve the unwise, or him who hath rebelled  
 Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee,  
 Thyself not free, but to thyself enthralled ;  
 Yet lewdly dar’st our ministering upbraid.  
 Reign thou in Hell, thy kingdom ; let me serve  
 In Heaven God ever blest, and his divine  
 Behests obey, worthiest to be obeyed.  
 Yet chains in Hell, not realms, expect : meanwhile,  
 From me returned, as erst thou saidst, from flight,  
 This greeting on thy impious crest receive.’

180

“So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high,  
 Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell  
 On the proud crest of Satan that no sight,  
 Nor motion of swift thought, less could his shield,  
 Such ruin intercept. Ten paces huge  
 He back recoiled ; the tenth on bended knee  
 His massy spear upstayed : as if, on earth,  
 Winds under ground, or waters forcing way,  
 Sidelong had pushed a mountain from his seat,  
 Half-sunk with all his pines. Amazement seized  
 The rebel Thrones, but greater rage, to see  
 Thus foiled their mightiest ; ours joy filled, and shout.  
 Presage of victory, and fierce desire  
 Of battle : whereat Michaël bid sound  
 The Archangel trumpet. Through the vast of Heaven  
 It sounded, and the faithful armies rung  
 Hosannah to the Highest ; nor stood at gaze  
 The adverse legions, nor less hideous joined  
 The horrid shock. Now storming fury rose,  
 And clamour such as heard in Heaven till now  
 Was never ; arms on armour clashing brayed  
 Horrible discord, and the madding wheels

190

200

210

Of brazen chariots raged ; dire was the noise  
Of conflict ; overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And, flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rushed  
Both battles main with ruinous assault  
And inextinguishable rage. All Heaven  
Resounded ; and, had Earth been then, all Earth  
Had to her centre shook. What wonder, when  
Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought 220  
On either side, the least of whom could wield  
These elements, and arm him with the force  
Of all their regions ? How much more of power  
Army against army numberless to raise  
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,  
Though not destroy, their happy native seat ;  
Had not the Eternal King Omnipotent  
From his strong hold of Heaven high overruled  
And limited their might, though numbered such  
As each divided legion might have seemed 230  
A numerous host, in strength each armed hand  
A legion ! Led in fight, yet leader seemed  
Each warrior single as in chief ; expert  
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway  
Of battle, open when, and when to close  
The ridges of grim war. No thought of flight,  
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed  
That argued fear ; each on himself relied  
As only in his arm the moment lay  
Of victory. Deeds of eternal fame 240  
Were done, but infinite ; for wide was spread  
That war, and various : sometimes on firm ground  
A standing fight ; then, soaring on main wing,  
Tormented all the air ; all air seemed then  
Conflicting fire. Long time in even scale  
The battle hung ; till Satan, who that day  
Prodigious power had shown, and met in arms  
No equal, ranging through the dire attack  
Of fighting Seraphim confused, at length  
Saw where the sword of Michael smote, and felled 250  
Squadrons at once : with huge two-handed sway  
Brandished aloft, the horrid edge came down  
Wide-wasting. Such destruction to withstand  
He hasted, and opposed the rocky orb  
Of tenfold adamant, his ample shield,  
A vast circumference. At his approach  
The great Archangel from his warlike toil

Surceased, and, glad, as hoping here to end  
Intestine war in Heaven, the Arch-foe subdued,  
Or captive dragged in chains, with hostile frown 260  
And visage all inflamed, first thus began:—

“‘Author of Evil, unknown till thy revolt,  
Unnamed in Heaven, now plenteous as thou seest  
These acts of hateful strife—hateful to all,  
Though heaviest, by just measure, on thyself  
And thy adherents—how hast thou disturbed  
Heaven’s blessed peace, and into Nature brought  
Misery, uncreated till the crime  
Of thy rebellion! how hast thou instilled  
Thy malice into thousands, once upright 270  
And faithful, now proved false! But think not here  
To trouble holy rest; Heaven casts thee out  
From all her confines; Heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Brooks not the works of violence and war.  
Hence, then, and Evil go with thee along,  
Thy offspring, to the place of Evil, Hell—  
Thou and thy wicked crew! there mingle broils!  
Ere this avenging sword begin thy doom,  
Or some more sudden vengeance, winged from God,  
Precipitate thee with augmented pain.’ 280

“So spake the Prince of Angels; to whom thus  
The Adversary:—‘Nor think thou with wind  
Of airy threats to awe whom yet with deeds  
Thou canst not. Hast thou turned the least of these  
To flight—or, if to fall, but that they rise  
Unvanquished—easier to transact with me  
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, and with threats  
To chase me hence? Err not that so shall end  
The strife which thou call’st evil, but we style 290  
The strife of glory; which we mean to win,  
Or turn this Heaven itself into the Hell  
Thou fablest; here, however, to dwell free,  
If not to reign. Meanwhile, thy utmost force—  
And join him named Almighty to thy aid—  
I fly not, but have sought thee far and nigh.’

“They ended parle, and both addressed for fight  
Unspeakable; for who, though with the tongue  
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things  
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift  
Human imagination to such highth 300  
Of godlike power? for likest gods they seemed,  
Stood they or moved, in stature, motion, arms,  
Fit to decide the empire of great Heaven.  
Now waved their fiery swords, and in the air

Made horrid circles; two broad suns their shields  
Blazed opposite, while Expectation stood  
In horror; from each hand with speed retired,  
Where erst was thickest fight, the Angelic throng,  
And left large field, unsafe within the wind  
Of such commotion: such as (to set forth  
Great things by small) if, Nature's concord broke,  
Among the constellations war were sprung,  
Two planets, rushing from aspect malign  
Of fiercest opposition, in mid sky  
Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.  
Together both, with next to almighty arm  
Uplifted imminent, one stroke they aimed  
That might determine, and not need repeat  
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeared  
In might or swift prevention. But the sword  
Of Michael from the armoury of God  
Was given him tempered so that neither keen  
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met  
The sword of Satan, with steep force to smite  
Descending, and in half cut sheer; nor stayed,  
But, with swift wheel reverse, deep entering, shared  
All his right side. Then Satan first knew pain,  
And writhed him to and fro convolved; so sore  
The griding sword with discontinuous wound  
Passed through him. But the ethereal substance closed, 330  
Not long divisible; and from the gash  
A stream of nectarous humour issuing flowed  
Sanguine, such as celestial Spirits may bleed,  
And all his armour stained, erewhile so bright,  
Forthwith, on all sides, to his aid was run  
By Angels many and strong, who interposed  
Defence, while others bore him on their shields  
Back to his chariot where it stood retired  
From off the files of war: there they him laid  
Gnashing for anguish, and despite, and shame 340  
To find himself not matchless, and his pride  
Humbled by such rebuke, so far beneath  
His confidence to equal God in power.  
Yet soon he healed; for Spirits, that live throughout  
Vital in every part—not, as frail Man,  
In entrails, heart or head, liver or reins—  
Cannot but by annihilating die;  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the fluid air:  
All heart they live, all head, all eye, all ear, 350  
All intellect, all sense; and as they please

They limb themselves, and colour, shape, or size  
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.

“Meanwhile, in other parts, like deeds deserved  
Memorial, where the might of Gabriel fought,  
And with fierce ensigns pierced the deep array  
Of Moloch, furious king, who him defied,  
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound  
Threatened, nor from the Holy One of Heaven  
Refrained his tongue blasphemous, but anon,  
Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms  
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. On each wing  
Uriel and Raphaël his vaunting foe,  
Though huge and in a rock of diamond armed,  
Vanquished—Adramelech and Asmadai,  
Two potent Thrones, that to be less than Gods  
Disdained, but meaner thoughts learned in their flight,  
Mangled with ghastly wounds through plate and mail.  
Nor stood unmindful Abdiel to annoy

360

The atheist crew, but with redoubled blow  
Ariel, and Arioch, and the violence  
Of Ramiel, scorched and blasted, overthrew.  
I might relate of thousands, and their names  
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect  
Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,  
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort,  
In might though wondrous and in acts of war,  
Nor of renown less eager, yet by doom  
Cancelled from Heaven and sacred memory,  
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell  
For strength from truth divided, and from just,  
Illaudable, nought merits but dispraise  
And ignominy, yet to glory aspires,  
Vain-glorious, and through infamy seeks fame:  
Therefore eternal silence be their doom!

370

380

“And now, their mightiest quelled, the battle swerved,  
With many an inroad gored; deformed rout  
Entered, and foul disorder; all the ground  
With shivered armour strown, and on a heap  
Chariot and charioteer lay overturned,  
And fiery foaming steeds; what stood recoiled,  
O'er-wearied, through the faint Satanic host,  
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surprised—  
Then first with fear surprised and sense of pain—  
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought  
By sin of disobedience, till that hour  
Not liable to fear, or flight, or pain.  
Far otherwise the inviolable Saints

390

In cubic phalanx firm advanced entire,  
Invulnerable, impenetrably armed ; 400  
Such high advantages their innocence  
Gave them above their foes—not to have sinned,  
Not to have disobeyed ; in fight they stood  
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pained  
By wound, though from their place by violence moved.

“Now Night her course began, and, over Heaven  
Inducing darkness, grateful truce imposed,  
And silence on the odious din of war.  
Under her cloudy covert both retired,  
Victor and vanquished. On the foughten field 410  
Michael and his Angels, prevalent  
Encamping, placed in guard their watches round,  
Cherubic waving fires : on the other part,  
Satan with his rebellious disappeared,  
Far in the dark dislodged, and, void of rest,  
His potentates to council called by night,  
And in the midst thus undismayed began :—

“O now in danger tried, now known in arms  
Not to be overpowered, companions dear,  
Found worthy not of liberty alone— 420  
Too mean pretence—but, what we more affect,  
Honour, dominion, glory, and renown ;  
Who have sustained one day in doubtful fight  
(And, if one day, why not eternal days?)  
What Heaven's Lord had powerfullest to send  
Against us from about his throne, and judged  
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,  
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,  
Of future we may deem him, though till now  
Omniscient thought ! True is, less firmly armed, 430  
Some disadvantage we endured, and pain—  
Till now not known, but, known, as soon contemned ;  
Since now we find this our empyreal form  
Incapable of mortal injury,  
Imperishable, and, though pierced with wound,  
Soon closing, and by native vigour healed.  
Of evil, then, so small as easy think  
The remedy : perhaps more valid arms,  
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,  
May serve to better us and worse our foes, 440  
Or equal what between us made the odds,  
In nature none. If other hidden cause  
Left them superior, while we can preserve  
Unhurt our minds, and understanding sound,  
Due search and consultation will disclose.’

“He sat; and in the assembly next upstood  
Nisroch, of Principalities the prime.

As one he stood escaped from cruel fight  
Sore toiled, his riven arms to havoc hewn,  
And, cloudy in aspect, thus answering spake :—

450

“Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free  
Enjoyment of our right as Gods! yet hard  
For Gods, and too unequal work, we find  
Against unequal arms to fight in pain,  
Against unpained, impassive; from which evil  
Ruin must needs ensue. For what avails  
Valour or strength, though matchless, quelled with pain,  
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands  
Of mightiest? Sense of pleasure we may well

460

Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,  
But live content—which is the calmest life;  
But pain is perfect misery, the worst  
Of evils, and, excessive, overturns  
All patience. He who, therefore, can invent  
With what more forcible we may offend  
Our yet unwounded enemies, or arm  
Ourselves with like defence, to me deserves  
No less than for deliverance what we owe.’

“Whereto, with look composed, Satan replied :—

470

‘Not uninvented that, which thou aright  
Believ’st so main to our success, I bring.  
Which of us who beholds the bright surface  
Of this ethereous mould whereon we stand—  
This continent of spacious Heaven, adorned  
With plant, fruit, flower ambrosial, gems and gold—  
Whose eye so superficially surveys  
These things as not to mind from whence they grow  
Deep under ground: materials dark and crude,  
Of spiritous and fiery spume, till, touched  
With Heaven’s ray, and tempered, they shoot forth  
So beauteous, opening to the ambient light?

480

These in their dark nativity the Deep  
Shall yield us, pregnant with infernal flame;  
Which, into hollow engines long and round  
Thick-rammed, at the other bore with touch of fire  
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth  
From far, with thundering noise, among our foes  
Such implements of mischief as shall dash  
To pieces and o’erwhelm whatever stands  
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmed  
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.

490

Nor long shall be our labour; yet ere dawn

Effect shall end our wish. Meanwhile revive;  
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joined  
Think nothing hard, much less to be despaired.

“He ended; and his words their drooping cheer  
Enlightened, and their languished hope revived.  
The invention all admired, and each how he  
To be the inventor missed; so easy it seemed  
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought 500  
Impossible! Yet, haply, of thy race,  
In future days, if malice should abound,  
Some one, intent on mischief, or inspired  
With devilish machination, might devise  
Like instrument to plague the sons of men  
For sin, on war and mutual slaughter bent.  
Forthwith from council to the work they flew;  
None arguing stood; innumerable hands  
Were ready; in a moment up they turned  
Wide the celestial soil, and saw beneath 510  
The originals of Nature in their crude  
Conception; sulphurous and nitrous foam  
They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art  
Concocted and adusted, they reduced  
To blackest grain, and into store conveyed.  
Part hidden veins digged up (nor hath this Earth  
Entrails unlike) of mineral and stone,  
Whereof to found their engines and their balls  
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed  
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520  
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night,  
Secret they finished, and in order set,  
With silent circumspection, unespied.

“Now, when fair Morn orient in Heaven appeared,  
Up rose the victor Angels, and to arms  
The matin trumpet sung. In arms they stood  
Of golden panoply, refulgent host,  
Soon banded; others from the dawning hills  
Looked round, and scouts each coast light-armèd scour.  
Each quarter, to descry the distant foe, 530  
Where lodged, or whither fled, or if for fight,  
In motion or in halt. Him soon they met  
Under spread ensigns moving nigh, in slow  
But firm battalion: back with speediest sail  
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,  
Came flying, and in mid air aloud thus cried:—

““Arm, Warriors, arm for fight! The foe at hand,  
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit  
This day; fear not his flight; so thick a cloud

He comes, and settled in his face I see 540  
Sad resolution and secure. Let each  
His adamantine coat gird well, and each  
Fit well his helm, gripe fast his orbed shield,  
Borne even or high; for this day will pour down,  
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,  
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire.'

"So warned he them, aware themselves, and soon  
In order, quit of all impediment.  
Instant, without disturb, they took alarm,  
And onward move embattled: when, behold, 550  
Not distant far, with heavy pace the foe  
Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube  
Training his devilish enginry, impaled  
On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,  
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood  
A while; but suddenly at head appeared  
Satan, and thus was heard commanding loud:—

"'Vanguard, to right and left the front unfold,  
That all may see who hate us how we seek  
Peace and composure, and with open breast 560  
Stand ready to receive them, if they like  
Our overture, and turn not back perverse:  
But that I doubt. However, witness Heaven!  
Heaven, witness thou anon! while we discharge  
Freely our part. Ye, who appointed stand,  
Do as you have in charge, and briefly touch  
What we propound, and loud that all may hear.'

"So scoffing in ambiguous words, he scarce  
Had ended, when to right and left the front  
Divided, and to either flank retired; 570  
Which to our eyes discovered, new and strange,  
A triple mounted row of pillars laid  
On wheels (for like to pillars most they seemed,  
Or hollowed bodies make of oak or fir,  
With branches lopt, in wood or mountain felled),  
Brass, iron, stony mould, had not their mouths  
With hideous orifice gaped on us wide,  
Portending hollow truce. At each, behind,  
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a reed  
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we, suspense, 580  
Collected stood within our thoughts amused.  
Not long! for sudden all at once their reeds  
Put forth, and to a narrow vent applied  
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,  
But soon obscured with smoke, all Heaven appeared,  
From those deep-throated engines belched, whose roar

Embowelled with outrageous noise the air,  
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foul  
Their devilish glut, chained thunderbolts and hail  
Of iron globes ; which, on the victor host  
Levelled, with such impetuous fury smote,  
That whom they hit none on their feet might stand,  
Though standing else as rocks, but down they fell  
By thousands, Angel on Archangel rolled,  
The sooner for their arms. Unarmed, they might  
Have easily, as Spirits, evaded swift  
By quick contraction or remove ; but now  
Foul dissipation followed, and forced rout ;  
Nor served it to relax their serried files.  
What should they do ? If on they rushed, repulse  
Repeated, and indecent overthrow  
Doubled, would render them yet more despised,  
And to their foes a laughter—for in view  
Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,  
In posture to displode their second tire  
Of thunder ; back defeated to return  
They worse abhorred. Satan beheld their plight,  
And to his mates thus in derision called :—  
“ ‘ O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?  
Erewhile they fierce were coming ; and, when we,  
To entertain them fair with open front  
And breast (what could we more ?), propounded terms  
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,  
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,  
As they would dance. Yet for a dance they seemed  
Somewhat extravagant and wild ; perhaps  
For joy of offered peace. But I suppose,  
If our proposals once again were heard,  
We should compel them to a quick result.’  
“ To whom thus Belial, in like gamesome mood :—  
‘ Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,  
Of hard contents, and full of force urged home,  
Such as we might perceive amused them all,  
And stumbled many. Who receives them right  
Had need from head to foot well understand ;  
Not understood, this gift they have besides—  
They show us when our foes walk not upright.’  
“ So they among themselves in pleasant vein  
Stood scoffing, heightened in their thoughts beyond  
All doubt of victory ; Eternal Might  
To match with their inventions they presumed  
So easy, and of his thunder made a scorn,  
And all his host derided, while they stood

A while in trouble. But they stood not long ;  
Rage prompted them at length, and found them arms  
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.  
Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power,  
Which God hath in his mighty Angels placed !)  
Their arms away they threw, and to the hills  
(For Earth hath this variety from Heaven  
Of pleasure situate in hill and dale) 640  
Light as the lightning-glimpse they ran, they flew ;  
From their foundations, loosening to and fro,  
They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,  
Rocks, waters, woods, and, by the shaggy tops  
Uplifting, bore them in their hands. Amaze,  
Be sure, and terror, seized the rebel host,  
When coming towards them so dread they saw  
The bottom of the mountains upward turned,  
Till on those cursed engines' triple row 650  
They saw them whelmed, and all their confidence  
Under the weight of mountains buried deep ;  
Themselves invaded next, and on their heads  
Main promontories flung, which in the air  
Came shadowing, and oppressed whole legions armed.  
Their armour helped their harm, crushed in and bruised,  
Into their substance pent—which wrought them pain  
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,  
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind  
Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light, 660  
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.  
The rest, in imitation, to like arms  
Betook them, and the neighbouring hills uptore ;  
So hills amid the air encountered hills,  
Hurled to and fro with jaculation dire,  
That underground they fought in dismal shade :  
Infernal noise ! war seemed a civil game  
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heaped  
Upon confusion rose. And now all Heaven  
Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspread, 670  
Had not the Almighty Father, where he sits  
Shrined in his sanctuary of Heaven secure,  
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen  
This tumult, and permitted all, advised,  
That his great purpose he might so fulfil,  
To honour his Anointed Son, avenged  
Upon his enemies, and to declare  
All power on him transferred. Whence to his Son,  
The assessor of his throne, he thus began :—  
“ Effulgence of my glory, Son beloved, 680

Son in whose face invisible is beheld  
Visibly, what by Deity I am,  
And in whose hand what by decree I do,  
Second Omnipotence! two days are passed,  
Two days, as we compute the days of Heaven,  
Since Michael and his Powers went forth to tame  
These disobedient. Sore hath been their fight,  
As likeliest was when two such foes met armed :  
For to themselves I left them ; and thou know'st  
Equal in their creation they were formed,  
Save what sin hath impaired—which yet hath wrought  
Insensibly, for I suspend their doom :  
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last  
Endless, and no solution will be found.  
War wearied hath performed what war can do,  
And to disordered rage let loose the reins,  
With mountains, as with weapons, armed ; which makes  
Wild work in Heaven, and dangerous to the main.  
Two days are, therefore, passed ; the third is thine :  
For thee I have ordained it, and thus far  
Have suffered, that the glory may be thine  
Of ending this great war, since none but thou  
Can end it. Into thee such virtue and grace  
Immense I have transfused, that all may know  
In Heaven and Hell thy power above compare,  
And this perverse commotion governed thus,  
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir  
Of all things—to be Heir, and to be King  
By sacred unction, thy deserved right.  
Go, then, thou Mightiest, in thy Father's might ;  
Ascend my chariot ; guide the rapid wheels  
That shake Heaven's basis ; bring forth all my war ;  
My bow and thunder, my almighty arms,  
Gird on, and sword upon thy puissant thigh ;  
Pursue these Sons of Darkness, drive them out  
From all Heaven's bounds into the utter Deep ;  
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise  
God, and Messiah his anointed King.

690

700

710

“ He said, and on his Son with rays direct  
Shone full. He all his Father full expressed  
Ineffably into his face received ;  
And thus the Filial Godhead answering spake :—

720

“ ‘ O Father, O Supreme of Heavenly Thrones,  
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou always seek'st  
To glorify thy Son ; I always thee,  
As is most just. This I my glory account,  
My exaltation, and my whole delight,

That thou in me, well pleased, declar'st thy will  
Fulfilled, which to fulfil is all my bliss.  
Sceptre and power, thy giving, I assume,  
And gladlier shall resign when in the end  
Thou shalt be all in all, and I in thee  
For ever, and in me all whom thou lov'st.  
But whom thou hat'st I hate, and can put on  
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,  
Image of thee in all things: and shall soon,  
Armed with thy might, rid Heaven of these rebelled,  
To their prepared ill mansion driven down,  
To chains of darkness and the undying worm,  
That from thy just obedience could revolt,  
Whom to obey is happiness entire.  
Then shall thy Saints, unmixed, and from the impure  
Far separate, circling thy holy Mount,  
Unfeigned halleluiahs to thee sing,  
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.'

730

740

"So said, he, o'er his sceptre bowing, rose  
From the right hand of Glory where he sat;  
And the third sacred morn began to shine,  
Dawning through Heaven. Forth rushed with whirlwind  
sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel; undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoyed  
By four cherubic Shapes. Four faces each  
Had wondrous; as with stars, their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels  
Of beryl, and careering fires between;  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber and colours of the showery arch.

750

He, in celestial panoply all armed  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
Sat eagle-winged; beside him hung his bow,  
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;  
And from about him fierce effusion roared  
Of smoke and bickering flame and sparkles dire.  
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,  
He onward came; far off his coming shone;  
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen.  
He on the wings of Cherub rode sublime  
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned—  
Illustrious far and wide, but by his own

760

770

First seen. Them unexpected joy surprised  
When the great ensign of Messiah blazed  
Aloft, by Angels borne, his sign in Heaven ;  
Under whose conduct Michael soon reduced  
His army, circumfused on either wing,  
Under their Head embodied all in one.  
Before him Power Divine his way prepared ;  
At his command the uprooted hills retired  
Each to his place ; they heard his voice, and went  
Obsequious ; Heaven his wonted face renewed,  
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled.

“ This saw his hapless foes, but stood obdured,  
And to rebellious fight rallied their Powers,  
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.  
In Heavenly Spirits could such perverseness dwell ?  
But to convince the proud what signs avail,  
Or wonders move the obdurate to relent ?  
They, hardened more by what might most reclaim,  
Grieving to see his glory, at the sight  
Took envy, and, aspiring to his highth,  
Stood re-embattled fierce, by force or fraud  
Weening to prosper, and at length prevail  
Against God and Messiah, or to fall  
In universal ruin last ; and now  
To final battle drew, disdaining flight,  
Or faint retreat : when the great Son of God  
To all his host on either hand thus spake :—

“ Stand still in bright array, ye Saints ; here stand,  
Ye Angels armed ; this day from battle rest.  
Faithful hath been your warfare, and of God  
Accepted, fearless in his righteous cause ;  
And, as ye have received, so have ye done,  
Invincibly. But of this cursed crew  
The punishment to other hand belongs ;  
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints.  
Number to this day's work is not ordained,  
Nor multitude ; stand only and behold  
God's indignation on these godless poured  
By me. Not you, but me, they have despised,  
Yet envied ; against me is all their rage,  
Because the Father, to whom in Heaven supreme  
Kingdom and power and glory appertains,  
Hath honoured me, according to his will.  
Therefore to me their doom he hath assigned,  
That they may have their wish, to try with me  
In battle which the stronger proves—they all,  
Or I alone against them ; since by strength  
They measure all, of other excellence

Not emulous, nor care who them excels;  
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

“So spake the Son, and into terror changed  
His countenance, too severe to be beheld,  
And full of wrath bent on his enemies.  
At once the Four spread out their starry wings  
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the orbs  
Of his fierce chariot rolled, as with the sound  
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host. 830  
He on his impious foes right onward drove,  
Gloomy as Night. Under his burning wheels  
The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God. Full soon  
Among them he arrived, in his right hand  
Grasping ten thousand thunders, which he sent  
Before him, such as in their souls infixed  
Plagues. They, astonished, all resistance lost,  
All courage; down their idle weapons dropt;  
O’er shields, and helms, and helmed heads he rode 840  
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,  
That wished the mountains now might be again  
Thrown on them, as a shelter from his ire.  
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell  
His arrows, from the fourfold-visaged Four,  
Distinct with eyes, and from the living wheels,  
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes;  
One spirit in them ruled, and every eye  
Glared lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire  
Among the accursed, that withered all their strength, 850  
And of their wonted vigour left them drained,  
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fallen.  
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but checked  
His thunder in mid-volley; for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heaven.  
The overthrown he raised, and, as a herd  
Of goats or timorous flock together thronged,  
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued  
With terrors and with furies to the bounds  
And crystal wall of Heaven; which, opening wide, 860  
Rolled inward, and a spacious gap disclosed  
Into the wasteful Deep. The monstrous sight  
Strook them with horror backward; but far worse  
Urged them behind: headlong themselves they threw  
Down from the verge of Heaven: eternal wrath  
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.

“Hell heard the unsufferable noise; Hell saw  
Heaven ruining from Heaven, and would have fled  
Affrighted; but strict Fate had cast too deep

Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound. 870  
Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roared,  
And felt tenfold confusion in their fall  
Through his wild Anarchy; so huge a rout  
Encumbered him with ruin. Hell at last,  
Yawning, received them whole, and on them closed—  
Hell, their fit habitation, fraught with fire  
Unquenchable, the house of woe and pain.  
Disburdened Heaven rejoiced, and soon repaired  
Her mural breach, returning whence it rolled.  
Sole victor, from the expulsion of his foes 880  
Messiah his triumphal chariot turned.  
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood  
Eye-witnesses of his almighty acts,  
With jubilee advanced; and, as they went,  
Shaded with branching palm, each order bright  
Sung triumph, and him sung victorious King,  
Son, Heir, and Lord, to him dominion given,  
Worthiest to reign. He celebrated rode,  
Triumphant through mid Heaven, into the courts  
And temple of his mighty Father throned 890  
On high; who into glory him received,  
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss.  
“Thus, measuring things in Heaven by things on Earth,  
At thy request, and that thou may'st beware  
By what is past, to thee I have revealed  
What might have else to human race been hid—  
The discord which befell, and war in Heaven  
Among the Angelic Powers, and the deep fall  
Of those too high aspiring who rebelled  
With Satan: he who envies now thy state, 900  
Who now is plotting how he may seduce  
Thee also from obedience, that, with him  
Bereaved of happiness, thou may'st partake  
His punishment, eternal misery;  
Which would be all his solace and revenge,  
As a despite done against the Most High,  
Thee once to gain companion of his woe.  
But listen not to his temptations; warn  
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard,  
By terrible example, the reward 910  
Of disobedience. Firm they might have stood,  
Yet fell. Remember, and fear to transgress.”

THE END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Raphael, at the request of Adam, relates how and wherefore this World was first created :— that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declared his pleasure to create another World, and other creatures to dwell therein ; sends his Son with glory, and attendance of Angels, to perform the work of creation in six days : the Angels celebrate with hymns the performance thereof, and his reascension into Heaven.

DESCEND from Heaven, Urania, by that name  
If rightly thou art called, whose voice divine  
Following, above the Olympian hill I soar,  
Above the flight of Pegasean wing !  
The meaning, not the name, I call ; for thou  
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top  
Of old Olympus dwell'st ; but, heavenly-born,  
Before the hills appeared or fountain flowed,  
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,  
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play  
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleased  
With thy celestial song. Up led by thee,  
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,  
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air,  
Thy tempering. With like safety guided down,  
Return me to my native element ;  
Lest, from this flying steed unreined (as once  
Bellerophon, though from a lower clime)  
Dismounted, on the Aleian field I fall,  
Erroneous there to wander and forlorn.  
Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound  
Within the visible Diurnal Sphere.  
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the pole,  
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged  
To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,

On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues,  
In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,  
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou  
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when Morn  
Purples the East. Still govern thou my song, 30  
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.  
But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears  
To rapture, till the savage clamour drowned  
Both harp and voice; nor could the Muse defend  
Her son. So fail not thou who thee implores;  
For thou art heavenly, she an empty dream.

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael, 40  
The affable Archangel, had forewarned  
Adam, by dire example, to beware  
Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven  
To those apostates, lest the like befall  
In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
Charged not to touch the interdicted Tree,  
If they transgress, and slight that sole command,  
So easily obeyed amid the choice

Of all tastes else to please their appetite,  
Though wandering. He, with his consorted Eve, 50  
The story heard attentive, and was filled  
With admiration and deep muse, to hear  
Of things so high and strange—things to their thought  
So unimaginable as hate in Heaven,

And war so near the peace of God in bliss,  
With such confusion; but the evil, soon  
Driven back, redounded as a flood on those  
From whom it sprung, impossible to mix  
With blessedness. Whence Adam soon repealed  
The doubts that in his heart arose; and, now 60  
Led on, yet sinless, with desire to know

What nearer might concern him—how this World  
Of heaven and earth conspicuous first began;  
When, and whereof, created; for what cause;  
What within Eden, or without, was done  
Before his memory—as one whose drouth,  
Yet scarce allayed, still eyes the current stream,  
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites,  
Proceeded thus to ask his Heavenly Guest:—

“Great things, and full of wonder in our ears, 70  
Far differing from this World, thou hast revealed,  
Divine Interpreter! by favour sent

Down from the Empyrean to forewarn  
 Us timely of what might else have been our loss,  
 Unknown, which human knowledge could not reach;  
 For which to the infinitely Good we owe  
 Immortal thanks, and his admonishment  
 Receive with solemn purpose to observe  
 Immutably his sovran will, the end  
 Of what we are. But, since thou hast voutsafed 80  
 Gently, for our instruction, to impart  
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concerned  
 Our knowing, as to highest Wisdom seemed,  
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate  
 What may no less perhaps avail us known—  
 How first began this Heaven which we behold  
 Distant so high, with moving fires adorned  
 Innumerable; and this which yields or fills  
 All space, the ambient Air, wide interfused,  
 Embracing round this florid Earth; what cause 90  
 Moved the Creator, in his holy rest  
 Through all eternity, so late to build  
 In Chaos; and, the work begun, how soon  
 Absolved: if unforbid thou may'st unfold  
 What we not to explore the secrets ask  
 Of his eternal empire, but the more  
 To magnify his works the more we know.  
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
 Much of his race, though steep. Suspense in heaven  
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears, 100  
 And longer will delay, to hear thee tell  
 His generation, and the rising birth  
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep:  
 Or, if the Star of Evening and the Moon  
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring  
 Silence, and Sleep listening to thee will watch;  
 Or we can bid his absence till thy song  
 End, and dismiss thee ere the morning shine."  
 Thus Adam his illustrious guest besought;  
 And thus the godlike Angel answered mild:— 110  
 "This also thy request, with caution asked,  
 Obtain; though to recount almighty works  
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,  
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?  
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve  
 To glorify the Maker, and infer  
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld  
 Thy hearing. Such commission from above  
 I have received, to answer thy desire

Of knowledge within bounds ; beyond abstain  
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope  
Things not revealed, which the invisible King,  
Only omniscient, hath suppressed in night,  
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven.  
Enough is left besides to search and know ;  
But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less  
Her temperance over appetite, to know  
In measure what the mind may well contain ;  
Oppresses else with surfeit, and soon turns  
Wisdom to folly, as nourishment to wind.

120

“ Know then that, after Lucifer from Heaven  
(So call him, brighter once amidst the host  
Of Angels than that star the stars among)  
Fell with his flaming legions through the Deep  
Into his place, and the great Son returned  
Victorious with his Saints, the Omnipotent  
Eternal Father from his throne beheld  
Their multitude, and to his Son thus spake :—

130

“ At least our envious foe hath failed, who thought  
All like himself rebellious ; by whose aid  
This inaccessible high strength, the seat  
Of Deity supreme, us dispossessed,  
He trusted to have seized, and into fraud  
Drew many whom their place knows here no more.  
Yet far the greater part have kept, I see,  
Their station ; Heaven, yet populous, retains  
Number sufficient to possess her realms,  
Though wide, and this high temple to frequent  
With ministeries due and solemn rites.

140

But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
Already done, to have dispeopled Heaven—  
My damage fondly deemed—I can repair  
That detriment, if such it be to lose  
Self-lost, and in a moment will create  
Another world ; out of one man a race  
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tried,  
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth, 160  
One kingdom, joy and union without end.  
Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye Powers of Heaven ;  
And thou, my Word, begotten Son, by thee  
This I perform ; speak thou, and be it done !  
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee  
I send along ; ride forth, and bid the Deep

150

Within appointed bounds be heaven and earth.  
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill  
Infinitude ; nor vacuous the space,  
Though I, uncircumscribed, myself retire,  
And put not forth my goodness, which is free  
To act or not. Necessity and Chance  
Approach not me, and what I will is Fate.'

170

"So spake the Almighty ; and to what he spake  
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.  
Immediate are the acts of God, more swift  
Than time or motion, but to human ears  
Cannot without process of speech be told,  
So told as earthly notion can receive.

180

Great triumph and rejoicing was in Heaven  
When such was heard declared the Almighty's will.  
Glory they sung to the Most High, good-will  
To future men, and in their dwellings peace—  
Glory to Him whose just avenging ire  
Had driven out the ungodly from his sight  
And the habitations of the just ; to Him  
Glory and praise whose wisdom had ordained  
Good out of evil to create—instead  
Of Spirits malign, a better race to bring  
Into their vacant room, and thence diffuse  
His good to worlds and ages infinite.

190

"So sang the Hierarchies. Meanwhile the Son  
On his great expedition now appeared,  
Girt with omnipotence, with radiance crowned  
Of majesty divine, sapience and love  
Immense ; and all his Father in him shone.  
About his chariot numberless were poured  
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,  
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots winged  
From the armoury of God, where stand of old  
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodged  
Against a solemn day, harnessed at hand,  
Celestial equipage ; and now came forth  
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit lived,  
Attendant on their Lord. Heaven opened wide  
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound  
On golden hinges moving, to let forth  
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new worlds.  
On Heavenly ground they stood, and from the shore  
They viewed the vast immeasurable Abyss,  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turned by furious winds

200

210

And surging waves, as mountains to assault  
Heaven's highth, and with the centre mix the pole.

"Silence, ye troubled waves, and, thou Deep, peace!"  
Said then the omnific Word: 'your discord end!'

Nor stayed; but, on the wings of Cherubim

Uplifted, in paternal glory rode

Far into Chaos and the World unborn;

220

For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train

Followed in bright procession, to behold

Creation, and the wonders of his might.

Then stayed the fervid wheels, and in his hand

He took the golden compasses, prepared

In God's eternal store, to circumscribe

This Universe, and all created things.

One foot he centred, and the other turned

Round through the vast profundity obscure,

And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;

230

This be thy just circumference, O World!'

Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,

Matter unformed and void. Darkness profound

Covered the Abyss; but on the watery calm

His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,

And vital virtue infused, and vital warmth,

Throughout the fluid mass, but downward purged

The black, tartareous, cold, infernal dregs,

Adverse to life; then founded, then conglobed,

Like things to like, the rest to several place

240

Disparted, and between spun out the Air,

And Earth, self-balanced, on her centre hung.

"Let there be Light!" said God; and forthwith Light

Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure,

Sprung from the Deep, and from her native East

To journey through the aery gloom began,

Sphered in a radiant cloud—for yet the Sun

Was not; she in a cloudy tabernacle

Sojourned the while. God saw the Light was good;

And light from darkness by the hemisphere

250

Divided: Light the Day, and Darkness Night,

He named. Thus was the first Day even and morn;

Nor passed uncelebrated, nor unsung

By the celestial quires, when orient light

Exhaling first from darkness they beheld,

Birth-day of Heaven and Earth. With joy and shout

The hollow universal orb they filled,

And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised

God and his works; Creator him they sung,

Both when first evening was, and when first morn.

260

“Again God said, ‘Let there be firmament  
Amid the waters, and let it divide  
The waters from the waters!’ And God made  
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent, elemental air, diffused  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great round—partition firm and sure,  
The waters underneath from those above  
Dividing; for as Earth, so he the World  
Built on circumfluous waters calm, in wide  
Crystalline ocean, and the loud misrule  
Of Chaos far removed, lest fierce extremes  
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:  
And Heaven he named the Firmament. So even  
And morning chorus sung the second Day.

270

“The Earth was formed, but, in the womb as yet  
Of waters, embryo immature, involved,  
Appeared not; over all the face of Earth  
Main ocean flowed, not idle, but, with warm  
Prolific humour softening all her globe,  
Fermented the great mother to conceive,  
Sate with genial moisture; when God said,  
‘Be gathered now, ye waters under heaven,  
Into one place, and let dry land appear!’  
Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky.  
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters. Thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprolled,  
As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry:  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impressed  
On the swift floods. As armies at the call  
Of trumpet (for of armies thou hast heard)  
Troop to the standard, so the watery throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found—  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them rock or hill;  
But they, or underground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore:  
Easy, ere God had bid the ground be dry,  
All but within those banks where rivers now  
Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train.  
The dry land Earth, and the great receptacle

280

290

300

Of congregated waters he called Seas ;  
And saw that it was good, and said, ' Let the Earth  
Put forth the verdant grass, herb yielding seed, 310  
And fruit-tree yielding fruit after her kind,  
Whose seed is in herself upon the Earth !'  
He scarce had said when the bare Earth, till then  
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorned,  
Brought forth the tender grass, whose verdure clad  
Her universal face with pleasant green ;  
Then herbs of every leaf, that sudden flowered,  
Opening their various colours, and made gay  
Her bosom, smelling sweet ; and, these scarce blown,  
Forth flourished thick the clustering vine, forth crept 320  
The smelling gourd, up stood the corny reed  
Embattled in her field : add the humble shrub,  
And bush with frizzled hair implicit : last  
Rose, as in dance, the stately trees, and spread  
Their branches hung with copious fruit, or gemmed  
Their blossoms. With high woods the hills were crowned,  
With tufts the valleys and each fountain-side,  
With borders long the rivers, that Earth now  
Seemed like to Heaven, a seat where gods might dwell,  
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt 330  
Her sacred shades ; though God had yet not rained  
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground  
None was, but from the Earth a dewy mist  
Went up and watered all the ground, and each  
Plant of the field, which ere it was in the Earth  
God made, and every herb before it grew  
On the green stem. God saw that it was good ;  
So even and morn recorded the third Day.  
" Again the Almighty spake, ' Let there be Lights 340  
High in the expanse of Heaven, to divide  
The Day from Night ; and let them be for signs,  
For seasons, and for days, and circling years ;  
And let them be for lights, as I ordain  
Their office in the firmament of heaven,  
To give light on the Earth !' and it was so.  
And God made two great Lights, great for their use  
To Man, the greater to have rule by day,  
The less by night, altern ; and made the Stars,  
And set them in the firmament of heaven  
To illuminate the Earth, and rule the day 350  
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,  
And light from darkness to divide. God saw,  
Surveying his great work, that it was good :  
For, of celestial bodies, first the Sun

A mighty sphere he framed, unlightsome first,  
Though of ethereal mould; then formed the Moon  
Globose, and every magnitude of Stars,  
And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a field.  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed 360  
In the Sun's orb, made porous to receive  
And drink the liquid light, firm to retain  
Her gathered beams, great palace now of Light.  
Hither, as to their fountain, other stars  
Repairing in their golden urns draw light,  
And hence the morning planet gilds her horns;  
By tincture or reflection they augment  
Their small peculiar, though, from human sight  
So far remote, with diminution seen.  
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen, 370  
Regent of day, and all the horizon round  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through heaven's high road; the grey  
Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danced,  
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon,  
But opposite in levelled west, was set,  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him; for other light she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines, 380  
Revolved on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appeared  
Spangling the hemisphere. Then first adorned  
With her bright luminaries, that set and rose,  
Glad evening and glad morn crowned the fourth Day.  
"And God said, 'Let the waters generate  
Reptile with spawn abundant, living soul;  
And let Fowl fly above the earth, with wings  
Displayed on the open firmament of heaven!' 390  
And God created the great whales, and each  
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously  
The waters generated by their kinds,  
And every bird of wing after his kind,  
And saw that it was good, and blessed them, saying,  
'Be fruitful, multiply, and, in the seas,  
And lakes, and running streams, the waters fill;  
And let the fowl be multiplied on the earth!'  
Forthwith the sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
With fry innumerable swarm, and shoals 400  
Of fish that, with their fins and shining scales,

Glide under the green wave in skulls that oft  
Bank the mid-sea. Part, single or with mate,  
Graze the sea-weed, their pasture, and through groves  
Of coral stray, or, sporting with quick glance,  
Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold,  
Or, in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
In jointed armour watch; on smooth the seal  
And bended dolphins play: part, huge of bulk, 410  
Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
Tempest the ocean. There leviathan,  
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.  
Meanwhile the tepid caves, and fens, and shores,  
Their brood as numerous hatch from the egg, that soon,  
Bursting with kindly rupture, forth disclosed  
Their callow young; but feathered soon and fledge 420  
They summed their pens, and, soaring the air sublime,  
With clang despised the ground, under a cloud  
In prospect. There the eagle and the stork  
On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build.  
Part loosely wing the region; part, more wise,  
In common, ranged in figure, wedge their way,  
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth  
Their aery caravan, high over seas  
Flying, and over lands, with mutual wing  
Easing their flight: so steers the prudent crane 430  
Her annual voyage, borne on winds: the air  
Floats as they pass, fanned with unnumbered plumes.  
From branch to branch the smaller birds with song  
Solaced the woods, and spread their painted wings,  
Till even; nor then the solemn nightingale  
Ceased warbling, but all night tuned her soft lays.  
Others, on silver lakes and rivers, bathed  
Their downy breast; the swan, with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet; yet oft they quit 440  
The dank, and, rising on stiff pennons, tower  
The mid aerial sky. Others on ground  
Walked firm—the crested cock, whose clarion sounds  
The silent hours, and the other, whose gay train  
Adorns him, coloured with the florid hue  
Of rainbows and starry eyes. The waters thus  
With Fish replenished, and the air with Fowl,  
Evening and morn solemnized the fifth Day.

"The sixth, and of Creation last, arose  
 With evening harps and matin; when God said,  
 'Let the Earth bring forth soul living in her kind,  
 Cattle, and creeping things, and beast of the earth,  
 Each in their kind!' The Earth obeyed, and, straight  
 Opening her fertile womb, teemed at a birth  
 Innumerable living creatures, perfect forms,  
 Limbed and full-grown. Out of the ground up rose,  
 As from his lair, the wild beast, where he wons  
 In forest wild, in thicket, brake, or den—  
 Among the trees in pairs they rose, they walked;  
 The cattle in the fields and meadows green: 460  
 Those rare and solitary, these in flocks  
 Pasturing at once and in broad herds, upsprung.  
 The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared  
 The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
 His hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,  
 And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,  
 The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole  
 Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw  
 In hillocks; the swift stag from underground  
 Bore up his branching head; scarce from his mould 470  
 Behemoth, biggest born of earth, upheaved  
 His vastness; fleeced the flocks and bleating rose,  
 As plants; ambiguous between sea and land,  
 The river-horse and scaly crocodile.  
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,  
 Insect or worm. Those waved their limber fans  
 For wings, and smallest lineaments exact  
 In all the liveries decked of summer's pride,  
 With spots of gold and purple, azure and green;  
 These as a line their long dimension drew, 480  
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace: not all  
 Minims of nature; some of serpent kind,  
 Wondrous in length and corpulence, involved  
 Their snaky folds, and added wings. First crept  
 The parsimonious emmet, provident  
 Of future, in small room large heart enclosed—  
 Pattern of just equality perhaps  
 Hereafter—joined in her popular tribes  
 Of commonalty. Swarming next appeared  
 The female bee, that feeds her husband drone 490  
 Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells  
 With honey stored. The rest are numberless,  
 And thou their natures know'st, and gav'st them  
 names,  
 Needless to thee repeated; nor unknown

The serpent, subtlest beast of all the field,  
Of huge extent sometimes, with brazen eyes  
And hairy mane terrific, though to thee  
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

“Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and rolled  
Her motions, as the great First Mover's hand  
First wheeled their course; Earth, in her rich attire  
Consummate, lovely smiled; Air, Water, Earth,  
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was  
walked,

500

Frequent; and of the sixth Day yet remained.

There wanted yet the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done—a creature who, not prone

And brute as other creatures, but endued

With sanctity of reason, might erect

His stature, and, upright with front serene

Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence

510

Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,

But grateful to acknowledge whence his good

Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes

Directed in devotion, to adore

And worship God Supreme, who made him chief

Of all his works. Therefore the Omnipotent

Eternal Father (for where is not He

Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:—

‘Let us make now Man in our image, Man

In our similitude, and let them rule

520

Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,

Beast of the field, and over all the earth,

And every creeping thing that creeps the ground!’

This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee, O Man,

Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breathed

The breath of life; in his own image he

Created thee, in the image of God

Express, and thou becam'st a living soul.

Male he created thee, but thy consort

Female, for race; then blessed mankind, and said,

530

‘Be fruitful, multiply, and fill the Earth;

Subdue it, and throughout dominion hold

Over fish of the sea, and fowl of the air,

And every living thing that moves on the Earth!’

Wherever thus created—for no place

Is yet distinct by name—thence, as thou know'st,

He brought thee into this delicious grove,

This Garden, planted with the trees of God,

Delectable both to behold and taste,

And freely all their pleasant fruit for food

540

Gave thee. All sorts are here that all the earth  
yields,

Variety without end ; but of the tree  
Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil  
Thou may'st not ; in the day thou eat'st, thou diest.  
Death is the penalty imposed ; beware,  
And govern well thy appetite, lest Sin  
Surprise thee, and her black attendant, Death.

“Here finished He, and all that he had made  
Viewed, and, behold ! all was entirely good.

So even and morn accomplished the sixth Day ;

550

Yet not till the Creator, from his work

Desisting, though unwearied, up returned,

Up to the Heaven of Heavens, his high abode,

Thence to behold this new-created World,

The addition of his empire, how it showed

In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,

Answering his great idea. Up he rode,

Followed with acclamation, and the sound

Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tuned

Angelic harmonies. The Earth, the Air

560

Resounded (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st),

The heavens and all the constellations rung,

The planets in their stations listening stood,

While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.

‘Open, ye everlasting gates !’ they sung ;

‘Open, ye Heavens, your living doors ! let in

The great Creator, from his work returned

Magnificent, his six days’ work, a World !

Open, and henceforth oft ; for God will deign

To visit oft the dwellings of just men

570

Delighted, and with frequent intercourse

Thither will send his winged messengers

On errands of supernal grace.’ So sung

The glorious train ascending. He through Heaven,

That opened wide her blazing portals, led

To God’s eternal house direct the way—

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,

And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear

Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way

Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest

580

Powdered with stars. And now on Earth the seventh

Evening arose in Eden—for the sun

Was set, and twilight from the east came on,

Forerunning night—when at the holy mount

Of Heaven’s high-seated top, the imperial throne

Of Godhead, fixed for ever firm and sure,

The Filial Power arrived, and sat him down  
 With his great Father ; for he also went  
 Invisible, yet stayed (such privilege  
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordained, 590  
 Author and end of all things, and, from work  
 Now resting, blessed and hallowed the seventh Day,  
 As resting on that day from all his work ;  
 But not in silence holy kept : the harp  
 Had work, and rested not ; the solemn pipe  
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,  
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,  
 Tempered soft tunings, intermixed with voice  
 Choral or unison ; of incense clouds,  
 Fuming from golden censers, hid the Mount. 600  
 Creation and the Six Days' acts they sung :—  
 'Great are thy works, Jehovah ! infinite  
 Thy power ! what thought can measure thee, or  
 tongue

Relate thee—greater now in thy return  
 Than from the Giant-angels ? Thee that day  
 Thy thunders magnified ; but to create  
 Is greater than created to destroy.  
 Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound  
 Thy empire ? Easily the proud attempt  
 Of Spirits apostate, and their counsels vain, 610  
 Thou hast repelled, while impiously they thought  
 Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw  
 The number of thy worshipers. Who seeks  
 To lessen thee, against his purpose, serves  
 To manifest the more thy might ; his evil  
 Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.  
 Witness this new-made World, another Heaven  
 From Heaven-gate not far, founded in view  
 On the clear hyaline, the glassy sea ;  
 Of amplitude almost immense, with stars 620  
 Numerous, and every star perhaps a world  
 Of destined habitation—but thou know'st  
 Their seasons ; among these the seat of men,  
 Earth, with her nether ocean circumfused,  
 Their pleasant dwelling-place. Thrice happy men,  
 And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanced,  
 Created in his image, there to dwell  
 And worship him, and in reward to rule  
 Over his works, on earth, in sea, or air,  
 And multiply a race of worshipers 630  
 Holy and just ! thrice happy, if they know  
 Their happiness, and persevere upright !'

“So sung they, and the Empyrean rung  
With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept.  
And thy request think now fulfilled, that asked  
How first this World and face of things began,  
And what before thy memory was done  
From the beginning, that posterity,  
Informed by thee, might know. If else thou seek'st  
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.”

640

*THE END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.*

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK VIII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Adam inquires concerning celestial motions; is doubtfully answered, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledge. Adam assents, and, still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remembered since his own creation—his placing in Paradise; his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society; his first meeting and nuptials with Eve. His discourse with the Angel thereupon; who, after admonitions repeated, departs.

THE Angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear;  
Then, as new-waked, thus gratefully replied:—

“What thanks sufficient, or what recompense  
Equal, have I to render thee, divine  
Historian, who thus largely hast allayed  
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsafed  
This friendly condescension to relate  
Things else by me unsearchable—now heard  
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,  
With glory attributed to the high  
Creator? Something yet of doubt remains,  
Which only thy solution can resolve.

10

When I behold this goodly frame, this World,  
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute  
Their magnitudes—this Earth, a spot, a grain,  
An atom, with the Firmament compared  
And all her numbered stars, that seem to roll  
Spaces incomprehensible (for such  
Their distance argues, and their swift return  
Diurnal) merely to officiate light  
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,  
One day and night, in all their vast survey  
Useless besides—reasoning, I oft admire  
How Nature, wise and frugal, could commit

20

Such disproportions, with superfluous hand  
So many nobler bodies to create,  
Greater so manifold, to this one use,  
For aught appears, and on their Orbs impose 30  
Such restless revolution day by day  
Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,  
That better might with far less compass move,  
Served by more noble than herself, attains  
Her end without least motion, and receives,  
As tribute, such a sumless journey brought  
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light :  
Speed, to describe whose swiftness number fails."

So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seemed  
Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve 40  
Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,  
With lowliness majestic from her seat,  
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,  
Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,  
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,  
Her nursery ; they at her coming sprung,  
And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.  
Yet went she not as not with such discourse  
Delighted, or not capable her ear  
Of what was high. Such pleasure she reserved, 50  
Adam relating, she sole auditress ;  
Her husband the relater she preferred  
Before the Angel, and of him to ask  
Chose rather ; he, she knew, would intermix  
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute  
With conjugal caresses : from his lip  
Not words alone pleased her. Oh, when meet now  
Such pairs, in love and mutual honour joined ?  
With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,  
Not unattended ; for on her as Queen 60  
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,  
And from about her shot darts of desire  
Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.  
And Raphael now to Adam's doubt proposed  
Benevolent and facile thus replied :—

"To ask or search I blame thee not ; for Heaven  
Is as the Book of God before thee set,  
Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn  
His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.  
This to attain, whether Heaven move or Earth 70  
Imports not, if thou reckon right ; the rest  
From Man or Angel the great Architect  
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge

His secrets, to be scanned by them who ought  
Rather admire. Or, if they list to try  
Conjecture, he his fabric of the Heavens  
Hath left to their disputes—perhaps to move  
His laughter at their quaint opinions wide  
Hereafter, when they come to model Heaven,  
And calculate the stars; how they will wield 80  
The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive  
To save appearances; how gird the Sphere  
With Centric and Eccentric scribbled o'er,  
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb.  
Already by thy reasoning this I guess,  
Who art to lead thy offspring, and supposest  
That bodies bright and greater should not serve  
The less not bright, nor Heaven such journeys run,  
Earth sitting still, when she alone receives  
The benefit. Consider, first, that great 90  
Or bright infers not excellence. The Earth,  
Though, in comparison of Heaven, so small,  
Nor glistening, may of solid good contain  
More plenty than the Sun that barren shines,  
Whose virtue on itself works no effect,  
But in the fruitful Earth; there first received,  
His beams, unactive else, their vigour find.  
Yet not to Earth are those bright luminaries  
Officious, but to thee, Earth's habitant.  
And, for the Heaven's wide circuit, let it speak 100  
The Maker's high magnificence, who built  
So spacious, and his line stretched out so far,  
That Man may know he dwells not in his own—  
An edifice too large for him to fill,  
Lodged in a small partition, and the rest  
Ordained for uses to his Lord best known.  
The swiftness of those Circles attribute,  
Though numberless, to his omnipotence,  
That to corporeal substances could add  
Speed almost spiritual. Me thou think'st not slow, 110  
Who since the morning-hour set out from Heaven  
Where God resides, and ere mid-day arrived  
In Eden—distance inexpressible  
By numbers that have name. But this I urge,  
Admitting motion in the Heavens, to show  
Invalid that which thee to doubt it moved;  
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem  
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.  
God, to remove his ways from human sense,  
Placed Heaven from Earth so far, that earthly sight, 120

If it presume, might err in things too high,  
And no advantage gain. What if the Sun  
Be centre to the World, and other Stars,  
By his attractive virtue and their own  
Incited, dance about him various rounds?  
Their wandering course, now high, now low, then hid,  
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,  
In six thou seest; and what if, seventh to these,  
The planet Earth, so steadfast though she seem,  
Insensibly three different motions move? 130  
Which else to several spheres thou must ascribe,  
Moved contrary with thwart obliquities,  
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift  
Nocturnal and diurnal rhomb supposed,  
Invisible else above all stars, the wheel  
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy belief,  
If Earth, industrious of herself, fetch Day,  
Travelling east, and with her part averse  
From the Sun's beam meet Night, her other part  
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light, 140  
Sent from her through the wide transpicious air,  
To the terrestrial Moon be as a star,  
Enlightening her by day, as she by night  
This Earth—reciprocal, if land be there,  
Fields and inhabitants? Her spots thou seest  
As clouds, and clouds may rain, and rain produce  
Fruits in her softened soil, for some to eat  
Allotted there; and other Suns, perhaps,  
With their attendant Moons, thou wilt descry,  
Communicating male and female light— 150  
Which two great sexes animate the World,  
Stored in each Orb perhaps with some that live.  
For such vast room in Nature unpossessed  
By living soul, desert and desolate,  
Only to shine, yet scarce to contribute  
Each Orb a glimpse of light, conveyed so far  
Down to this habitable, which returns  
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.  
But whether thus these things, or whether not—  
Whether the Sun, predominant in heaven, 160  
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun;  
He from the east his flaming road begin,  
Or she from west her silent course advance  
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps  
On her soft axle, while she paces even,  
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along—  
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid:

Leave them to God above ; him serve and fear.  
Of other creatures as him pleases best,  
Wherever placed, let him dispose ; joy thou  
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise  
And thy fair Eve ; Heaven is for thee too high  
To know what passes there. Be lowly wise ;  
Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;  
Dream not of other worlds, what creatures there  
Live, in what state, condition, or degree—  
Contented that thus far hath been revealed  
Not of Earth only, but of highest Heaven."

170

To whom thus Adam, cleared of doubt, replied :—  
"How fully hast thou satisfied me, pure  
Intelligence of Heaven, Angel serene,  
And, freed from intricacies, taught to live  
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts  
To interrupt the sweet of life, from which  
God hath bid dwell far off all anxious cares,  
And not molest us, unless we ourselves  
Seek them with wandering thoughts, and notions vain !  
But apt the mind or fancy is to rove  
Unchecked ; and of her roving is no end,  
Till, warned, or by experience taught, she learn  
That not to know at large of things remote  
From use, obscure and subtle, but to know  
That which before us lies in daily life,  
Is the prime wisdom : what is more is fume,  
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,  
And renders us in things that most concern  
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.  
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend  
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand  
Useful ; whence, haply, mention may arise  
Of something not unseasonable to ask,  
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour, deigned.  
Thee I have heard relating what was done  
Ere my remembrance ; now hear me relate  
My story, which, perhaps, thou hast not heard.  
And day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest  
How subtly to detain thee I devise,  
Inviting thee to hear while I relate—  
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply.  
For, while I sit with thee, I seem in Heaven ;  
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
Than fruits of palm-tree, pleasantest to thirst  
And hunger both, from labour, at the hour  
Of sweet repast. They satiate, and soon fill,

180

190

200

210

Though pleasant ; but thy words, with grace divine  
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety."

To whom thus Raphael answered, heavenly meek :—

"Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of Men,  
Nor tongue ineloquent ; for God on thee  
Abundantly his gifts hath also poured, 220

Inward and outward both, his image fair :  
Speaking, or mute, all comeliness and grace  
Attends thee, and each word, each motion, forms.

Nor less think we in Heaven of thee on Earth

Than of our fellow-servant, and inquire

Gladly into the ways of God with Man ;

For God, we see, hath honoured thee, and set

On Man his equal love. Say therefore on ;

For I that day was absent, as befell,  
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230

Far on excursion toward the gates of Hell,  
Squared in full legion (such command we had),

To see that none thence issued forth a spy

Or enemy, while God was in his work,

Lest he, incensed at such eruption bold,  
Destruction with Creation might have mixed.

Not that they durst without his leave attempt ;

But us he sends upon his high behests

For state, as sovran King, and to inure

Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut, 240

The dismal gates, and barricadoed strong,

But, long ere our approaching, heard within

Noise, other than the sound of dance or song—

Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

Glad we returned up to the coasts of Light

Ere Sabbath-evening ; so we had in charge.

But thy relation now ; for I attend,

Pleased with thy words no less than thou with mine."

So spake the godlike Power, and thus our Sire :—

"For Man to tell how human life began 250

Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?

Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,

Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,

In balmy sweat, which with his beams the Sun

Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.

Straight toward Heaven my wondering eyes I turned,

And gazed a while the ample sky, till, raised

By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,

As thitherward endeavouring, and upright

Stood on my feet. About me round I saw 260

Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,  
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew,  
Birds on the branches warbling : all things smiled ;  
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.  
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb  
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
With supple joints, as lively vigour led ;  
But who I was, or where, or from what cause, 270  
Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;  
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name  
Whate'er I saw. 'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,  
And thou enlightened Earth, so fresh and gay,  
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,  
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,  
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here !  
'Not of myself ; by some great Maker then,  
In goodness and in power pre-eminent.  
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore, 280  
From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
And feel that I am happier than I know !'  
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither,  
From where I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light, when answer none returned,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seized  
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state 290  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve :  
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
Whose inward apparition gently moved  
My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
And lived. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
And said, 'Thy mansion wants thee, Adam ; rise,  
First Man, of men innumerable ordained  
First father ! called by thee, I come thy guide  
To the Garden of bliss, thy seat prepared.'  
So saying, by the hand he took me, raised, 300  
And over fields and waters, as in air  
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
A woody mountain, whose high top was plain,  
A circuit wide, enclosed, with goodliest trees  
Planted, with walks and bowers, that what I saw  
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree  
Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to the eye  
Tempting, stirred in me sudden appetite

To pluck and eat; whereat I waked, and found  
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream 310  
Had lively shadowed. Here had new begun  
My wandering, had not He who was my guide  
Up hither from among the trees appeared,  
Presence Divine. Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submiss. He reared me, and, 'Whom thou sought'st I am,'  
Said mildly, 'Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath.  
This Paradise I give thee; count it thine  
To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat. 320  
Of every tree that in the Garden grows  
Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth.  
But of the tree whose operation brings  
Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set,  
The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,  
Amid the garden by the Tree of Life—  
Remember what I warn thee—shun to taste,  
And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
Transgressed, inevitably thou shalt die, 330  
From that day mortal, and this happy state  
Shalt lose, expelled from hence into a world  
Of woe and sorrow.' Sternly he pronounced  
The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
Returned, and gracious purpose thus renewed:—  
'Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth  
To thee and to thy race I give; as lords  
Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340  
Or live in sea or air, beast, fish, and fowl.  
In sign whereof, each bird and beast behold  
After their kinds; I bring them to receive  
From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
With low subjection. Understand the same  
Of fish within their watery residence,  
Not hither summoned, since they cannot change  
Their element to draw the thinner air.'  
As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
Approaching two and two—these cowering low 350  
With blandishment; each bird stooped on his wing.  
I named them as they passed, and understood  
Their nature; with such knowledge God endued  
My sudden apprehension. But in these  
I found not what methought I wanted still,

And to the Heavenly Vision thus presumed:—

“O, by what name—for Thou above all these,  
Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
Surpassest far my naming—how may I  
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,  
And all this good to Man, for whose well-being  
So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
Thou hast provided all things? But with me  
I see not who partakes. In solitude  
What happiness? who can enjoy alone,  
Or, all enjoying, what contentment find?’

360

Thus I, presumptuous; and the Vision bright,  
As with a smile more brightened, thus replied:—

“What call’st thou solitude? Is not the Earth  
With various living creatures, and the Air,  
Replenished, and all these at thy command  
To come and play before thee? Know’st thou not  
Their language and their ways? They also know,  
And reason not contemptibly; with these  
Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.’  
So spake the Universal Lord, and seemed  
So ordering. I, with leave of speech implored,  
And humble deprecation, thus replied:—

370

“Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power;  
My Maker, be propitious while I speak.  
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
And these inferior far beneath me set?

380

Among unequals what society  
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?  
Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
Given and received; but, in disparity,  
The one intense, the other still remiss,  
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak  
Such as I seek, fit to participate  
All rational delight, wherein the brute  
Cannot be human consort. They rejoice  
Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
So fitly them in pairs thou hast combined:  
Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,  
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;  
Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all.’

390

“Whereto the Almighty answered, not displeased:—

‘A nice and subtle happiness, I see,  
Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
Of thy associates, Adam, and wilt taste  
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.

400

What think'st thou, then, of me, and this my state?  
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessed  
Of happiness, or not, who am alone  
From all eternity? for none I know  
Second to me or like, equal much less.  
How have I, then, with whom to hold converse,  
Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
To me inferior infinite descents  
Beneath what other creatures are to thee?' 410

"He ceased. I lowly answered:—'To attain  
The highth and depth of thy eternal ways  
All human thoughts come short, Supreme of Things!  
Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
Is no deficiency found. Not so is Man,  
But in degree—the cause of his desire  
By conversation with his like to help  
Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
Should'st propagate, already infinite,  
And through all numbers absolute, though One;  
But Man by number is to manifest  
His single imperfection, and beget  
Like of his like, his image multiplied,  
In unity defective; which requires  
Collateral love, and dearest amity.

Thou, in thy secrecy although alone,  
Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
Social communication—yet, so pleased,  
Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt  
Of union or communion, deified;  
I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
From prone, nor in their ways complacency find.'  
Thus I emboldened spake, and freedom used  
Permissive, and acceptance found; which gained  
This answer from the gracious Voice Divine:—

"Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleased,  
And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,  
Which thou hast rightly named, but of thyself—  
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
My image, not imparted to the brute;  
Whose fellowship, therefore, unmeet for thee,  
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike.  
And be so minded still. I, ere thou spak'st,  
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,  
And no such company as then thou saw'st  
Intended thee—for trial only brought,  
To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet.  
What next I bring shall please thee, be assured,

Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire.' 450

"He ended, or I heard no more; for now  
My earthly, by his heavenly overpowered,  
Which it had long stood under, strained to the highth  
In that celestial colloquy sublime,  
As with an object that excels the sense,  
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair  
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called  
By Nature as in aid, and closed mine eyes.  
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell 460  
Of fancy, my internal sight; by which,  
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,  
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the Shape  
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;  
Who, stooping, opened my left side, and took  
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,  
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed.  
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands;  
Under his forming hands a creature grew, 470  
Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair  
That what seemed fair in all the world seemed now  
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained  
And in her looks, which from that time infused  
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,  
And into all things from her air inspired  
The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
She disappeared, and left me dark; I waked  
To find her, or for ever to deplore  
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure : 480  
When, out of hope, behold her not far off,  
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorned  
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow  
To make her amiable. On she came,  
Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen  
And guided by his voice, nor uninformed  
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites.  
Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love.  
I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :— 490

"'This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfilled  
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,  
Giver of all things fair—but fairest this  
Of all thy gifts!—nor enviest. I now see  
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, my Self  
Before me. Woman is her name, of Man

Extracted ; for, this cause he shall forgo  
Father and mother, and to his wife adhere,  
And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.'

"She heard me thus; and, though divinely brought, 500

Yet innocence and virgin modesty,  
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,  
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retired,  
The more desirable—or, to say all,  
Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought—  
Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned.

I followed her; she what was honour knew,  
And with obsequious<sup>d</sup> majesty approved  
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower 510

I led her blushing like the Morn; all Heaven,  
And happy constellations, on that hour  
Shed their selectest influence; the Earth  
Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;  
Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs  
Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings  
Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,  
Disporting, till the amorous bird of night  
Sung spousal, and bid haste the Evening-star  
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp. 520

"Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought  
My story to the sum of earthly bliss  
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find  
In all things else delight indeed, but such  
As, used or not, works in the mind no change,  
Nor vehement desire—these delicacies

I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,  
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here,  
Far otherwise, transported I behold,  
Transported touch; here passion first I felt, 530  
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else  
Superior and unmoved, here only weak

Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.  
Or Nature failed in me, and left some part  
Not proof enough such object to sustain,  
Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps  
More than enough—at least on her bestowed  
Too much of ornament, in outward show  
Elaborate, of inward less exact.

For well I understand in the prime end  
Of Nature her the inferior, in the mind  
And inward faculties, which most excel;  
In outward also her resembling less 540

His image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that dominion given  
O'er other creatures. Yet when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded; Wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shows;  
Authority and Reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed."

550

To whom the Angel, with contracted brow:—  
"Accuse not Nature! she hath done her part;  
Do thou but thine! and be not diffident  
Of Wisdom; she deserts thee not, if thou  
Dismiss not her, when most thou need'st her nigh,  
By attributing overmuch to things  
Less excellent, as thou thyself perceiv'st.  
For, what admir'st thou, what transports thee so?  
An outside—fair, no doubt, and worthy well  
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love;  
Not thy subjection. Weigh with her thyself;  
Then value. Oft-times nothing profits more  
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right  
Well managed. Of that skill the more thou know'st,  
The more she will acknowledge thee her head,  
And to realities yield all her shows—  
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,  
So awful, that with honour thou may'st love  
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.  
But, if the sense of touch, whereby mankind  
Is propagated, seem such dear delight  
Beyond all other, think the same voutsafed  
To cattle and each beast; which would not be  
To them made common and divulged, if aught  
Therein enjoyed were worthy to subdue  
The soul of Man, or passion in him move.  
What higher in her society thou find'st  
Attractive, human, rational, love still:  
In loving thou dost well; in passion not,  
Wherein true Love consists not. Love refines  
The thoughts, and heart enlarges—hath his seat

560

570

580

590

In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale  
By which to Heavenly Love thou may'st ascend,  
Not sunk in carnal pleasure ; for which cause  
Among the beasts no mate for thee was found."

To whom thus, half abashed, Adam replied :—  
"Neither her outside formed so fair, nor aught  
In procreation, common to all kinds  
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,  
And with mysterious reverence, I deem),  
So much delights me as those graceful acts,  
Those thousand decencies, that daily flow  
From all her words and actions, mixed with love  
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeigned  
Union of mind, or in us both one soul—  
Harmony to behold in wedded pair

600

More grateful than harmonious sound to the ear.  
Yet these subject not ; I to thee disclose  
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foiled,  
Who meet with various objects, from the sense  
Variously representing, yet, still free,  
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.  
To love thou blam'st me not—for Love, thou say'st,  
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide ;  
Bear with me, then, if lawful what I ask.  
Love not the Heavenly Spirits, and how their love  
Express they—by looks only, or do they mix  
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?"

610

To whom the Angel, with a smile that glowed  
Celestial rosy-red, Love's proper hue,  
Answered :—"Let it suffice thee that thou know'st  
Us happy, and without Love no happiness.  
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st  
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy

620

In eminence, and obstacle find none  
Of membrane, joint, or limb, exclusive bars.  
Easier than air with air, if Spirits embrace,  
Total they mix, union of pure with pure  
Desiring, nor restrained conveyance need  
As flesh to mix with flesh, or soul with soul.  
But I can now no more : the parting Sun  
Beyond the Earth's green Cape and verdant Isles  
Hesperian sets, my signal to depart.  
Be strong, live happy, and love ! but first of all  
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep  
His great command ; take heed lest passion sway  
Thy judgment to do aught which else free-will  
Would not admit ; thine and of all thy sons

630

The weal or woe in thee is placed ; beware !  
I in thy persevering shall rejoice,  
And all the Blest. Stand fast ; to stand or fall  
Free in thine own arbitrement it lies. 640  
Perfect within, no outward aid require ;  
And all temptation to transgress repel."

So saying, he arose ; whom Adam thus  
Followed with benediction :—" Since to part,  
Go, Heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,  
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore !  
Gentle to me and affable hath been  
Thy condescension, and shall be honoured ever  
With grateful memory. Thou to Mankind 650  
Be good and friendly still, and oft return !"

So parted they, the Angel up to Heaven  
From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

*THE END OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.*

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK IX.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Satan, having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by night into Paradise ; enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart : Adam consents not, alleging the danger lest that enemy of whom they were forewarned should attempt her found alone. Eve, loth to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make trial of her strength ; Adam at last yields. The Serpent finds her alone : his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other creatures. Eve, wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attained to human speech and such understanding not till now ; the Serpent answers that by tasting of a certain tree in the Garden he attained both to speech and reason, till then void of both. Eve requires him to bring her to that tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden : the Serpent, now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat. She, pleased with the taste, deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not ; at last brings him of the fruit ; relates what persuaded her to eat thereof. Adam, at first amazed, but perceiving her lost, resolves, through vehemence of love, to perish with her, and, extenuating the trespass, eats also of the fruit. The effects thereof in them both ; they seek to cover their nakedness ; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

NO more of talk where God or Angel Guest  
To sit indulgent, and with him partake  
Rural repast, permitting him the while  
Venial discourse unblamed. I now must change  
Those notes to tragic—foul distrust, and breach  
Disloyal, on the part of man, revolt  
And disobedience ; on the part of Heaven,  
Now alienated, distance and distaste,  
Anger and just rebuke, and judgment given,  
That brought into this World a world of woe,  
Sin and her shadow Death, and Misery,  
Death's harbinger. Sad task ! yet argument  
Not less but more heroic than the wrath  
Of stern Achilles on his foe pursued  
Thrice fugitive about Troy wall ; or rage  
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespoused ;  
Or Neptune's ire, or Juno's, that so long

Perplexed the Greek, and Cytherea's son :  
 If answerable style I can obtain 20  
 Of my celestial Patroness, who deigns  
 Her nightly visitation unimplored,  
 And dictates to me slumbering, or inspires  
 Easy my unpremeditated verse,  
 Since first this subject for heroic song  
 Pleased me, long choosing and beginning late,  
 Not sedulous by nature to indite  
 Wars, hitherto the only argument  
 Heroic deemed, chief mastery to dissect  
 With long and tedious havoc fabled knights 30  
 In battles feigned (the better fortitude  
 Of patience and heroic martyrdom  
 Unsung), or to describe races and games,  
 Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,  
 Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds,  
 Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights  
 At joust and tournament; then marshalled feast  
 Served up in hall with sewers and seneshals :  
 The skill of artifice or office mean ;  
 Not that which justly gives heroic name 40  
 To person or to poem ! Me, of these  
 Nor skilled nor studious, higher argument  
 Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
 That name, unless an age too late, or cold  
 Climate, or years, damp my intended wing  
 Depressed; and much they may if all be mine,  
 Not hers who brings it nightly to my ear.  
 The Sun was sunk, and after him the Star  
 Of Hesperus, whose office is to bring  
 Twilight upon the Earth, short arbiter 50  
 'Twixt day and night, and now from end to end  
 Night's hemisphere had veiled the horizon round,  
 When Satan, who late fled before the threats  
 Of Gabriel out of Eden, now improved  
 In meditated fraud and malice, bent  
 On Man's destruction, maugre what might hap  
 Of heavier on himself, fearless returned.  
 By night he fled, and at midnight returned  
 From compassing the Earth—cautious of day  
 Since Uriel, Regent of the Sun, descried 60  
 His entrance, and forewarned the Cherubim  
 That kept their watch. Thence, full of anguish, driven,  
 The space of seven continued nights he rode  
 With darkness—thrice the equinoctial line  
 He circled, four times crossed the car of Night

From pole to pole, traversing each colure—  
 On the eighth returned, and on the coast averse  
 From entrance or cherubic watch by stealth  
 Found unsuspected way. There was a place  
 (Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wrought the change) 70  
 Where Tigris, at the foot of Paradise,  
 Into a gulf shot under ground, till part  
 Rose up a fountain by the Tree of Life.  
 In with the river sunk, and with it rose,  
 Satan, involved in rising mist ; then sought  
 Where to lie hid. Sea he had searched and land  
 From Eden over Pontus, and the Pool  
 Mæotis, up beyond the river Ob ;  
 Downward as far antarctic ; and, in length,  
 West from Orontes to the ocean barred 80  
 At Darien, thence to the land where flows  
 Ganges and Indus. Thus the orb he roamed  
 With narrow search, and with inspection deep  
 Considered every creature, which of all  
 Most opportune might serve his wiles, and found  
 The Serpent subtlest beast of all the field.  
 Him, after long debate, irresolute  
 Of thoughts revolved, his final sentence chose  
 Fit vessel, fittest imp of fraud, in whom  
 'To enter, and his dark suggestions hide 90  
 From sharpest sight ; for in the wily snake  
 Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,  
 As from his wit and native subtlety  
 Proceeding, which, in other beasts observed,  
 Doubt might beget of diabolic power  
 Active within beyond the sense of brute.  
 Thus he resolved, but first from inward grief  
 His bursting passion into plaints thus poured :—  
 “O Earth, how like to Heaven, if not preferred  
 More justly, seat worthier of Gods, as built 100  
 With second thoughts, reforming what was old !  
 For what God, after better, worse would build ?  
 Terrestrial Heaven, danced round by other Heavens,  
 That shine, yet bear their bright officious lamps,  
 Light above light, for thee alone, as seems,  
 In thee concentrating all their precious beams  
 Of sacred influence ! As God in Heaven  
 Is centre, yet extends to all, so thou  
 Centring receiv'st from all those orbs ; in thee,  
 Not in themselves, all their known virtue appears, 110  
 Productive in herb, plant, and nobler birth  
 Of creatures animate with gradual life

Of growth, sense, reason, all summed up in Man.  
With what delight could I have walked thee round,  
If I could joy in aught—sweet interchange  
Of hill and valley, rivers, woods, and plains,  
Now land, now sea, and shores with forest crowned,  
Rocks, dens, and caves! But I in none of these  
Find place or refuge; and the more I see  
Pleasures about me, so much more I feel 120  
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege  
Of contraries; all good to me becomes  
Bane, and in Heaven much worse would be my state.  
But neither here seek I, no, nor in Heaven,  
To dwell, unless by mastering Heaven's Supreme;  
Nor hope to be myself less miserable  
By what I seek, but others to make such  
As I, though thereby worse to me redound.  
For only in destroying I find ease  
To my relentless thoughts; and him destroyed, 130  
Or won to what may work his utter loss,  
For whom all this was made, all this will soon  
Follow, as to him linked in weal or woe:  
In woe then, that destruction wide may range!  
To me shall be the glory sole among  
The Infernal Powers, in one day to have marred  
What he, Almighty styled, six nights and days  
Continued making, and who knows how long  
Before had been contriving? though perhaps  
Not longer than since I in one night freed 140  
From servitude inglorious well nigh half  
The Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng  
Of his adorers. He, to be avenged,  
And to repair his numbers thus impaired—  
Whether such virtue, spent of old, now failed  
More Angels to create (if they at least  
Are his created), or to spite us more—  
Determined to advance into our room  
A creature formed of earth, and him endow, 150  
Exalted from so base original,  
With heavenly spoils, our spoils. What he decreed  
He effected; Man he made, and for him built  
Magnificent this World, and Earth his seat,  
Him Lord pronounced, and, O indignity!  
Subjected to his service Angel-wings  
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend  
Their earthy charge. Of these the vigilance  
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist  
Of midnight vapour, glide obscure, and pry

In every bush and brake, where hap may find 160  
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazy folds  
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.  
O foul descent! that I, who erst contended  
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constrained  
Into a beast, and, mixed with bestial slime,  
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,  
That to the highth of deity aspired!  
But what will not ambition and revenge  
Descend to? Who aspires must down as low  
As high he soared, obnoxious, first or last, 170  
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,  
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.  
Let it; I reckon not, so it light well aimed,  
Since higher I fall short, on him who next  
Provokes my envy, this new favourite  
Of Heaven, this Man of Clay, son of despite,  
Whom, us the more to spite, his Maker raised  
From dust: spite then with spite is best repaid."

So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,  
Like a black mist low-creeping, he held on 180  
His midnight search, where soonest he might find  
The Serpent. Him fast sleeping soon he found,  
In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,  
His head the midst, well stored with subtle wiles:  
Not yet in horrid shade or dismal den,  
Nor nocent yet, but on the grassy herb,  
Fearless, unfeared, he slept. In at his mouth  
The Devil entered, and his brutal sense,  
In heart or head, possessing soon inspired  
With act intelligential; but his sleep 190  
Disturbed not, waiting close the approach of morn.

Now, whenas sacred light began to dawn  
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breathed  
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe  
From the Earth's great altar send up silent praise  
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill  
With grateful smell, forth came the human pair,  
And joined their vocal worship to the quire  
Of creatures wanting voice; that done, partake  
The season, prime for sweetest scents and airs; 200  
Then commune how that day they best may ply  
Their growing work—for much their work outgrew  
The hands' dispatch of two gardening so wide:  
And Eve first to her husband thus began:—

"Adam, well may we labour still to dress  
This Garden, still to tend plant, herb, and flower,

Our pleasant task enjoined; but, till more hands  
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,  
Luxurious by restraint: what we by day  
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind, 210  
One night or two with wanton growth derides.  
Tending to wild. Thou, therefore, now advise,  
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present.  
Let us divide our labours—thou where choice  
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind  
The woodbine round this arbour, or direct  
The clasping ivy where to climb; while I  
In yonder spring of roses intermixed  
With myrtle find what to redress till noon.  
For, while so near each other thus all day 220  
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near  
Looks intervene and smiles, or objects new  
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits  
Our day's work, brought to little, though begun  
Early, and the hour of supper comes unearned!"

To whom mild answer Adam thus returned:—  
"Sole Eve, associate sole, to me beyond  
Compare above all living creatures dear!  
Well hast thou motioned, well thy thoughts employed  
How we might best fulfil the work which here 230  
God hath assigned us, nor of me shalt pass  
Unpraised; for nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman than to study household good,  
And good works in her husband to promote.  
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord imposed  
Labour as to debar us when we need  
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,  
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse  
Of looks and smiles; for smiles from reason flow  
To brute denied, and are of love the food— 240  
Love, not the lowest end of human life.  
For not to irksome toil, but to delight,  
He made us, and delight to reason joined.  
These paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands  
Will keep from wilderness with ease, as wide  
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long  
Assist us. But, if much converse perhaps  
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yield;  
For solitude sometimes is best society,  
And short retirement urges sweet return. 250  
But other doubt possesses me, lest harm  
Befall thee, severed from me; for thou know'st  
What hath been warned us—what malicious foe,

Envyng our happiness, and of his own  
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame  
By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand  
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find  
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,  
Hopeless to circumvent us joined, where each  
To other speedy aid might lend at need. 260  
Whether his first design be to withdraw  
Our fealty from God, or to disturb  
Conjugal love—than which perhaps no bliss  
Enjoyed by us excites his envy more—  
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side  
That gave thee being, still shades thee and protects.  
The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,  
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,  
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.”

To whom the virgin majesty of Eve, 270  
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,  
With sweet austere composure thus replied:—

“Offspring of Heaven and Earth, and all Earth’s lord!  
That such an enemy we have, who seeks  
Our ruin, both by thee informed I learn,  
And from the parting Angel overheard,  
As in a shady nook I stood behind,  
Just then returned at shut of evening flowers.  
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt  
To God or thee, because we have a foe 280  
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.

His violence thou fear’st not, being such  
As we, not capable of death or pain,  
Can either not receive, or can repel.  
His fraud is, then, thy fear; which plain infers  
Thy equal fear that my firm faith and love  
Can by his fraud be shaken or seduced:  
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy breast,  
Adam! misthought of her to thee so dear?”

To whom, with healing words, Adam replied:— 290  
“Daughter of God and Man, immortal Eve!—  
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire—  
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade  
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid  
The attempt itself, intended by our foe.  
For he who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses  
The tempted with dishonour foul, supposed  
Not incorruptible of faith, not proof  
Against temptation. Thou thyself with scorn  
And anger wouldst resent the offered wrong, 300

Though ineffectual found; misdeem not, then,  
If such affront I labour to avert  
From thee alone, which on us both at once  
The enemy, though bold, will hardly dare;  
Or, daring, first on me the assault shall light.  
Nor thou his malice and false guile condemn—  
Subtle he needs must be who could seduce  
Angels—nor think superfluous others' aid.  
I from the influence of thy looks receive  
Access in every virtue—in thy sight  
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were  
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,  
Shame to be overcome or overreached,  
Would utmost vigour raise, and raised unite.  
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel  
When I am present, and thy trial choose  
With me, best witness of thy virtue tried?"

310

So spake domestic Adam in his care  
And matrimonial love; but Eve, who thought  
Less attributed to her faith sincere,  
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewed:—

320

"If this be our condition, thus to dwell  
In narrow circuit straitened by a foe,  
Subtle or violent, we not endued  
Single with like defence wherever met,  
How are we happy, still in fear of harm?  
But harm precedes not sin: only our foe  
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem  
Of our integrity: his foul esteem  
Sticks no dishonour on our front, but turns  
Foul on himself; then wherefore shunned or feared  
By us, who rather double honour gain  
From his surmise proved false, find peace within,  
Favour from Heaven, our witness, from the event?  
And what is faith, love, virtue, unassayed  
Alone, without exterior help sustained?  
Let us not then suspect our happy state  
Left so imperfect by the Maker wise  
As not secure to single or combined.  
Frail is our happiness, if this be so;  
And Eden were no Eden, thus exposed."

330

To whom thus Adam fervently replied:—  
"O Woman, best are all things as the will  
Of God ordained them; his creating hand  
Nothing imperfect or deficient left  
Of all that he created—much less Man,  
Or ought that might his happy state secure,

340

Secure from outward force. Within himself  
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power;  
 Against his will he can receive no harm. 350  
 But God left free the Will; for what obeys  
 Reason is free; and Reason he made right,  
 But bid her well be ware, and still erect,  
 Lest, by some fair appearing good surprised,  
 She dictate false, and misinform the Will  
 To do what God expressly hath forbid.  
 Not then mistrust, but tender love, enjoins  
 That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me.  
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,  
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet 360  
 Some specious object by the foe suborned,  
 And fall into deception unaware,  
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warned.  
 Seek not temptation, then, which to avoid  
 Were better, and most likely if from me  
 Thou sever not: trial will come unsought.  
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve  
 First thy obedience; the other who can know,  
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?  
 But, if thou think trial unsought may find 370  
 Us both securer than thus warned thou seem'st,  
 Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more.  
 Go in thy native innocence; rely  
 On what thou hast of virtue; summon all;  
 For God towards thee hath done his part: do thine."  
 So spake the Patriarch of Mankind; but Eve  
 Persisted; yet submiss, though last, replied:—  
 "With thy permission, then, and thus forewarned,  
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words  
 Touched only, that our trial, when least sought, 380  
 May find us both perhaps far less prepared,  
 The willinger I go, nor much expect  
 A foe so proud will first the weaker seek;  
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse."  
 Thus saying, from her husband's hand her hand  
 Soft she withdrew, and, like a wood-nymph light,  
 Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,  
 Betook her to the groves, but Delia's self  
 In gait surpassed and goddess-like deport,  
 Though not as she with bow and quiver armed, 390  
 But with such gardening tools as Art, yet rude,  
 Guiltless of fire had formed, or Angels brought.  
 To Pales, or Pomona, thus adorned,  
 Likest she seemed—Pomona when she fled

Vertumnus—or to Ceres in her prime,  
Yet virgin of Proserpina from Jove.  
Her long with ardent look his eye pursued  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engaged  
To be returned by noon amid the bower, 400  
And all things in best order to invite  
Noontide repast, or afternoon's repose.  
O much deceived, much failing, hapless Eve,  
Of thy presumed return! event perverse!  
Thou never from that hour in Paradise  
Found'st either sweet repast or sound repose;  
Such ambush, hid among sweet flowers and shades,  
Waited, with hellish rancour imminent,  
To intercept thy way, or send thee back 410  
Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss.  
For now, and since first break of dawn, the Fiend,  
Mere serpent in appearance, forth was come,  
And on his quest where likeliest he might find  
The only two of mankind, but in them  
The whole included race, his purposed prey.  
In bower and field he sought, where any tuft  
Of grove or garden-plot more pleasant lay,  
Their tendance or plantation for delight;  
By fountain or by shady rivulet 420  
He sought them both, but wished his hap might find  
Eve separate; he wished, but not with hope  
Of what so seldom chanced, when to his wish,  
Beyond his hope, Eve separate he spies,  
Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,  
Half-spied, so thick the roses bushing round  
About her glowed, oft stooping to support  
Each flower of tender stalk, whose head, though gay  
Carnation, purple, azure, or specked with gold,  
Hung drooping unsustained. Them she upstays 430  
Gently with myrtle band, mindless the while  
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,  
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh,  
Nearer he drew, and many a walk traversed  
Of stateliest covert, cedar, pine, or palm;  
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen  
Among thick-woven arborets, and flowers  
Imbordered on each bank, the hand of Eve:  
Spot more delicious than those gardens feigned  
Or of revived Adonis, or renowned 440  
Alcinous, host of old Laertes' son,

Or that, not mystic, where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse.  
Much he the place admired, the person more.  
As one who, long in populous city pent,  
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
Among the pleasant villages and farms  
Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight—  
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine, 450  
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound—  
If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
What pleasing seemed for her now pleases more,  
She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly form  
Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
Her graceful innocence, her every air  
Of gesture or least action, overawed 460  
His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved  
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
That space the Evil One abstracted stood  
From his own evil, and for the time remained  
Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,  
Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight,  
And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
Of pleasure not for him ordained. Then soon 470  
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:—

“Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet  
Compulsion thus transported to forget  
What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope  
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
Save what is in destroying; other joy  
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone 480  
The Woman, opportune to all attempts—  
Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;  
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound—  
I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain  
Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.

She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,  
Not terrible, though terror be in love,  
And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,  
Hate stronger under show of love well feigned—  
The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

490

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed  
In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
Addressed his way—not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head  
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant. Pleasing was his shape  
And lovely; never since of serpent kind  
Lovelier—not those that in Illyria changed  
Hermione and Cadmus, or the god

500

In Epidaurus; nor to which transformed  
Ammonian Jove, or Capitoline, was seen,  
He with Olympias, this with her who bore  
Scipio, the highth of Rome. With tract oblique

510

At first, as one who sought access but feared  
To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.  
As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought  
Nigh river's mouth or foreland, where the wind  
Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail,  
So varied he, and of his tortuous train

Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the sound  
Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
To such disport before her through the field  
From every beast, more duteous at her call  
Than at Circean call the herd disguised.

520

He, bolder now, uncalled before her stood,  
But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed  
His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,  
Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.  
His gentle dumb expression turned at length  
The eye of Eve to mark his play; he, glad  
Of her attention gained, with serpent-tongue  
Organic, or impulse of vocal air,  
His fraudulent temptation thus began:—

530

“Wonder not, sovran mistress (if perhaps  
Thou canst who art sole wonder), much less arm  
Thy looks, the heaven of mildness, with disdain,  
Displeased that I approach thee thus, and gaze

Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feared  
 Thy awful brow, more awful thus retired.  
 Fairest resemblance of thy Maker fair,  
 Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine  
 By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore, 540  
 With ravishment beheld—there best beheld  
 Where universally admired. But here,  
 In this enclosure wild, these beasts among,  
 Beholders rude, and shallow to discern  
 Half what in thee is fair, one man except,  
 Who sees thee (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen  
 A Goddess among Gods, adored and served  
 By Angels numberless, thy daily train?"

So glozed the Tempter, and his poem tuned. 550  
 Into the heart of Eve his words made way,  
 Though at the voice much marvelling; at length,  
 Not unamazed, she thus in answer spake:—

"What may this mean? Language of Man pronounced  
 By tongue of brute, and human sense expressed!  
 The first at least of these I thought denied  
 To beasts, whom God on their creation-day  
 Created mute to all articulate sound;  
 The latter I demur, for in their looks  
 Much reason, and in their actions, oft appears.  
 Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560  
 I knew, but not with human voice endued;  
 Redouble, then, this miracle, and say,  
 How can'st thou speakable of mute, and how  
 To me so friendly grown above the rest  
 Of brutal kind that daily are in sight:  
 Say, for such wonder claims attention due."

To whom the guileful Tempter thus replied:—  
 "Empress of this fair World, resplendent Eve!  
 Easy to me it is to tell thee all  
 What thou command'st, and right thou shouldst be  
 obeyed. 570

I was at first as other beasts that graze  
 The trodden herb, of abject thoughts and low,  
 As was my food, nor aught but food discerned  
 Or sex, and apprehended nothing high:  
 Till on a day, roving the field, I chanced  
 A goodly tree far distant to behold,  
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixed,  
 Ruddy and gold. I nearer drew to gaze;  
 When from the boughs a savoury odour blown,  
 Grateful to appetite, more pleased my sense 580  
 Than smell of sweetest fennel, or the teats

Of ewe or goat dropping with milk at even,  
 Unsucked of lamb or kid, that tend their play.  
 To satisfy the sharp desire I had  
 Of tasting those fair apples, I resolved  
 Not to defer; hunger and thirst at once,  
 Powerful persuaders, quickened at the scent  
 Of that alluring fruit, urged me so keen.  
 About the mossy trunk I wound me soon;  
 For, high from ground, the branches would require  
 Thy utmost reach, or Adam's: round the tree  
 All other beasts that saw, with like desire  
 Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.  
 Amid the tree now got, where plenty hung  
 Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill  
 I spared not; for such pleasure till that hour  
 At feed or fountain never had I found.  
 Sated at length, ere long I might perceive  
 Strange alteration in me, to degree  
 Of Reason in my inward powers, and Speech  
 Wanted not long, though to this shape retained.  
 Thenceforth to speculations high or deep  
 I turned my thoughts, and with capacious mind  
 Considered all things visible in Heaven,  
 Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good.  
 But all that fair and good in thy divine  
 Semblance, and in thy beauty's heavenly ray,  
 United I beheld—no fair to thine  
 Equivalent or second; which compelled  
 Me thus, though importune perhaps, to come  
 And gaze, and worship thee of right declared  
 Sovran of creatures, universal Dame!"

So talked the spirited sly Snake; and Eve,  
 Yet more amazed, unwary thus replied:—  
 "Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt  
 The virtue of that fruit, in thee first proved.  
 But say, where grows the tree? from hence how far?

For many are the trees of God that grow  
 In Paradise, and various, yet unknown  
 To us; in such abundance lies our choice  
 As leaves a greater store of fruit untouched,  
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men  
 Grow up to their provision, and more hands  
 Help to disburden Nature of her bearth."

To whom the wily Adder, blithe and glad:—  
 "Empress, the way is ready, and not long—  
 Beyond a row of myrtles, on a flat,  
 Fast by a fountain, one small thicket past

Of blowing myrrh and balm. If thou accept  
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon." 630

"Lead, then," said Eve. He, leading, swiftly rolled  
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest. As when a wandering fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame  
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends),  
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads the amazed night-wanderer from his way 640  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
There swallowed up and lost, from succour far :  
So glistered the dire Snake, and into fraud  
Led Eve, our credulous mother, to the Tree  
Of Prohibition, root of all our woe ;

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake :—

"Serpent, we might have spared our coming hither,  
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess,  
The credit of whose virtue rest with thee—  
Wondrous, indeed, if cause of such effects ! 650  
But of this tree we may not taste nor touch ;  
God so commanded, and left that command  
Sole daughter of his voice : the rest, we live  
Law to ourselves ; our Reason is our Law."

To whom the Tempter guilefully replied :—

"Indeed ! Hath God then said that of the fruit  
Of all these garden-trees ye shall not eat,  
Yet lords declared of all in Earth or Air ?"

To whom thus Eve, yet sinless :—"Of the fruit  
Of each tree in the garden we may eat ; 660  
But of the fruit of this fair tree, amidst  
The Garden, God hath said, 'Ye shall not eat  
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, lest ye die.'"

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold  
The Tempter, but, with show of zeal and love  
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,  
New part puts on, and, as to passion moved,  
Fluctuates disturbed, yet comely, and in act  
Raised, as of some great matter to begin.  
As when of old some orator renowned 670

In Athens or free Rome, where eloquence  
Flourished, since mute, to some great cause addressed,  
Stood in himself collected, while each part,  
Motion, each act, won audience ere the tongue  
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay

Of preface brooking through his zeal of right :  
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown,  
The Tempter, all impassioned, thus began :—  
“ O sacred, wise, and wisdom-giving Plant,  
Mother of science ! now I feel thy power 680  
Within me clear, not only to discern  
Things in their causes, but to trace the ways  
Of highest agents, deemed however wise.  
Queen of this Universe ! do not believe  
Those rigid threats of death. Ye shall not die.  
How should ye ? By the fruit ? it gives you life  
To knowledge. By the Threatener ? look on me,  
Me who have touched and tasted, yet both live,  
And life more perfect have attained than Fate  
Meant me, by venturing higher than my lot. 690  
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast  
Is open ? or will God incense his ire  
For such a petty trespass, and not praise  
Rather your dauntless virtue, whom the pain  
Of death denounced, whatever thing Death be,  
Deterred not from achieving what might lead  
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil ?  
Of good, how just ! of evil—if what is evil  
Be real, why not known, since easier shunned ?  
God, therefore, cannot hurt ye, and be just ; 700  
Not just, not God ; not feared then, nor obeyed :  
Your fear itself of death removes the fear.  
Why, then, was this forbid ? Why but to awe,  
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,  
His worshippers ? He knows that in the day  
Ye eat thereof your eyes, that seem so clear,  
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then  
Opened and cleared, and ye shall be as Gods,  
Knowing both good and evil, as they know.  
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man, 710  
Internal Man, is but proportion meet—  
I, of brute, human ; ye, of human, Gods.  
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off  
Human, to put on Gods—death to be wished,  
Though threatened, which no worse than this can bring !  
And what are Gods, that Man may not become  
As they, participating godlike food ?  
The Gods are first, and that advantage use  
On our belief, that all from them proceeds.  
I question it ; for this fair Earth I see, 720  
Warmed by the Sun, producing every kind ;  
Them nothing. If they all things, who enclosed

Knowledge of good and evil in this tree,  
That whoso eats thereof forthwith attains  
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies  
The offence, that Man should thus attain to know?  
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree  
Impart against his will, if all be his?  
Or is it envy? and can envy dwell  
In Heavenly breasts? These, these and many more 730  
Causes import your need of this fair fruit.  
Goddess humane, reach, then, and freely taste!"

He ended; and his words, replete with guile,  
Into her heart too easy entrance won.  
Fixed on the fruit she gazed, which to behold  
Might tempt alone; and in her ears the sound  
Yet rung of his persuasive words, impregn'd  
With reason, to her seeming, and with truth.  
Meanwhile the hour of noon drew on, and waked  
An eager appetite, raised by the smell 740  
So savoury of that fruit, which with desire,  
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,  
Solicited her longing eye; yet first,  
Pausing a while, thus to herself she mused:—

"Great are thy virtues, doubtless, best of fruits,  
Though kept from Man, and worthy to be admired,  
Whose taste, too long forborne, at first assay  
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught  
The tongue not made for speech to speak thy praise.  
Thy praise he also who forbids thy use 750  
Conceals not from us, naming thee the Tree  
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil;  
Forbids us then to taste. But his forbidding  
Commends thee more, while it infers the good  
By thee communicated, and our want;  
For good unknown sure is not had, or, had  
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.  
In plain, then, what forbids he but to know?  
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise!  
Such prohibitions bind not. But, if Death 760  
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then  
Our inward freedom? In the day we eat  
Of this fair fruit, our doom is we shall die!  
How dies the Serpent? He hath eaten, and lives,  
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discerns,  
Irrational till then. For us alone  
Was death invented? or to us denied  
This intellectual food, for beasts reserved?  
For beasts it seems; yet that one beast which first

Hath tasted envies not, but brings with joy  
The good befallen him, author unsuspect,  
Friendly to Man, far from deceit or guile.  
What fear I, then? rather, what know to fear  
Under this ignorance of good and evil,  
Of God or Death, of law or penalty?  
Here grows the cure of all, this fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise. What hinders, then,  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"

770

So saying, her rash hand in evil hour  
Forth-reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat.  
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat,  
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe  
That all was lost. Back to the thicket slunk  
The guilty Serpent, and well might, for Eve,  
Intent now only on her taste, naught else  
Regarded; such delight till then, as seemed,  
In fruit she never tasted, whether true,  
Or fancied so through expectation high  
Of knowledge; nor was Godhead from her thought.  
Greedily she ingorged without restraint,  
And knew not eating death. Sate at length,  
And hightened as with wine, jocund and boon,  
Thus to herself she pleasingly began:—

780

790

“O sovran, virtuous, precious of all trees  
In Paradise! of operation blest  
To sapience, hitherto obscured, infamed,  
And thy fair fruit let hang, as to no end  
Created! but henceforth my early care,  
Not without song, each morning, and due praise,  
Shall tend thee, and the fertile burden ease  
Of thy full branches, offered free to all;  
Till, dieted by thee, I grow mature  
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know.  
Though others envy what they cannot give—  
For, had the gift been theirs, it had not here  
Thus grown! Experience, next to thee I owe,  
Best guide: not following thee, I had remained  
In ignorance; thou open'st Wisdom's way,  
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.  
And I perhaps am secret: Heaven is high—  
High, and remote to see from thence distinct  
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps  
May have diverted from continual watch  
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his spies  
About him. But to Adam in what sort

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810

Shall I appear? Shall I to him make known  
 As yet my change, and give him to partake  
 Full happiness with me, or rather not,  
 But keep the odds of knowledge in my power 820  
 Without copartner? so to add what wants  
 In female sex, the more to draw his love,  
 And render me more equal, and perhaps—  
 A thing not undesirable—sometime  
 Superior; for, inferior, who is free?  
 This may be well; but what if God have seen,  
 And death ensue? Then I shall be no more;  
 And Adam, wedded to another Eve,  
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct!  
 A death to think! Confirmed, then, I resolve 830  
 Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe.  
 So dear I love him that with him all deaths  
 I could endure, without him live no life.”

So saying, from the tree her step she turned,  
 But first low reverence done, as to the Power  
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infused  
 Into the plant sciential sap, derived  
 From nectar, drink of Gods. Adam the while,  
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
 Of choicest flowers a garland, to adorn 840  
 Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,  
 As reapers oft are wont their harvest-queen.  
 Great joy he promised to his thoughts, and new  
 Solace in her return, so long delayed;  
 Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,  
 Misgave him. He the faltering measure felt,  
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took  
 That morn when first they parted. By the Tree  
 Of Knowledge he must pass; there he her met,  
 Scarce from the tree returning; in her hand 850  
 A bough of fairest fruit, that downy smiled,  
 New gathered, and ambrosial smell diffused.

To him she hasted; in her face excuse  
 Came prologue, and apology to prompt,  
 Which, with bland words at will, she thus addressed:—

“Hast thou not wondered, Adam, at my stay?  
 Thee I have missed, and thought it long, deprived  
 Thy presence—agony of love till now  
 Not felt, nor shall be twice; for never more  
 Mean I to try, what rash untried I sought, 860  
 The pain of absence from thy sight. But strange  
 Hath been the cause, and wonderful to hear.  
 This tree is not, as we are told, a tree

Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown  
Opening the way, but of divine effect  
To open eyes, and make them Gods who taste ;  
And hath been tasted such. The Serpent wise,  
Or not restrained as we, or not obeying,  
Hath eaten of the fruit, and is become  
Not dead, as we are threatened, but thenceforth  
Endued with human voice and human sense,  
Reasoning to admiration, and with me  
Persuasively hath so prevailed that I  
Have also tasted, and have also found  
The effects to correspond—opener mine eyes,  
Dim erst, dilated spirits, ampler heart,  
And growing up to Godhead ; which for thee  
Chiefly I sought, without thee can despise.  
For bliss, as thou hast part, to me is bliss ;  
Tedious, unshared with thee, and odious soon.  
Thou, therefore, also taste, that equal lot  
May join us, equal joy, as equal love ;  
Lest, thou not tasting, different degree  
Disjoin us, and I then too late renounce  
Deity for thee, when fate will not permit.”

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Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told ;  
But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.  
On the other side, Adam, soon as he heard  
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amazed,  
Astonied stood and blank, while horror chill  
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relaxed.  
From his slack hand the garland wreathed for Eve  
Down dropt, and all the faded roses shed.  
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length  
First to himself he inward silence broke:—

890

“O fairest of Creation, last and best  
Of all God’s works, creature in whom excelled  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed,  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
How art thou lost ! how on a sudden lost,  
Defaced, deflowered, and now to death devote !  
Rather, how hast thou yielded to transgress  
The strict forbiddance, how to violate  
The sacred fruit forbidden ? Some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguiled thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruined ; for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die.  
How can I live without thee ? how forgo  
Thy sweet converse, and love so dearly joined,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn ?

900

910

Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart. No, no! I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe."

So having said, as one from sad dismay  
Recomforted, and, after thoughts disturbed,  
Submitting to what seemed remediless,  
Thus in calm mood his words to Eve he turned:— 920

"Bold deed thou hast presumed, adventurous Eve,  
And peril great provoked, who thus hast dared  
Had it been only coveting to eye  
That sacred food, sacred to abstinence;  
Much more to taste it, under ban to touch.  
But past who can recall, or done undo?  
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate! Yet so  
Perhaps thou shalt not die; perhaps the fact  
Is not so heinous now—foretasted fruit,

Profaned first by the Serpent, by him first 930  
Made common and unhallowed ere our taste,  
Nor yet on him found deadly. He yet lives—  
Lives, as thou saidst, and gains to live, as Man,  
Higher degree of life: inducement strong  
To us, as likely, tasting, to attain

Proportional ascent; which cannot be  
But to be Gods, or Angels, demi-gods.  
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,  
Though threatening, will in earnest so destroy  
Us, his prime creatures, dignified so high, 940  
Set over all his works; which, in our fall,  
For us created, needs with us must fail,  
Dependent made. So God shall uncreate,  
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour lose—

Not well conceived of God; who, though his power  
Creation could repeat, yet would be loth  
Us to abolish, lest the Adversary  
Triumph and say: 'Fickle their state whom God  
Most favours; who can please him long? Me first  
He ruined, now Mankind; whom will he next?'— 950  
Matter of scorn not to be given the Foe.

However, I with thee have fixed my lot,  
Certain to undergo like doom. If death  
Consort with thee, death is to me as life;  
So forcible within my heart I feel  
The bond of Nature draw me to my own—  
My own in thee; for what thou art is mine.

Our state cannot be severed ; we are one,  
One flesh ; to lose thee were to lose myself."

So Adam ; and thus Eve to him replied :—

960

"O glorious trial of exceeding love,  
Illustrious evidence, example high !  
Engaging me to emulate ; but, short  
Of thy perfection, how shall I attain,  
Adam ? from whose dear side I boast me sprung,  
And gladly of our union hear thee speak,  
One heart, one soul in both ; whereof good proof  
This day affords, declaring thee resolved,  
Rather than death, or aught than death more dread,  
Shall separate us, linked in love so dear,  
To undergo with me one guilt, one crime,  
If any be, of tasting this fair fruit ;  
Whose virtue (for of good still good proceeds,  
Direct, or by occasion) hath presented  
This happy trial of thy love, which else  
So eminently never had been known.  
Were it I thought death menaced would ensue  
This my attempt, I would sustain alone  
The worst, and not persuade thee—rather die  
Deserted than oblige thee with a fact  
Pernicious to thy peace, chiefly assured  
Remarkably so late of thy so true,  
So faithful, love unequalled. But I feel  
Far otherwise the event—not death, but life  
Augmented, opened eyes, new hopes, new joys,  
Taste so divine that what of sweet before  
Hath touched my sense flat seems to this and harsh.  
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,  
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

980

So saying, she embraced him, and for joy  
Tenderly wept, much won that he his love  
Had so ennobled as of choice to incur  
Divine displeasure for her sake, or death.  
In recompense (for such compliance bad  
Such recompense best merits), from the bough  
She gave him of that fair enticing fruit  
With liberal hand. He scrupled not to eat,  
Against his better knowledge, not deceived,  
But fondly overcome with female charm.

990

Earth trembled from her entrails, as again  
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan ;  
Sky loured, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
Wept at completing of the mortal Sin  
Original ; while Adam took no thought,  
Eating his fill, nor Eve to iterate

1000

Her former trespass feared, the more to soothe  
 Him with her loved society ; that now,  
 As with new wine intoxicated both,  
 They swim in mirth, and fancy that they feel  
 Divinity within them breeding wings  
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth. But that false fruit  
 Far other operation first displayed,  
 Carnal desire inflaming. He on Eve  
 Began to cast lascivious eyes ; she him  
 As wantonly repaid ; in lust they burn,  
 Till Adam thus 'gan Eve to dalliance move :—

1010

“ Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste  
 And elegant—of sapience no small part ;  
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,  
 And palate call judicious. I the praise  
 Yield thee ; so well this day thou hast purveyed.  
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstained  
 From this delightful fruit, nor known till now  
 True relish, tasting. If such pleasure be  
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wished  
 For this one tree had been forbidden ten.  
 But come ; so well refreshed, now let us play,  
 As meet is, after such delicious fare ;  
 For never did thy beauty, since the day  
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorned  
 With all perfections, so inflame my sense  
 With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
 Than ever—bounty of this virtuous tree !”

1020

1030

So said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
 Of amorous intent, well understood  
 Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
 Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
 Thick overhead with verdant roof embowered,  
 He led her, nothing loth ; flowers were the couch,  
 Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,  
 And hyacinth—Earth's freshest, softest lap.  
 There they their fill of love and love's sport  
 Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
 The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep  
 Oppressed them, wearied with their amorous play.

1040

Soon as the force of that fallacious fruit,  
 That with exhilarating vapour bland  
 About their spirits had played, and inmost powers  
 Made err, was now exhaled, and grosser sleep,  
 Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams  
 Encumbered, now had left them, up they rose  
 As from unrest, and, each the other viewing,  
 Soon found their eyes how opened, and their minds

1050

How darkened. Innocence, that as a veil  
Had shadowed them from knowing ill, was gone ;  
Just confidence, and native righteousness,  
And honour, from about them, naked left  
To guilty Shame : he covered, but his robe  
Uncovered more. So rose the Danite strong,  
Herculean Samson, from the harlot-lap 1060

Of Philistean Dalilah, and waked  
Shorn of his strength ; they destitute and bare  
Of all their virtue. Silent, and in face  
Confounded, long they sat, as stricken mute ;  
Till Adam, though not less than Eve abashed,  
At length gave utterance to these words constrained :—

“ O Eve, in evil hour thou didst give ear  
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught  
To counterfeit Man's voice—true in our fall,  
False in our promised rising ; since our eyes 1070  
Opened we find indeed, and find we know  
Both good and evil, good lost and evil got :  
Bad fruit of knowledge, if this be to know,  
Which leaves us naked thus, of honour void,  
Of innocence, of faith, of purity,

Our wonted ornaments now soiled and stained,  
And in our faces evident the signs

Of foul concupiscence ; whence evil store,  
Even shame, the last of evils ; of the first  
Be sure then. How shall I behold the face 1080  
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy  
And rapture so oft beheld ? Those Heavenly Shapes

Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze  
Insufferably bright. Oh, might I here  
In solitude live savage, in some glade

Obscured, where highest woods, impenetrable  
To star or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad,  
And brown as evening ! Cover me, ye pines !

Ye cedars, with innumerable boughs  
Hide me, where I may never see them more ! 1090

But let us now, as in bad plight, devise  
What best may, for the present, serve to hide  
The parts of each from other that seem most  
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen—  
Some tree, whose broad smooth leaves, together sewed,  
And girded on our loins, may cover round  
Those middle parts, that this new comer, Shame,  
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.”

So counselled he, and both together went  
Into the thickest wood. There soon they chose 1100  
The fig-tree—not that kind for fruit renowned,

But such as, at this day, to Indians known,  
 In Malabar or Decan spreads her arms  
 Branching so broad and long that in the ground  
 The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow  
 About the mother tree, a pillared shade  
 High overarched, and echoing walks between :  
 There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,  
 Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds  
 At loop-holes cut through thickest shade. Those leaves 1110  
 They gathered, broad as Amazonian targe,  
 And with what skill they had together sewed,  
 To gird their waist—vain covering, if to hide  
 Their guilt and dreaded shame ! O how unlike  
 To that first naked glory ! Such of late  
 Columbus found the American, so girt  
 With feathered cincture, naked else and wild,  
 Among the trees on isles and woody shores.  
 Thus fenced, and, as they thought, their shame in part  
 Covered, but not at rest or ease of mind, 1120  
 They sat them down to weep. Nor only tears  
 Rained at their eyes, but high winds worse within  
 Began to rise, high passions—anger, hate,  
 Mistrust, suspicion, discord—and shook sore  
 Their inward state of mind, calm region once  
 And full of peace, now tost and turbulent :  
 For Understanding ruled not, and the Will  
 Heard not her lore, both in subjection now  
 To sensual Appetite, who, from beneath  
 Usurping over sovran Reason, claimed 1130  
 Superior sway. From thus distempered breast  
 Adam, estranged in look and altered style,  
 Speech intermitted thus to Eve renewed :—

“Would thou hadst hearkened to my words, and stayed  
 With me, as I besought thee, when that strange  
 Desire of wandering, this unhappy morn,  
 I know not whence possessed thee ! We had then  
 Remained still happy—not, as now, despoiled  
 Of all our good, shamed, naked, miserable !  
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve 1140  
 The faith they owe ; when earnestly they seek  
 Such proof, conclude they then begin to fail.”

To whom, soon moved with touch of blame, thus Eve :—  
 “What words have passed thy lips, Adam severe ?  
 Imput'st thou that to my default, or will  
 Of wandering, as thou call'st it, which who knows  
 But might as ill have happened thou being by,  
 Or to thyself perhaps ? Hadst thou been there,  
 Or here the attempt, thou couldst not have discerned

Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake ; 1150  
No ground of enmity between us known  
Why he should mean me ill or seek to harm.  
Was I to have never parted from thy side?  
As good have grown there still, a lifeless rib.  
Being as I am, why didst not thou, the head,  
Command me absolutely not to go,  
Going into such danger, as thou saidst?  
Too facile then, thou didst not much gainsay,  
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.  
Hadst thou been firm and fixed in thy dissent, 1160  
Neither had I transgressed, nor thou with me."

To whom, then first incensed, Adam replied:—

"Is this the love, is this the recompense  
Of mine to thee, ingrateful Eve, expressed  
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I—  
Who might have lived, and joyed immortal bliss,  
Yet willingly chose rather death with thee?  
And am I now upbraided as the cause  
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe,  
It seems, in thy restraint! What could I more? 1170  
I warned thee, I admonished thee, foretold  
The danger, and the lurking enemy  
That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
And force upon free will hath here no place.  
But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
Either to meet no danger, or to find  
Matter of glorious trial; and perhaps  
I also erred in overmuch admiring  
What seemed in thee so perfect that I thought  
No evil durst attempt thee. But I rue 1180  
That error now, which is become my crime,  
And thou the accuser. Thus it shall befall  
Him who, to worth in women overtrusting,  
Lets her will rule: restraint she will not brook;  
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,  
She first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Thus they in mutual accusation spent  
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning;  
And of their vain contest appeared no end.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK X.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Man's transgression known, the guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve their vigilance, and are approved; God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the transgressors; who descends, and gives sentence accordingly; then, in pity, clothes them both, and reascends. Sin and Death, sitting till then at the gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confined in Hell, but to follow Satan, their sire, up to the place of Man: to make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad highway or bridge over Chaos, according to the track that Satan first made; then, preparing for Earth, they meet him, proud of his success, returning to Hell: their mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium; in full assembly relates, with boasting, his success against Man: instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transformed, with himself also, suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom given in Paradise; then, deluded with a show of the Forbidden Tree springing up before them, they, greedily reaching to take of the fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death: God foretells the final victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but, for the present, commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam, more and more perceiving his fallen condition, heavily bewails, rejects the condolment of Eve; she persists, and at length appeases him: then, to evade the curse likely to fall on their offspring, proposes to Adam violent ways; which he approves not, but, conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late promise made them, that her seed should be revenged on the Serpent, and exhorts her, with him, to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication.

MEANWHILE the heinous and spiteful act  
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how  
He, in the Serpent, had perverted Eve,  
Her husband she, to taste the fatal fruit,  
Was known in Heaven; for what can scape the eye  
Of God all-seeing, or deceive his heart  
Omniscient? who, in all things wise and just,  
Hindered not Satan to attempt the mind  
Of Man, with strength entire and free will armed  
Complete to have discovered and repulsed  
Whatever wiles of foe or seeming friend.  
For still they knew, and ought to have still remembered,

The high injunction not to taste that fruit,  
Whoever tempted ; which they not obeying  
Incurred (what could they less ?) the penalty,  
And, manifold in sin, deserved to fall.  
Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste  
The Angelic guards ascended, mute and sad  
For Man ; for of his state by this they knew,  
Much wondering how the subtle Fiend had stolen 20  
Entrance unseen. Soon as the unwelcome news  
From Earth arrived at Heaven-gate, displeased  
All were who heard ; dim sadness did not spare  
That time celestial visages, yet, mixed  
With pity, violated not their bliss.  
About the new-arrived, in multitudes,  
The Ethereal people ran, to hear and know  
How all befell. They towards the throne supreme,  
Accountable, made haste, to make appear,  
With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance, 30  
And easily approved ; when the Most High,  
Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
Amidst, in thunder uttered thus his voice :—  
“ Assembled Angels, and ye Powers returned  
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayed  
Nor troubled at these tidings from the Earth,  
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,  
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,  
When first this Tempter crossed the gulf from Hell.  
I told ye then he should prevail, and speed 40  
On his bad errand—Man should be seduced,  
And flattered out of all, believing lies  
Against his Maker ; no decree of mine,  
Concurring to necessitate his fall,  
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse  
His free will, to her own inclining left  
In even scale. But fallen he is ; and now  
What rests, but that the mortal sentence pass  
On his transgression, Death denounced that day ?  
Which he presumes already vain and void, 50  
Because not yet inflicted, as he feared,  
By some immediate stroke, but soon shall find  
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.  
Justice shall not return, as bounty, scorned.  
But whom send I to judge them ? whom but thee,  
Vicegerent Son ? To thee I have transferred  
All judgment, whether in Heaven, or Earth, or Hell.  
Easy it may be seen that I intend  
Mercy colleague with justice, sending thee,

Man's friend, his Mediator, his designed  
Both ransom and Redeemer voluntary,  
And destined Man himself to judge Man fallen."

60

So spake the Father ; and, unfolding bright  
Toward the right hand his glory, on the Son  
Blazed forth unclouded deity. He full  
Resplendent all his Father manifest  
Expressed, and thus divinely answered mild :—

"Father Eternal, thine is to decree ;  
Mine both in Heaven and Earth to do thy will  
Supreme, that thou in me, thy Son beloved,  
May'st ever rest well pleased. I go to judge  
On Earth these thy transgressors ; but thou know'st,  
Whoever judged, the worst on me must light,  
When time shall be ; for so I undertook  
Before thee, and, not repenting, this obtain  
Of right, that I may mitigate their doom  
On me derived. Yet I shall temper so  
Justice with mercy as may illustrate most  
Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

70

Attendance none shall need, nor train, where none  
Are to behold the judgment but the judged,  
Those two ; the third best absent is condemned,  
Convict by flight, and rebel to all law ;  
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs."

80

Thus saying, from his radiant seat he rose  
Of high collateral glory. Him Thrones and Powers,  
Princedoms, and Dominations ministrant,  
Accompanied to Heaven-gate, from whence  
Eden and all the coast in prospect lay.  
Down he descended straight ; the speed of Gods  
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes winged.

90

Now was the Sun in western cadence low  
From noon, and gentle airs due at their hour  
To fan the Earth now waked, and usher in  
The evening cool, when he, from wrath more cool,  
Came, the mild judge and intercessor both,  
To sentence Man. The voice of God they heard  
Now walking in the Garden, by soft winds  
Brought to their ears, while day declined ; they heard,  
And from his presence hid themselves among  
The thickest trees, both man and wife, till God,  
Approaching, thus to Adam called aloud :—

100

"Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
My coming, seen far off ? I miss thee here,  
Not pleased, thus entertained with solitude,  
Where obvious duty erewhile appeared unsought.

Or come I less conspicuous, or what change  
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth!"

He came, and with him Eve, more loth, though first  
To offend, discountenanced both, and discomposed. 110

Love was not in their looks, either to God

Or to each other, but apparent guilt,

And shame, and perturbation, and despair,

Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.

Whence Adam, faltering long, thus answered brief:—

"I heard thee in the Garden, and, of thy voice

Afraid, being naked, hid myself." To whom

The gracious Judge, without revile, replied:—

"My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not feared,

But still rejoiced; how is it now become 120

So dreadful to thee? That thou art naked who

Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree

Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?"

To whom thus Adam, sore beset, replied:—

"O Heaven! in evil strait this day I stand

Before my Judge—either to undergo

Myself the total crime, or to accuse

My other self, the partner of my life,

Whose failing, while her faith to me remains,

I should conceal, and not expose to blame 130

By my complaint. But strict necessity

Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,

Lest on my head both sin and punishment,

However insupportable, be all

Devolved; though, should I hold my peace, yet thou

Wouldst easily detect what I conceal.

This Woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,

And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,

So fit, so acceptable, so divine,

That from her hand I could suspect no ill, 140

And what she did, whatever in itself,

Her doing seemed to justify the deed—

She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied:—

"Was she thy God, that her thou didst obey

Before his voice? or was she made thy guide,

Superior, or but equal, that to her

Thou didst resign thy manhood, and the place

Wherein God set thee above her, made of thee

And for thee, whose perfection far excelled 150

Hers in all real dignity? Adorned

She was indeed, and lovely, to attract

Thy love, not thy subjection; and her gifts

Were such as under government well seemed—  
Unseemly to bear rule; which was thy part  
And person, hadst thou known thyself aright.”

So having said, he thus to Eve in few :—  
“ Say, Woman, what is this which thou hast done? ”

To whom sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelmed,  
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge 160  
Bold or loquacious, thus abashed replied :—  
“ The Serpent me beguiled, and I did eat.”

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay  
To judgment he proceeded on the accused  
Serpent, though brute, unable to transfer  
The guilt on him who made him instrument  
Of mischief, and polluted from the end  
Of his creation—justly then accursed,  
As vitiated in nature. More to know  
Concerned not Man (since he no further knew), 170  
Nor altered his offence; yet God at last  
To Satan, first in sin, his doom applied,  
Though in mysterious terms, judged as then best;  
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall :—

“ Because thou hast done this, thou art accursed  
Above all cattle, each beast of the field;  
Upon thy belly grovelling thou shalt go,  
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy life.  
Between thee and the Woman I will put  
Enmity, and between thine and her seed; 180  
Her seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.”

So spake this oracle—then verified  
When Jesus, son of Mary, second Eve,  
Saw Satan fall like lightning down from Heaven,  
Prince of the Air; then, rising from his grave,  
Spoiled Principalities and Powers, triumphed  
In open show, and, with ascension bright,  
Captivity led captive through the Air,  
The realm itself of Satan, long usurped,  
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet, 190  
Even he who now foretold his fatal bruise,  
And to the Woman thus his sentence turned :—

“ Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply  
By thy conception; children thou shalt bring  
In sorrow forth, and to thy husband's will  
Thine shall submit; he over thee shall rule.”

On Adam last thus judgment he pronounced :—  
“ Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife,  
And eaten of the tree concerning which  
I charged thee, saying, *Thou shalt not eat thereof,* 200

Curs'd is the ground for thy sake; thou in sorrow  
 Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy life;  
 Thorns also and thistles it shall bring thee forth  
 Unbid; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;  
 In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,  
 Till thou return unto the ground; for thou  
 Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,  
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return."

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,  
 And the instant stroke of death, denounced that day, 210  
 Removed far off; then, pitying how they stood  
 Before him naked to the air, that now  
 Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin  
 Thenceforth the form of servant to assume.  
 As when he washed his servants' feet, so now,  
 As father of his family, he clad  
 Their nakedness with skins of beasts, or slain,  
 Or, as the snake, with youthful coat repaid;  
 And thought not much to clothe his enemies.  
 Nor he their outward only with the skins 220  
 Of beasts, but inward nakedness, much more  
 Opprobrious, with his robe of righteousness  
 Arraying, covered from his Father's sight.  
 To him with swift ascent he up returned,  
 Into his blissful bosom reassum'd  
 In glory as of old; to him, appeased,  
 All, though all-knowing, what had passed with Man  
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.

Meanwhile, ere thus was sinned and judg'd on Earth,  
 Within the gates of Hell sat Sin and Death, 230  
 In counterview within the gates, that now  
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame  
 Far into Chaos, since the Fiend passed through,  
 Sin opening; who thus now to Death began:—

"O Son, why sit we here, each other viewing  
 Idly, while Satan, our great author, thrives  
 In other worlds, and happier seat provides  
 For us, his offspring dear? It cannot be  
 But that success attends him; if mishap,  
 Ere this he had returned, with fury driven 240  
 By his avengers, since no place like this  
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.  
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,  
 Wings growing, and dominion given me large  
 Beyond this Deep—whatever draws me on,  
 Or sympathy, or some connatural force,  
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite

With secret amity things of like kind  
By secretest conveyance. Thou, my shade  
Inseparable, must with me along ; 250  
For Death from Sin no power can separate.  
But, lest the difficulty of passing back  
Stay his return perhaps over this gulf  
Impassable, impervious, let us try  
(Adventurous work, yet to thy power and mine  
Not unagreeable !) to found a path  
Over this main from Hell to that new World  
Where Satan now prevails—a monument  
Of merit high to all the infernal host,  
Easing their passage hence, for intercourse 260  
Or transmigration, as their lot shall lead.  
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn  
By this new-felt attraction and instinct."

Whom thus the meagre Shadow answered soon :—  
"Go whither fate and inclination strong  
Leads thee ; I shall not lag behind, nor err  
The way, thou leading : such a scent I draw  
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste  
The savour of death from all things there that live.  
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest 270  
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid."

So saying, with delight he snuffed the smell  
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock  
Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote,  
Against the day of battle, to a field  
Where armies lie encamped come flying, lured  
With scent of living carcasses designed  
For death the following day in bloody fight ;  
So scented the grim Feature, and upturned  
His nostril wide into the murky air, 280  
Sagacious of his quarry from so far.  
Then both, from out Hell-gates, into the waste  
Wide anarchy of Chaos, damp and dark,  
Flew diverse, and, with power (their power was great)  
Hovering upon the waters, what they met  
Solid or slimy, as in raging sea  
Tossed up and down, together crowded drove,  
From each side shoaling, towards the mouth of Hell ;  
As when two polar winds, blowing adverse  
Upon the Cronian sea, together drive 290  
Mountains of ice, that stop the imagined way  
Beyond Petsora eastward to the rich  
Cathaian coast. The aggregated soil  
Death with his mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a trident smote, and fixed as firm  
As Delos, floating once; the rest his look  
Bound with Gorgonian rigour not to move,  
And with asphaltic slime; broad as the gate,  
Deep to the roots of Hell the gathered beach  
They fastened, and the mole immense wrought on 300  
Over the foaming Deep high-arched, a bridge  
Of length prodigious, joining to the wall  
Immovable of this now fenceless World,  
Forfeit to Death—from hence a passage broad,  
Smooth, easy, inoffensive, down to Hell.  
So, if great things to small may be compared,  
Xerxes, the liberty of Greece to yoke,  
From Susa, his Memnonian palace high,  
Came to the sea, and, over Hellespont  
Bridging his way, Europe with Asia joined, 310  
And scourged with many a stroke the indignant waves.  
Now had they brought the work by wondrous art  
Pontifical—a ridge of pendent rock  
Over the vexed Abyss, following the track  
Of Satan, to the self-same place where he  
First lighted from his wing and landed safe  
From out of Chaos—to the outside bare  
Of this round World. With pins of adamant  
And chains they made all fast, too fast they made  
And durable; and now in little space 320  
The confines met of empyrean Heaven  
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell,  
With long reach interposed; three several ways  
In sight to each of these three places led.  
And now their way to Earth they had descried,  
To Paradise first tending, when, behold  
Satan, in likeness of an Angel bright,  
Betwixt the Centaur and the Scorpion steering  
His zenith, while the Sun in Aries rose!  
Disguised he came; but those his children dear 330  
Their parent soon discerned, though in disguise.  
He, after Eve seduced, unminded slunk  
Into the wood fast by, and, changing shape  
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act  
By Eve, though all unweeting, seconded  
Upon her husband—saw their shame that sought  
Vain covertures; but, when he saw descend  
The Son of God to judge them, terrified  
He fled, not hoping to escape, but shun  
The present—fearing, guilty, what his wrath 340  
Might suddenly inflict; that past, returned

By night, and, listening where the hapless pair  
Sat in their sad discourse and various plaint,  
Thence gathered his own doom ; which understood  
Not instant, but of future time, with joy  
And tidings fraught, to Hell he now returned,  
And at the brink of Chaos, near the foot  
Of this new wondrous pontifice, unhop'd  
Met who to meet him came, his offspring dear.  
Great joy was at their meeting, and at sight  
Of that stupendious bridge his joy increased. 350  
Long he admiring stood, till Sin, his fair  
Enchanting daughter, thus the silence broke :—

“O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,  
Thy trophies ! which thou view'st as not thine own ;  
Thou art their author and prime architect.  
For I no sooner in my heart divin'd  
(My heart, which by a secret harmony  
Still moves with thine, join'd in connexion sweet)  
That thou on Earth hadst prospered, which thy looks 360  
Now also evidence, but straight I felt—  
Though distant from thee worlds between, yet felt—  
That I must after thee with this thy son ;  
Such fatal consequence unites us three.  
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,  
Nor this unvoyageable gulf obscure  
Detain from following thy illustrious track.  
Thou hast achieved our liberty, confin'd  
Within Hell-gates till now ; thou us empowered  
To fortify thus far, and overlay 370  
With this portentous bridge the dark Abyss.  
Thine now is all this World ; thy virtue hath won  
What thy hands builded not ; thy wisdom gained,  
With odds, what war hath lost, and fully avenged  
Our foil in Heaven. Here thou shalt monarch reign,  
There didst not ; there let him still victor sway,  
As battle hath adjudg'd, from this new World  
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,  
And henceforth monarchy with thee divide  
Of all things, parted by the empyreal bounds, 380  
His quadrature, from thy orbicular World,  
Or try thee now more dangerous to his throne.”

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answered glad :—  
“Fair daughter, and thou, son and grandchild both,  
High proof ye now have given to be the race  
Of Satan (for I glory in the name,  
Antagonist of Heaven's Almighty King),  
AmPLY have merited of me, of all

The Infernal Empire, that so near Heaven's door  
Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390  
Mine with this glorious work, and made one realm  
Hell and this World—one realm, one continent  
Of easy thoroughfare. Therefore, while I  
Descend through Darkness, on your road with ease,  
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint  
With these successes, and with them rejoice,  
You two this way, among these numerous orbs,  
All yours, right down to Paradise descend ;  
There dwell, and reign in bliss ; thence on the Earth  
Dominion exercise and in the air, 400  
Chiefly on Man, sole lord of all declared ;  
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill.  
My substitutes I send ye, and create  
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might  
Issuing from me. On your joint vigour now  
My hold of this new kingdom all depends,  
Through Sin to Death exposed by my exploit.  
If your joint power prevail, the affairs of Hell  
No detriment need fear ; go, and be strong."

So saying, he dismissed them ; they with speed 410  
Their course through thickest constellations held,  
Spreading their bane ; the blasted stars looked wan,  
And planets, planet-strook, real eclipse  
Then suffered. The other way Satan went down  
The causey to Hell-gate ; on either side  
Disparted Chaos overbuilt exclaimed,  
And with rebounding surge the bars assailed,  
That scorned his indignation. Through the gate,  
Wide open and unguarded, Satan passed,  
And all about found desolate ; for those 420  
Appointed to sit there had left their charge,  
Flown to the upper World ; the rest were all  
Far to the inland retired, about the walls  
Of Pandemonium, city and proud seat  
Of Lucifer, so by allusion called  
Of that bright star to Satan paragoned.  
There kept their watch the legions, while the Grand  
In council sat, solicitous what chance  
Might intercept their Emperor sent ; so he  
Departing gave command, and they observed. 430  
As when the Tartar from his Russian foe,  
By Astracan, over the snowy plains,  
Retires, or Bactrian Sophi, from the horns  
Of Turkish crescent, leaves all waste beyond  
The realm of Aladule, in his retreat

To Tauris or Casbeen ; so these, the late  
Heaven-banished host, left desert utmost Hell  
Many a dark league, reduced in careful watch  
Round their metropolis, and now expecting  
Each hour their great Adventurer from the search 440  
Of foreign worlds. He through the midst unmarked,  
In show plebeian Angel militant  
Of lowest order, passed, and, from the door  
Of that Plutonian hall, invisible  
Ascended his high throne, which, under state  
Of richest texture spread, at the upper end  
Was placed in regal lustre. Down a while  
He sat, and round about him saw, unseen.  
At last, as from a cloud, his fulgent head  
And shape star-bright appeared, or brighter, clad 450  
With what permissive glory since his fall  
Was left him, or false glitter. All amazed  
At that so sudden blaze, the Stygian throng  
Bent their aspect, and whom they wished beheld,  
Their mighty Chief returned : loud was the acclaim.  
Forth rushed in haste the great consulting Peers,  
Raised from their dark Divan, and with like joy  
Congratulant approached him, who with hand  
Silence, and with these words attention, won :—

“ Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers !— 460  
For in possession such, not only of right,  
I call ye, and declare ye now, returned,  
Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth  
Triumphant out of this infernal pit  
Abominable, accursed, the house of woe,  
And dungeon of our tyrant ! Now possess,  
As lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven  
Little inferior, by my adventure hard  
With peril great achieved. Long were to tell  
What I have done, what suffered, with what pain 470  
Voyaged the unreal, vast, unbounded Deep  
Of horrible confusion—over which  
By Sin and Death a broad way now is paved,  
To expedite your glorious march ; but I  
Toiled out my uncouth passage, forced to ride  
The untractable Abyss, plunged in the womb  
Of unoriginal Night and Chaos wild,  
That, jealous of their secrets, fiercely opposed  
My journey strange, with clamorous uproar  
Protesting Fate supreme ; thence how I found 480  
The new-created World, which fame in Heaven  
Long had foretold, a fabric wonderful,

Of absolute perfection ; therein Man  
 Placed in a paradise, by our exile  
 Made happy. Him by fraud I have seduced  
 From his Creator, and, the more to increase  
 Your wonder, with an apple ! He, thereat  
 Offended—worth your laughter !—hath given up  
 Both his beloved Man and all his World  
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,  
 Without our hazard, labour, or alarm,  
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man  
 To rule, as over all he should have ruled.  
 True is, me also he hath judged ; or rather  
 Me not, but the brute Serpent, in whose shape  
 Man I deceived. That which to me belongs  
 Is enmity, which he will put between  
 Me and Mankind : I am to bruise his heel ;  
 His seed—when is not set—shall bruise my head !  
 A world who would not purchase with a bruise,  
 Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have the account  
 Of my performance ; what remains, ye Gods,  
 But up and enter now into full bliss ?”

490

500

So having said, a while he stood, expecting  
 Their universal shout and high applause  
 To fill his ear ; when, contrary, he hears,  
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues  
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound  
 Of public scorn. He wondered, but not long  
 Had leisure, wondering at himself now more.  
 His visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,  
 His arms clung to his ribs, his legs entwining  
 Each other, till, supplanted, down he fell,  
 A monstrous serpent on his belly prone,  
 Reluctant, but in vain ; a greater power  
 Now ruled him, punished in the shape he sinned,  
 According to his doom. He would have spoke,  
 But hiss for hiss returned with forked tongue  
 To forked tongue ; for now were all transformed  
 Alike, to serpents all, as accessories  
 To his bold riot. Dreadful was the din  
 Of hissing through the hall, thick-swarming now  
 With complicated monsters, head and tail—  
 Scorpion, and Asp, and Amphibæna dire,  
 Cerastes horned, Hydrus, and Ellops drear,  
 And Dipsas (not so thick swarmed once the soil  
 Bedropt with blood of Gorgon, or the isle  
 Ophiusa) ; but still greatest he the midst,  
 Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun

510

520

Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime, 530  
Huge Python; and his power no less he seemed  
Above the rest still to retain. They all  
Him followed, issuing forth to the open field,  
Where all yet left of that revolted rout,  
Heaven-fallen, in station stood or just array,  
Sublime with expectation when to see  
In triumph issuing forth their glorious Chief.  
They saw, but other sight instead—a crowd  
Of ugly serpents! Horror on them fell,  
And horrid sympathy; for what they saw 540  
They felt themselves now changing. Down their arms,  
Down fell both spear and shield; down they as fast,  
And the dire hiss renewed, and the dire form  
Caught by contagion, like in punishment  
As in their crime. Thus was the applause they meant  
Turned to exploding hiss, triumph to shame  
Cast on themselves from their own mouths. There stood  
A grove hard by, sprung up with this their change,  
His will who reigns above, to aggravate  
Their penance, laden with fair fruit, like that 550  
Which grew in Paradise, the bait of Eve  
Used by the Tempter. On that prospect strange  
Their earnest eyes they fixed, imagining  
For one forbidden tree a multitude  
Now risen, to work them further woe or shame;  
Yet, parched with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,  
Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,  
But on they rolled in heaps, and, up the trees  
Climbing, sat thicker than the snaky locks  
That curled Megæra. Greedily they plucked 560  
The fruitage fair to sight, like that which grew  
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom flamed;  
This, more delusive, not the touch, but taste  
Deceived; they, fondly thinking to allay  
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit  
Chewed bitter ashes, which the offended taste  
With spattering noise rejected. Oft they assayed,  
Hunger and thirst constraining; drugged as oft,  
With hatefulest disrelish writhed their jaws  
With soot and cinders filled; so oft they fell 570  
Into the same illusion, not as Man  
Whom they triumphed once lapsed. Thus were they plagued,  
And, worn with famine, long and ceaseless hiss,  
Till their lost shape, permitted, they resumed—  
Yearly enjoined, some say, to undergo  
This annual humbling certain numbered days,

To dash their pride, and joy for Man seduced.  
However, some tradition they dispersed  
Among the Heathen of their purchase got,  
And fabled how the Serpent, whom they called  
Ophion, with Eurynome (the wide-  
Encroaching Eve perhaps), had first the rule  
Of high Olympus, thence by Saturn driven  
And Ops, ere yet Dictæan Jove was born.

580

Meanwhile in Paradise the Hellish pair  
Too soon arrived—Sin, there in power before  
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell  
Habitual habitant; behind her Death,  
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet  
On his pale horse; to whom Sin thus began:—

590

“Second of Satan sprung, all-conquering Death!  
What think'st thou of our empire now? though earned  
With travail difficult, not better far  
Than still at Hell's dark threshold to have sat watch,  
Unnamed, undreaded, and thyself half-starved?”

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answered soon:—

“To me, who with eternal famine pine,  
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven—  
There best where most with ravin I may meet:  
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems  
To stuff this maw, this vast unhide-bound corpse.”

600

To whom the incestuous Mother thus replied:—  
“Thou, therefore, on these herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
Feed first; on each beast next, and fish, and fowl—  
No homely morsels; and whatever thing  
The scythe of Time mows down devour unspared;  
Till I, in Man residing through the race,  
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions, all infect,  
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.”

610

This said, they both betook them several ways,  
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make  
All kinds, and for destruction to mature  
Sooner or later; which the Almighty seeing,  
From his transcendent seat the Saints among,  
To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice:—

“See with what heat these dogs of Hell advance  
To waste and havoc yonder World, which I  
So fair and good created, and had still  
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man  
Let in these wasteful furies, who impute  
Folly to me (so doth the Prince of Hell  
And his adherents), that with so much ease  
I suffer them to enter and possess

620

A place so heavenly, and, conniving, seem  
 To gratify my scornful enemies,  
 That laugh, as if, transported with some fit  
 Of passion, I to them had quitted all,  
 At random yielded up to their misrule;  
 And know not that I called and drew them thither,  
 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth 630  
 Which Man's polluting sin with taint hath shed  
 On what was pure; till, crammed and gorged, nigh burst  
 With sucked and glutted offal, at one sling  
 Of thy victorious arm, well-pleasing Son,  
 Both Sin and Death, and yawning Grave, at last  
 Through Chaos hurled, obstruct the mouth of Hell  
 For ever, and seal up his ravenous jaws.  
 Then Heaven and Earth, renewed, shall be made pure  
 To sanctity that shall receive no stain:  
 Till then the curse pronounced on both precedes." 640

He ended, and the Heavenly audience loud  
 Sung Halleluiah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung:—"Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees on all thy works;  
 Who can extenuate thee? Next, to the Son,  
 Destined restorer of Mankind, by whom  
 New Heaven and Earth shall to the ages rise,  
 Or down from Heaven descend." Such was their song,  
 While the Creator, calling forth by name  
 His mighty Angels, gave them several charge, 650  
 As sorted best with present things. The Sun  
 Had first his precept so to move, so shine,  
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat  
 Scarce tolerable, and from the north to call  
 Decrepit winter, from the south to bring  
 Solstitial summer's heat. To the blanc Moon  
 Her office they prescribed; to the other five  
 Their planetary motions and aspects,  
 In sextile, square, and trine, and opposite,  
 Of noxious efficacy, and when to join 660  
 In synod unbenign; and taught the fixed  
 Their influence malignant when to shower—  
 Which of them, rising with the Sun or falling,  
 Should prove tempestuous. To the winds they set  
 Their corners, when with bluster to confound  
 Sea, air, and shore; the thunder when to roll  
 With terror through the dark aerial hall.  
 Some say he bid his Angels turn askance  
 The poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more  
 From the Sun's axle; they with labour pushed 670

Oblique the centric Globe: some say the Sun  
Was bid turn reins from the equinoctial road  
Like distant breadth—to Taurus with the seven  
Atlantic Sisters, and the Spartan Twins,  
Up to the Tropic Crab; thence down amain  
By Leo, and the Virgin, and the Scales,  
As deep as Capricorn; to bring in change  
Of seasons to each clime. Else had the spring  
Perpetual smiled on Earth with vernant flowers,  
Equal in days and nights, except to those 680  
Beyond the polar circles; to them day  
Had unbenighted shone, while the low Sun,  
To recompense his distance, in their sight  
Had rounded still the horizon, and not known  
Or east or west—which had forbid the snow  
From cold Estotiland, and south as far  
Beneath Magellan. At that tasted fruit,  
The Sun, as from Thyestean banquet, turned  
His course intended; else how had the world 690  
Inhabited, though sinless, more than now  
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heat?  
These changes in the heavens, though slow, produced  
Like change on sea and land—sidual blast,  
Vapour, and mist, and exhalation hot,  
Corrupt and pestilent. Now from the north  
Of Norumbega, and the Samoed shore,  
Bursting their brazen dungeon, armed with ice,  
And snow, and hail, and stormy gust and flaw,  
Boreas and Cæcias and Argestes loud  
And Thrascias rend the woods, and seas upturn; 700  
With adverse blasts upturns them from the south  
Notus and Afer, black with thundrous clouds  
From Serralliona; thwart of these, as fierce  
Forth rush the Levant and the Ponent winds,  
Eurus and Zephyr, with their lateral noise,  
Sirocco and Libecchio. Thus began  
Outrage from lifeless things; but Discord first,  
Daughter of Sin, among the irrational  
Death introduced through fierce antipathy.  
Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl, 710  
And fish with fish. To graze the herb all leaving  
Devoured each other; nor stood much in awe  
Of Man, but fled him, or with countenance grim  
Glared on him passing. These were from without  
The growing miseries; which Adam saw  
Already in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,  
To sorrow abandoned, but worse felt within,

And, in a troubled sea of passion tost,  
Thus to disburden sought with sad complaint:—

“O miserable of happy! Is this the end  
Of this new glorious World, and me so late  
The glory of that glory? who now, become  
Accursed of blessed, hide me from the face  
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth  
Of happiness! Yet well, if here would end  
The misery! I deserved it, and would bear  
My own deservings. But this will not serve:  
All that I eat or drink, or shall beget,  
Is propagated curse. O voice, once heard  
Delightfully, ‘*Increase and multiply;*’  
Now death to hear! for what can I increase  
Or multiply but curses on my head?

720

730

Who, of all ages to succeed, but, feeling  
The evil on him brought by me, will curse  
My head? ‘Ill fare our Ancestor impure!  
For this we may thank Adam!’ but his thanks  
Shall be the execration. So, besides

Mine own that bide upon me, all from me  
Shall with a fierce reflux on me redound—  
On me, as on their natural centre, light;  
Heavy, though in their place. O fleeting joys  
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!  
Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay  
To mould me Man? Did I solicit thee  
From darkness to promote me, or here place  
In this delicious Garden? As my will  
Concurred not to my being, it were but right  
And equal to reduce me to my dust,  
Desirous to resign and render back

740

All I received, unable to perform  
Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold  
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,  
Sufficient penalty, why hast thou added  
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable  
Thy justice seems. Yet, to say truth, too late  
I thus contest; then should have been refused  
Those terms, whatever, when they were proposed.  
Thou didst accept them: wilt thou enjoy the good,  
Then cavil the conditions? And, though God  
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy son  
Prove disobedient, and, reprov’d, retort,  
‘Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not!’  
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee  
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,

750

760

But natural necessity, begot.  
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own  
To serve him; thy reward was of his grace;  
Thy punishment, then, justly is at his will.  
Be it so, for I submit; his doom is fair,  
That dust I am, and shall to dust return. 770  
O welcome hour whenever! Why delays  
His hand to execute what his decree  
Fixed on this day? Why do I overlive?  
Why am I mocked with death, and lengthened out  
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet  
Mortality, my sentence, and be earth  
Insensible! how glad would lay me down  
As in my mother's lap! There I should rest,  
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more  
Would thunder in my ears; no fear of worse 780  
To me and to my offspring would torment me  
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt  
Pursues me still—lest all I cannot die;  
Lest that pure breath of life, the Spirit of Man  
Which God inspired, cannot together perish  
With this corporeal clod. Then, in the grave,  
Or in some other dismal place, who knows  
But I shall die a living death? O thought  
Horrid, if true! Yet why? It was but breath  
Of life that sinned: what dies but what had life 790  
And sin? The body properly hath neither.  
All of me, then, shall die: let this appease  
The doubt, since human reach no further knows.  
For, though the Lord of all be infinite,  
Is his wrath also? Be it, Man is not so,  
But mortal doomed. How can he exercise  
Wrath without end on Man, whom death must end?  
Can he make deathless death? That were to make  
Strange contradiction; which to God himself 800  
Impossible is held, as argument  
Of weakness, not of power. Will he draw out,  
For anger's sake, finite to infinite  
In punished Man, to satisfy his rigour  
Satisfied never? That were to extend  
His sentence beyond dust and Nature's law;  
By which all causes else according still  
To the reception of their matter act,  
Not to the extent of their own sphere. But say  
That death be not one stroke, as I supposed,  
Bereaving sense, but endless misery 810  
From this day onward, which I feel begun

Both in me and without me, and so last  
To perpetuity—Ay me! that fear  
Comes thundering back with dreadful revolution  
On my defenceless head! Both Death and I  
Am found eternal, and incorporate both:  
Nor I on my part single; in me all  
Posterity stands cursed. Fair patrimony  
That I must leave ye, sons! Oh, were I able  
To waste it all myself, and leave ye none!  
So disinherited, how would ye bless  
Me, now your curse! Ah, why should all Mankind,  
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned?  
If guiltless! But from me what can proceed  
But all corrupt—both mind and will depraved  
Not to do only, but to will the same  
With me? How can they, then, acquitted stand  
In sight of God? Him, after all disputes,  
Forced I absolve. All my evasions vain  
And reasonings, though through mazes, lead me still  
But to my own conviction: first and last  
On me, me only, as the source and spring  
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due.  
So might the wrath! Fond wish! couldst thou support  
That burden, heavier than the Earth to bear—  
Than all the world much heavier, though divided  
With that bad Woman? Thus, what thou desir'st,  
And what thou fear'st, alike destroys all hope  
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable  
Beyond all past example and future—  
To Satan only like, both crime and doom.  
O Conscience! into what abyss of fears  
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which  
I find no way, from deep to deeper plunged!"

820

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840

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud  
Through the still night—not now, as ere Man fell,  
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air  
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom;  
Which to his evil conscience represented  
All things with double terror. On the ground  
Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground, and oft  
Cursed his creation; Death as oft accused  
Of tardy execution, since denounced  
The day of his offence. "Why comes not Death,"  
Said he, "with one thrice-acceptable stroke  
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,  
Justice divine not hasten to be just?  
But Death comes not at call; Justice divine

850

Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.  
O woods, O fountains, hillocks, dales, and bowers ! 860  
With other echo late I taught your shades  
To answer, and resound far other song."  
Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,  
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,  
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed ;  
But her, with stern regard, he thus repelled :—  
" Out of my sight, thou serpent ! That name best  
Befits thee, with him leagued, thyself as false  
And hateful : nothing wants, but that thy shape  
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show 870  
Thy inward fraud, to warn all creatures from thee  
Henceforth, lest that too heavenly form, pretended  
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee  
I had persisted happy, had not thy pride  
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,  
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained  
Not to be trusted—longing to be seen,  
Though by the Devil himself ; him overweening  
To overreach ; but, with the Serpent meeting,  
Fooled and beguiled ; by him thou, I by thee, 880  
To trust thee from my side, imagined wise,  
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,  
And understood not all was but a show,  
Rather than solid virtue, all but a rib  
Crooked by nature—bent, as now appears,  
More to the part sinister—from me drawn ;  
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary  
To my just number found ! Oh, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With Spirits masculine, create at last 890  
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect  
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once  
With men as Angels, without feminine ;  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befallen,  
And more that shall befall—innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,  
And strait conjunction with this sex. For either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ; 900  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained  
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld  
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound

To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound."

He added not, and from her turned; but Eve,  
Not so repulsed, with tears that ceased not flowing,  
And tresses all disordered, at his feet  
Fell humble, and, embracing them, besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:—

910

"Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness Heaven  
What love sincere and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceived! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not  
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay. Forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?  
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,  
Between us two let there be peace; both joining,  
As joined in injuries, one enmity

920

Against a foe by doom express assigned us,  
That cruel Serpent. On me exercise not  
Thy hatred for this misery befallen—  
On me already lost, me than thyself  
More miserable. Both have sinned; but thou  
Against God only; I against God and thee,  
And to the place of judgment will return,  
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all  
The sentence, from thy head removed, may light  
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,  
Me, me only, just object of His ire."

930

She ended, weeping; and her lowly plight,  
Immovable till peace obtained from fault  
Acknowledged and deplored, in Adam wrought  
Commiseration. Soon his heart relented  
Towards her, his life so late, and sole delight,  
Now at his feet submissive in distress—  
Creature so fair his reconciliation seeking,  
His counsel whom she had displeased, his aid.  
As one disarmed, his anger all he lost,  
And thus with peaceful words upraised her soon:—

940

"Unwary, and too desirous, as before  
So now, of what thou know'st not, who desir'st  
The punishment all on thyself! Alas!  
Bear thine own first, ill able to sustain  
His full wrath whose thou feel'st as yet least part,  
And my displeasure bear'st so ill. If prayers

950

Could alter high decrees, I to that place  
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,  
 That on my head all might be visited,  
 Thy frailty and infirmer sex forgiven,  
 To me committed, and by me exposed.  
 But rise; let us no more contend, nor blame  
 Each other, blamed enough elsewhere, but strive  
 In offices of love how we may lighten  
 Each other's burden in our share of woe;  
 Since this day's death denounced, if aught I see,  
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-paced evil,  
 A long day's dying, to augment our pain,  
 And to our seed (O hapless seed!) derived."

960

To whom thus Eve, recovering heart, replied:—

"Adam, by sad experiment I know  
 How little weight my words with thee can find,  
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event  
 Found so unfortunate. Nevertheless,  
 Restored by thee, vile as I am, to place  
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regain  
 Thy love, the sole contentment of my heart,  
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide  
 What thoughts in my unquiet breast are risen,  
 Tending to some relief of our extremes,  
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,  
 As in our evils, and of easier choice.

970

If care of our descent perplex us most,  
 Which must be born to certain woe, devoured  
 By Death at last (and miserable it is  
 To be to others cause of misery,  
 Our own begotten, and of our loins to bring  
 Into this cursed world a woeful race,  
 That, after wretched life, must be at last  
 Food for so foul a monster), in thy power  
 It lies, yet ere conception, to prevent  
 The race unblest, to being yet unbegot.  
 Childless thou art; childless remain. So Death  
 Shall be deceived his glut, and with us two  
 Be forced to satisfy his ravenous maw.  
 But, if thou judge it hard and difficult,  
 Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain  
 From love's due rites, nuptial embraces sweet,  
 And with desire to languish without hope  
 Before the present object languishing  
 With like desire—which would be misery  
 And torment less than none of what we dread—  
 Then, both our selves and seed at once to free

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990

From what we fear for both, let us make short;  
Let us seek Death, or, he not found, supply  
With our own hands his office on ourselves.  
Why stand we longer shivering under fears  
That show no end but death, and have the power,  
Of many ways to die the shortest choosing,  
Destruction with destruction to destroy?"

1000

She ended here, or vehement despair  
Broke off the rest; so much of death her thoughts  
Had entertained as dyed her cheeks with pale.  
But Adam, with such counsel nothing swayed,  
To better hopes his more attentive mind  
Labouring had raised, and thus to Eve replied:—

1010

"Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems  
To argue in thee something more sublime  
And excellent than what thy mind contemns:  
But self-destruction therefore sought refutes  
That excellence thought in thee, and implies  
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret  
For loss of life and pleasure overloved.

1020

Or, if thou covet death, as utmost end  
Of misery, so thinking to evade  
The penalty pronounced, doubt not but God  
Hath wiselier armed his vengeful ire than so  
To be forestalled. Much more I fear lest death  
So snatched will not exempt us from the pain  
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts  
Of contumacy will provoke the Highest  
To make death in us live. Then let us seek  
Some safer resolution—which methinks  
I have in view, calling to mind with heed  
Part of our sentence, that thy seed shall bruise  
The Serpent's head. Piteous amends! unless  
Be meant whom I conjecture, our grand foe,  
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contrived  
Against us this deceit. To crush his head  
Would be revenge indeed—which will be lost  
By death brought on ourselves, or childless days  
Resolved as thou proposest; so our foe  
Shall scape his punishment ordained, and we  
Instead shall double ours upon our heads.  
No more be mentioned, then, of violence  
Against ourselves, and wilful barrenness  
That cuts us off from hope, and savours only  
Rancour and pride, impatience and despite,  
Reluctance against God and his just yoke  
Laid on our necks. Remember with what mild

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And gracious temper he both heard and judged,  
Without wrath or reviling. We expected  
Immediate dissolution, which we thought  
Was meant by death that day; when, lo! to thee 1050  
Pains only in child-bearing were foretold,  
And bringing forth, soon recompensed with joy,  
Fruit of thy womb. On me the curse aslope  
Glanced on the ground. With labour I must earn  
My bread; what harm? Idleness had been worse;  
My labour will sustain me; and, lest cold  
Or heat should injure us, his timely 'care  
Hath, unbesought, provided, and his hands  
Clothed us unworthy, pitying while he judged.  
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060  
Be open, and his heart to pity incline,  
And teach us further by what means to shun  
The inclement seasons, rain, ice, hail, and snow!  
Which now the sky, with various face, begins  
To show us in this mountain, while the winds  
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks  
Of these fair spreading trees; which bids us seek  
Some better shroud, some better warmth to cherish  
Our limbs benumbed—ere this diurnal star  
Leave cold the night, how we his gathered beams 1070  
Reflected may with matter sere foment,  
Or by collision of two bodies grind  
The air attrite to fire; as late the clouds,  
Justling, or pushed with winds, rude in their shock,  
Tine the slant lightning, whose thwart flame, driven down,  
Kindles the gummy bark of fir or pine,  
And sends a comfortable heat from far,  
Which might supply the Sun. Such fire to use,  
And what may else be remedy or cure  
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought, 1080  
He will instruct us praying, and of grace  
Beseeching him; so as we need not fear  
To pass commodiously this life, sustained  
By him with many comforts, till we end  
In dust, our final rest and native home.  
What better can we do than, to the place  
Repairing where he judged us, prostrate fall  
Before him reverent, and there confess  
Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with our sighs the air 1090  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek?  
Undoubtedly he will relent, and turn,

From his displeasure, in whose look serene,  
When angry most he seemed and most severe,  
What else but favour, grace, and mercy shone?"

So spake our Father penitent; nor Eve  
Felt less remorse. They, forthwith to the place  
Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell  
Before him reverent, and both confessed  
Humbly their faults, and pardon begged, with tears  
Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air  
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign  
Of sorrow unfeigned and humiliation meek.

1100

THE END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XI.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Son of God presents to his Father the prayers of our first parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things: Michael's coming down. Adam shows to Eve certain ominous signs: he discerns Michael's approach; goes out to meet him: the Angel denounces their departure. Eve's lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits: the Angel leads him up to a high hill; sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood  
Praying; for from the mercy-seat above  
Prevenient grace descending had removed  
The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh  
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breathed  
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer  
Inspired, and winged for Heaven with speedier flight  
Than loudest oratory. Yet their port  
Not of mean suitors; nor important less  
Seemed their petition than when the ancient pair  
In fables old, less ancient yet than these, 10  
Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore  
The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine  
Of Themis stood devout. To Heaven their prayers  
Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds  
Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed  
Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then, clad  
With incense, where the golden altar fumed,  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne. Them the glad Son 20  
Presenting thus to intercede began:—

“See, Father, what first-fruits on Earth are sprung  
From thy implanted grace in Man—these sighs  
And prayers, which in this golden censur, mixed

With incense, I, thy priest, before thee bring ;  
Fruits of more pleasing savour, from thy seed  
Sown with contrition in his heart, than those  
Which, his own hand manuring, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produced, ere fallen  
From innocence. Now, therefore, bend thine ear 30  
To supplication ; hear his sighs, though mute ;  
Unskilful with what words to pray, let me  
Interpret for him, me his advocate  
And propitiation ; all his works on me,  
Good or not good, ingraft ; my merit those  
Shall perfect, and for these my death shall pay.  
Accept me, and in me from these receive  
The smell of peace toward Mankind ; let him live,  
Before thee reconciled, at least his days  
Numbered, though sad, till death, his doom (which I 40  
To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse),  
To better life shall yield him, where with me  
All my redeemed may dwell in joy and bliss,  
Made one with me, as I with thee am one."

To whom the Father, without cloud, serene :—  
"All thy request for Man, accepted Son,  
Obtain ; all thy request was my decree.  
But longer in that Paradise to dwell  
The law I gave to Nature him forbids ;  
Those pure immortal elements, that know 50  
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foul,  
Eject him, tainted now, and purge him off,  
As a distemper, gross, to air as gross,  
And mortal food, as may dispose him best  
For dissolution wrought by sin, that first  
Distempered all things, and of incorrupt  
Corrupted. I, at first, with two fair gifts  
Created him endowed—with Happiness  
And Immortality ; that fondly lost,  
This other served but to eternize woe, 60  
Till I provided Death : so Death becomes  
His final remedy, and, after life  
Tried in sharp tribulation, and refined  
By faith and faithful works, to second life,  
Waked in the renovation of the just,  
Resigns him up with Heaven and Earth renewed.  
But let us call to synod all the Blest  
Through Heaven's wide bounds ; from them I will not hide  
My judgments—how with Mankind I proceed,  
As how with peccant Angels late they saw, 70  
And in their state, though firm, stood more confirmed."

He ended, and the Son gave signal high  
To the bright Minister that watched. He blew  
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps  
When God descended, and perhaps once more  
To sound at general doom. The angelic blast  
Filled all the regions : from their blissful bowers  
Of amarantine shade, fountain or spring,  
By the waters of life, where'er they sat  
In fellowships of joy, the Sons of Light 80  
Hasted, resorting to the summons high,  
And took their seats, till from his throne supreme  
The Almighty thus pronounced his sovran will :—

“O Sons, like one of us Man is become  
To know both good and evil, since his taste  
Of that defended fruit ; but let him boast  
His knowledge of good lost and evil got,  
Happier had it sufficed him to have known  
Good by itself and evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prays contrite— 90  
My motions in him ; longer than they move,  
His heart I know how variable and vain,  
Self-left. Lest, therefore, his now bolder hand  
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,  
And live for ever, dream at least to live  
For ever, to remove him I decree,

And send him from the Garden forth, to till  
The ground whence he was taken, fitter soil.  
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge :  
Take to thee from among the Cherubim 100  
Thy choice of flaming warriors, lest the Fiend,  
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade

Vacant possession, some new trouble raise ;  
Haste thee, and from the Paradise of God  
Without remorse drive out the sinful pair,  
From hallowed ground the unholy, and denounce  
To them, and to their progeny, from thence  
Perpetual banishment. Yet, lest they faint  
At the sad sentence rigorously urged  
(For I behold them softened, and with tears 110  
Bewailing their excess), all terror hide.

If patiently thy bidding they obey,  
Dismiss them not disconsolate ; reveal  
To Adam what shall come in future days,  
As I shall thee enlighten ; intermix  
My covenant in the Woman's seed renewed.  
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace ;  
And on the east side of the Garden place,

Where entrance up from Eden easiest climbs,  
 Cherubic watch, and of a sword the flame 120  
 Wide-waving, all approach far off to fright,  
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life;  
 Lest Paradise a receptacle prove  
 To Spirits foul, and all my trees their prey,  
 With whose stolen fruit Man once more to delude."

He ceased, and the Archangelic Power prepared  
 For swift descent; with him the cohort bright  
 Of watchful Cherubim. Four faces each  
 Had, like a double Janus; all their shape 130  
 Spangled with eyes more numerous than those  
 Of Argus, and more wakeful than to drowse,  
 Charmed with Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed  
 Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. Meanwhile,  
 To resalute the World with sacred light,  
 Leucothea waked, and with fresh dews embalmed  
 The Earth, when Adam and first matron Eve  
 Had ended now their orisons, and found  
 Strength added from above, new hope to spring  
 Out of despair, joy, but with fear yet linked;  
 Which thus to Eve his welcome words renewed:— 140

"Eve, easily may faith admit that all  
 The good which we enjoy from Heaven descends;  
 But that from us aught should ascend to Heaven  
 So prevalent as to concern the mind  
 Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,  
 Hard to belief may seem. Yet this will prayer,  
 Or one short sigh of human breath, upborne  
 Even to the seat of God. For, since I sought  
 By prayer the offended Deity to appease,  
 Kneeled and before him humbled all my heart, 150  
 Methought I saw him placable and mild,  
 Bending his ear; persuasion in me grew  
 That I was heard with favour; peace returned  
 Home to my breast, and to my memory  
 His promise that thy seed shall bruise our Foe;  
 Which, then not minded in dismay, yet now  
 Assures me that the bitterness of death  
 Is past, and we shall live. Whence hail to thee!  
 Eve rightly called, Mother of all Mankind,  
 Mother of all things living, since by thee 160  
 Man is to live, and all things live for Man."

To whom thus Eve with sad demeanour meek:—  
 "Ill-worthy I such title should belong  
 To me transgressor, who, for thee ordained  
 A help, became thy snare; to me reproach

Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise.  
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,  
That I, who first brought death on all, am graced  
The source of life; next favourable thou,  
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,  
Far other name deserving. But the field,  
To labour calls us, now with sweat imposed,  
Though after sleepless night; for see! the Morn,  
All unconcerned with our unrest, begins  
Her rosy progress smiling. Let us forth,  
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,  
Where'er our day's work lies, though now enjoined  
Laborious, till day droop. While here we dwell,  
What can be toilsome in these pleasant walks?  
Here let us live, though in fallen state, content."

170

180

So spake, so wished, much-humbled Eve; but Fate  
Subscribed not. Nature first gave signs, impressed  
On bird, beast, air—air suddenly eclipsed,  
After short blush of morn. Nigh in her sight  
The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,  
Two birds of gayest plume before him drove;  
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind;  
Direct to the eastern gate was bent their flight.  
Adam observed, and, with his eye the chase  
Pursuing, not unmoved to Eve thus spake:—

190

"O Eve, some further change awaits us nigh,  
Which Heaven by these mute signs in Nature shows,  
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn  
Us, haply too secure of our discharge  
From penalty because from death released  
Some days: how long, and what till then our life,  
Who knows, or more than this, that we are dust,  
And thither must return, and be no more?  
Why else this double object in our sight,  
Of flight pursued in the air and o'er the ground  
One way the self-same hour? Why in the east  
Darkness ere day's mid-course, and morning-light  
More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends, with something Heavenly fraught?"

200

He erred not; for, by this, the Heavenly bands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt—  
A glorious apparition, had not doubt  
And carnal fear that day dimmed Adam's eye.

210

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met  
Jacob in Mahanaim, where he saw  
The field pavilioned with his guardians bright ;  
Nor that which on the flaming mount appeared  
In Dothan, covered with a camp of fire,  
Against the Syrian king, who, to surprise  
One man, assassin-like, had levied war,  
War unproclaimed. The princely Hierarch  
In their bright stand there left his Powers to seize  
Possession of the Garden ; he alone,  
To find where Adam sheltered, took his way,  
Not unperceived of Adam ; who to Eve,  
While the great visitant approached, thus spake :—

220

“Eve, now expect great tidings, which, perhaps,  
Of us will soon determine, or impose  
New laws to be observed ; for I descry,  
From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill,  
One of the Heavenly host, and, by his gait,  
None of the meanest—some great Potentate  
Or of the Thrones above, such majesty  
Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,  
That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
But solemn and sublime ; whom, not to offend,  
With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.”

230

He ended ; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
Clad to meet man. Over his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flowed,  
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain  
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old  
In time of truce ; Iris had dipt the woof.  
His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime  
In manhood where youth ended ; by his side,  
As in a glistening zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
Adam bowed low ; he, kingly, from his state  
Inclined not, but his coming thus declared :—

240

“Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs.  
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and Death,  
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
Defeated of his seizure many days,  
Given thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,  
And one bad act with many deeds well done  
May'st cover. Well may then thy Lord, appeased,  
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim ;  
But longer in this Paradise to dwell

250

Permits not. To remove thee I am come,  
And send thee from the Garden forth, to till  
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil." 260  
He added not ; for Adam, at the news  
Heart-strook, with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discovered soon the place of her retire :—

"O unexpected stroke, worse than of Death !  
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise ? thus leave  
Thee, native soil ? these happy walks and shades, 270  
Fit haunt of Gods, where I had hope to spend,  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both ? O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,  
Who now shall rear ye to the Sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?  
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned 280  
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee  
How shall I part, and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this obscure  
And wild ? How shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?"

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild :—  
"Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign  
What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,  
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine.  
Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes 290  
Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;  
Where he abides, think there thy native soil."

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp  
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,  
To Michael thus his humble words addressed :—  
"Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or named  
Of them the highest—for such of shape may seem  
Prince above princes—gently hast thou told  
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,  
And in performing end us. What besides 300  
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,  
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring—  
Departure from this happy place, our sweet  
Recess, and only consolation left  
Familiar to our eyes ; all places else  
Inhospitable appear, and desolate,

Nor knowing us, nor known. And, if by prayer  
Incessant I could hope to change the will  
Of him who all things can, I would not cease  
To weary him with my assiduous cries ; 310  
But prayer against his absolute decree  
No more avails than breath against the wind,  
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :  
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.  
This most afflicts me—that, departing hence,  
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived  
His blessed countenance. Here I could frequent,  
With worship, place by place where he voutsafed  
Presence Divine, and to my sons relate,  
' On this mount He appeared ; under this tree 320  
Stood visible ; among these pines his voice  
I heard ; here with him at this fountain talked.'  
So many grateful altars I would rear  
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone  
Of lustre from the brook, in memory  
Or monument to ages, and thereon  
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.  
In yonder nether world where shall I seek  
His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?  
For, though I fled him angry, yet, recalled 330  
To life prolonged and promised race, I now  
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts  
Of glory, and far off his steps adore."

To whom thus Michael, with regard benign :—  
"Adam, thou know'st Heaven his, and all the Earth,  
Not this rock only ; his omnipresence fills  
Land, sea, and air, and every kind that lives,  
Fomented by his virtual power and warmed.  
All the Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,  
No despicable gift ; surmise not, then, 340  
His presence to these narrow bounds confined  
Of Paradise or Eden. This had been  
Perhaps thy capital seat, from whence had spread  
All generations, and had hither come,  
From all the ends of the Earth, to celebrate  
And reverence thee their great progenitor.  
But this pre-eminence thou hast lost, brought down  
To dwell on even ground now with thy sons :  
Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain  
God is, as here, and will be found alike 350  
Present, and of his presence many a sign  
Still following thee, still compassing thee round  
With goodness and paternal love, his face

Express, and of his steps the track divine.  
Which that thou may'st believe, and be confirmed  
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent  
To show thee what shall come in future days  
To thee and to thy offspring. Good with bad  
Expect to hear, supernal grace contending  
With sinfulness of men—thereby to learn  
True patience, and to temper joy with fear  
And pious sorrow, equally inured  
By moderation either state to bear,  
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead  
Safest thy life, and best prepared endure  
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend  
This hill; let Eve (for I have drenched her eyes)  
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,  
As once thou slept'st while she to life was formed.”

360

To whom thus Adam gratefully replied:—  
“Ascend; I follow thee, safe guide, the path  
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heaven submit,  
However chastening—to the evil turn  
My obvious breast, arming to overcome  
By suffering, and earn rest from labour won,  
If so I may attain.” So both ascend  
In the visions of God. It was a hill,  
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top  
The hemisphere of Earth in clearest ken  
Stretched out to the amplest reach of prospect lay.  
Not higher that hill, nor wider looking round,  
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set  
Our second Adam, in the wilderness,  
To show him all Earth's kingdoms and their glory.  
His eye might there command wherever stood  
City of old or modern fame, the seat  
Of mightiest empire, from the destined walls  
Of Cambalu, seat of Cathaian Can,  
And Samarchand by Oxus, Temir's throne,  
To Paquin, of Sinæan kings, and thence  
To Agra and Lahor of Great Mogul,  
Down to the golden Chersonese, or where  
The Persian in Ecbatan sat, or since  
In Hispahan, or where the Russian Ksar  
In Mosco, or the Sultan in Bizance,  
Turchestan-born; nor could his eye not ken  
The empire of Negus to his utmost port  
Ercoco, and the less maritime kings,  
Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,  
And Sofala (thought Ophir), to the realm

370

380

390

400

Of Congo, and Angola farthest south,  
 Or thence from Niger flood to Atlas mount,  
 The kingdoms of Almansor, Fez and Sus,  
 Marocco, and Algiers, and Tremisen;  
 On Europe thence, and where Rome was to sway  
 The world: in spirit perhaps he also saw  
 Rich Mexico, the seat of Montezume,  
 And Cusco in Peru, the richer seat  
 Of Atabalipa, and yet unspoiled

Guiana, whose great city Geryon's sons  
 Call El Dorado. But to nobler sights  
 Michael from Adam's eyes the film removed  
 Which that false fruit that promised clearer sight  
 Had bred; then purged with euphrasy and rue  
 The visual nerve, for he had much to see,  
 And from the well of life three drops instilled.

410

So deep the power of these ingredients pierced,  
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight,  
 That Adam, now enforced to close his eyes,  
 Sunk down, and all his spirits became entranced.  
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand  
 Soon raised, and his attention thus recalled:—

420

“Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold  
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought  
 In some to spring from thee, who never touched  
 The excepted tree, nor with the Snake conspired,  
 Nor sinned thy sin, yet from that sin derive  
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.”

His eyes he opened, and beheld a field,  
 Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves  
 New-reaped, the other part sheep-walks and folds;  
 I' the midst an altar as the landmark stood,  
 Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon

430

A sweaty reaper from his tillage brought  
 First-fruits, the green ear and the yellow sheaf,  
 Unculled, as came to hand. A shepherd next,  
 More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,  
 Choicest and best; then, sacrificing, laid  
 The inwards and their fat, with incense strewed,  
 On the cleft wood, and all due rites performed.  
 His offering soon propitious fire from heaven  
 Consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam;  
 The other's not, for his was not sincere:  
 Whereat he inly raged, and, as they talked,  
 Smote him into the midriff with a stone  
 That beat out life; he fell, and, deadly pale,  
 Groaned out his soul, with gushing blood effused.

440

Much at that sight was Adam in his heart  
Dismayed, and thus in haste to the Angel cried:—

“O Teacher, some great mischief hath befallen  
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed:  
Is piety thus and pure devotion paid?” 450

To whom Michael thus, he also moved, replied:—

“These two are brethren, Adam, and to come  
Out of thy loins. The unjust the just hath slain,  
For envy that his brother’s offering found  
From Heaven acceptance; but the bloody fact  
Will be avenged, and the other’s faith approved  
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,  
Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our Sire:— 460

“Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!

But have I now seen Death? Is this the way

I must return to native dust? O sight

Of terror, foul and ugly to behold!

Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!”

To whom thus Michael:—“Death thou hast seen

In his first shape on Man; but many shapes

Of Death, and many are the ways that lead

To his grim cave—all dismal, yet to sense

More terrible at the entrance than within. 470

Some, as thou saw’st, by violent stroke shall die,

By fire, flood, famine; by intemperance more

In meats and drinks, which on the Earth shall bring

Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew

Before thee shall appear, that thou may’st know

What misery the inabstinence of Eve

Shall bring on men.” Immediately a place

Before his eyes appeared, sad, noisome, dark;

A lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid

Numbers of all diseased—all maladies 480

Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms

Of heart-sick agony, all feverous kinds,

Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs,

Intestine stone and ulcer, colic pangs,

Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,

And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,

Dropsies and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair

Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch; 490

And over them triumphant Death his dart

Shook, but delayed to strike, though oft invoked

With vows, as their chief good and final hope.

Sight so deform what heart of rock could long

Dry-eyed behold? Adam could not, but wept,  
 Though not of woman born: compassion quelled  
 His best of man, and gave him up to tears  
 A space, till firmer thoughts restrained excess,  
 And, scarce recovering words, his plaint renewed:—

“O miserable Mankind, to what fall  
 Degraded, to what wretched state reserved!  
 Better end here unborn. Why is life given  
 To be thus wrested from us? rather why  
 Obtruded on us thus? who, if we knew  
 What we receive, would either not accept  
 Life offered, or soon beg to lay it down,  
 Glad to be so dismissed in peace. Can thus  
 The image of God in Man, created once  
 So goodly and erect, though faulty since,  
 To such unsightly sufferings be debased  
 Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,  
 Retaining still divine similitude  
 In part, from such deformities be free,  
 And for his Maker’s image’ sake exempt?”

“Their Maker’s image,” answered Michael, “then  
 Forsook them, when themselves they vilified  
 To serve ungoverned Appetite, and took  
 His image whom they served—a brutish vice,  
 Inductive mainly to the sin of Eve.  
 Therefore so abject is their punishment,  
 Disfiguring not God’s likeness, but their own;  
 Or, if his likeness, by themselves defaced  
 While they pervert pure Nature’s healthful rules  
 To loathsome sickness—worthily, since they  
 God’s image did not reverence in themselves.”

“I yield it just,” said Adam, “and submit.  
 But is there yet no other way, besides  
 These painful passages, how we may come  
 To death, and mix with our connatural dust?”

“There is,” said Michael, “if thou well observe  
 The rule of *Not too much*, by temperance taught  
 In what thou eat’st and drink’st, seeking from thence  
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,  
 Till many years over thy head return.  
 So may’st thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop  
 Into thy mother’s lap, or be with ease  
 Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.  
 This is old age; but then thou must outlive  
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change  
 To withered, weak, and grey; thy senses then,  
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgo

To what thou hast ; and, for the air of youth,  
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign  
A melancholy damp of cold and dry,  
To weigh thy spirits down, and last consume  
The balm of life." To whom our Ancestor :—

"Henceforth I fly not death, nor would prolong  
Life much—bent rather how I may be quit,  
Fairest and easiest, of this cumbrous charge,  
Which I must keep till my appointed day  
Of rendering up, and patiently attend  
My dissolution." Michâël replied :—

550

"Nor love thy life, nor hate ; but what thou liv'st  
Live well ; how long or short permit to Heaven.  
And now prepare thee for another sight."

He looked, and saw a spacious plain, whereon  
Were tents of various hue : by some were herds  
Of cattle grazing : others whence the sound  
Of instruments that made melodious chime  
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who moved  
Their stops and chords was seen : his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions low and high  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

560

In other part stood one who, at the forge  
Labouring, two massy clods of iron and brass  
Had melted (whether found where casual fire  
Had wasted woods, on mountain or in vale,  
Down to the veins of earth, thence gliding hot  
To some cave's mouth, or whether washed by stream  
From underground) ; the liquid ore he drained  
Into fit moulds prepared ; from which he formed  
First his own tools, then what might else be wrought  
Fusil or graven in metal. After these,  
But on the hither side, a different sort

570

From the high neighbouring hills, which was their seat,  
Down to the plain descended : by their guise  
Just men they seemed, and all their study bent  
To worship God aright, and know his works  
Not hid ; nor those things last which might preserve  
Freedom and peace to men. They on the plain  
Long had not walked when from the tents behold  
A bevy of fair women, richly gay

580

In gems and wanton dress ! to the harp they sung  
Soft amorous ditties, and in dance came on.  
The men, though grave, eyed them, and let their eyes  
Rove without rein, till, in the amorous net  
Fast caught, they liked, and each his liking chose.  
And now of love they treat, till the evening-star,

Love's harbinger, appeared ; then, all in heat,  
 They light the nuptial torch, and bid invoke  
 Hymen, then first to marriage rites invoked :  
 With feast and music all the tents resound.  
 Such happy interview, and fair event  
 Of love and youth not lost, songs, garlands, flowers,  
 And charming symphonies, attached the heart  
 Of Adam, soon inclined to admit delight,  
 The bent of Nature ; which he thus expressed :—

590

“ True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,  
 Much better seems this vision, and more hope  
 Of peaceful days portends, than those two past :  
 Those were of hate and death, or pain much worse ;  
 Here Nature seems fulfilled in all her ends.”

600

To whom thus Michael :—“ Judge not what is best  
 By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,  
 Created, as thou art, to nobler end,  
 Holy and pure, conformity divine.

Those tents thou saw'st so pleasant were the tents  
 Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his race  
 Who slew his brother : studious they appear  
 Of arts that polish life, inventors rare ;  
 Unmindful of their Maker, though his Spirit  
 Taught them ; but they his gifts acknowledged none.

610

Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget ;  
 For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seemed  
 Of goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,  
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists  
 Woman's domestic honour and chief praise ;  
 Bred only and completed to the taste

Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,  
 To dress, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye ;—

620

To these that sober race of men, whose lives  
 Religious titled them the Sons of God,  
 Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,  
 Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles  
 Of these fair atheists, and now swim in joy  
 (Erelong to swim at large) and laugh ; for which  
 The world erelong a world of tears must weep.”

To whom thus Adam, of short joy bereft :—  
 “ O pity and shame, that they who to live well  
 Entered so fair should turn aside to tread  
 Paths indirect, or in the midway faint !  
 But still I see the tenor of Man's woe  
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.”

630

“ From Man's effeminate slackness it begins,”  
 Said the Angel, “ who should better hold his place

By wisdom, and superior gifts received.  
But now prepare thee for another scene."

He looked, and saw wide territory spread  
Before him—towns, and rural works between,  
Cities of men with lofty gates and towers, 640  
Concourse in arms, fierce faces threatening war,  
Giants of mighty bone and bold emprise.

Part wield their arms, part curb the foaming steed,  
Single or in array of battle ranged

Both horse and foot, nor idly mustering stood.

One way a band select from forage drives  
A herd of beeves, fair oxen and fair kine,  
From a fat meadow-ground, or fleecy flock,  
Ewes and their bleating lambs, over the plain,  
Their booty ; scarce with life the shepherds fly, 650  
But call in aid, which makes a bloody fray :

With cruel tournament the squadrons join ;  
Where cattle pastured late, now scattered lies  
With carcasses and arms the ensanguined field  
Deserted. Others to a city strong

Lay siege, encamped, by battery, scale, and mine,  
Assaulting ; others from the wall defend

With dart and javelin, stones and sulphurous fire ;  
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.

In other part the sceptred haralds call 660  
To council in the city-gates : anon

Grey-headed men and grave, with warriors mixed,  
Assemble, and harangues are heard ; but soon  
In factious opposition, till at last

Of middle age one rising, eminent

In wise deport, spake much of right and wrong,

Of justice, of religion, truth, and peace,

And judgment from above : him old and young

Exploded, and had seized with violent hands,

Had not a cloud descending snatched him thence, 670  
Unseen amid the throng. So violence

Proceeded, and oppression, and sword-law,

Through all the plain, and refuge none was found.

Adam was all in tears, and to his guide

Lamenting turned full sad :—"Oh, what are these ?

Death's ministers, not men ! who thus deal death

Inhumanly to men, and multiply

Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew

His brother ; for of whom such massacre

Make they but of their brethren, men of men ? 680

But who was that just man, whom had not Heaven  
Rescued, had in his righteousness been lost ?"

To whom thus Michael:—"These are the product  
Of those ill-mated marriages thou saw'st,  
Where good with bad were matched; who of themselves  
Abhor to join, and, by imprudence mixed,  
Produce prodigious births of body or mind.  
Such were these Giants, men of high renown;  
For in those days might only shall be admired,  
And valour and heroic virtue called.

690

To overcome in battle, and subdue  
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite  
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest pitch  
Of human glory, and, for glory done,  
Of triumph to be styled great conquerors,  
Patrons of mankind, gods, and sons of gods—  
Destroyers rightlier called, and plagues of men.  
Thus fame shall be achieved, renown on earth,  
And what most merits fame in silence hid.  
But he, the seventh from thee, whom thou beheld'st  
The only righteous in a world perverse,  
And therefore hated, therefore so beset  
With foes, for daring single to be just,  
And utter odious truth, that God would come  
To judge them with his Saints—him the Most High,  
Rapt in a balmy cloud, with winged steeds,  
Did, as thou saw'st, receive, to walk with God  
High in salvation and the climes of bliss,  
Exempt from death, to show thee what reward  
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;  
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold."

700

710

He looked, and saw the face of things quite changed.  
The brazen throat of war had ceased to roar;  
All now was turned to jollity and game,  
To luxury and riot, feast and dance,  
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,  
Rape or adultery, where passing fair  
Allured them; thence from cups to civil broils.  
At length a reverend sire among them came,  
And of their doings great dislike declared,  
And testified against their ways. He oft  
Frequented their assemblies, whereso met,  
Triumphs or festivals, and to them preached  
Conversion and repentance, as to souls  
In prison, under judgments imminent;  
But all in vain. Which when he saw, he ceased  
Contending, and removed his tents far off;  
Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,  
Began to build a vessel of huge bulk,

720

Measured by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth, 730  
Smeared round with pitch, and in the side a door  
Contrived, and of provisions laid in large  
For man and beast : when lo ! a wonder strange !  
Of every beast, and bird, and insect small,  
Came sevens and pairs, and entered in, as taught  
Their order ; last, the sire and his three sons,  
With their four wives ; and God made fast the door.  
Meanwhile the South-wind rose, and, with black wings  
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove  
From under heaven ; the hills to their supply 740  
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,  
Sent up amain ; and now the thickened sky  
Like a dark ceiling stood : down rushed the rain  
Impetuous, and continued till the earth  
No more was seen. The floating vessel swum  
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow  
Rode tilting o'er the waves ; all dwellings else  
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp  
Deep under water rolled ; sea covered sea,  
Sea without shore : and in their palaces, 750  
Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped  
And stabled : of mankind, so numerous late,  
All left in one small bottom swum embarked.  
How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,  
Depopulation ! Thee another flood,  
Of tears and sorrow a flood thee also drowned,  
And sunk thee as thy sons ; till, gently reared  
By the Angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
Though comfortless, as when a father mourns 760  
His children, all in view destroyed at once,  
And scarce to the Angel utter'dst thus thy plaint :—  
“ O visions ill foreseen ! Better had I  
Lived ignorant of future—so had borne  
My part of evil only, each day's lot  
Enough to bear. Those now that were dispensed  
The burden of many ages on me light  
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining birth  
Abortive, to torment me, ere their being,  
With thought that they must be. Let no man seek 770  
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall  
Him or his children—evil, he may be sure,  
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,  
And he the future evil shall no less  
In apprehension than in substance feel  
Grievous to bear. But that care now is past ;

Man is not whom to warn ; those few escaped  
 Famine and anguish will at last consume,  
 Wandering that watery desert. I had hope,  
 When violence was ceased and war on Earth, 780  
 All would have then gone well, peace would have crowned  
 With length of happy days the race of Man ;  
 But I was far deceived, for now I see  
 Peace to corrupt no less than war to waste.  
 How comes it thus ? Unfold, Celestial Guide,  
 And whether here the race of Man will end."

To whom thus Michael :—" Those whom last thou saw'st  
 In triumph and luxurious wealth are they  
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent  
 And great exploits, but of true virtue void ; 790  
 Who, having spilt much blood, and done much waste,  
 Subduing nations, and achieved thereby  
 Fame in the world, high titles, and rich prey,  
 Shall change their course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,  
 Surfeit, and lust, till wantonness and pride  
 Raise out of friendship hostile deeds in peace.  
 The conquered, also, and enslaved by war,  
 Shall, with their freedom lost, all virtue lose,  
 And fear of God—from whom their piety feigned  
 In sharp contest of battle found no aid 800  
 Against invaders ; therefore, cooled in zeal,  
 Thenceforth shall practise how to live secure,  
 Worldly or dissolute, on what their lords  
 Shall leave them to enjoy ; for the Earth shall bear  
 More than enough, that temperance may be tried.  
 So all shall turn degenerate, all depraved,  
 Justice and temperance, truth and faith, forgot ;  
 One man except, the only son of light  
 In a dark age, against example good,  
 Against allurement, custom, and a world 810  
 Offended. Fearless of reproach and scorn,  
 Or violence, he of their wicked ways  
 Shall them admonish, and before them set  
 The paths of righteousness, how much more safe  
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come  
 On their impenitence, and shall return  
 Of them derided, but of God observed  
 The one just man alive : by his command  
 Shall build a wondrous ark, as thou beheld'st,  
 To save himself and household from amidst 820  
 A world devote to universal wrack.  
 No sooner he, with them of man and beast  
 Select for life, shall in the ark be lodged

And sheltered round, but all the cataracts  
Of Heaven set open on the Earth shall pour  
Rain day and night ; all fountains of the deep,  
Broke up, shall heave the ocean to usurp  
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise  
Above the highest hills. Then shall this Mount  
Of Paradise by might of waves be moved 830  
Out of his place, pushed by the horned flood,  
With all his verdure spoiled, and trees adrift,  
Down the great river to the opening Gulf,  
And there take root, an island salt and bare,  
The haunt of seals, and orcs, and sea-mews' clang—  
To teach thee that God attributes to place  
No sanctity, if none be thither brought  
By men who there frequent or therein dwell.  
And now what further shall ensue behold."

He looked, and saw the ark hull on the flood, 840  
Which now abated ; for the clouds were fled,  
Driven by a keen North-wind, that, blowing dry,  
Wrinkled the face of deluge, as decayed ;  
And the clear sun on his wide watery glass  
Gazed hot, and of the fresh wave largely drew,  
As after thirst ; which made their flowing shrink  
From standing lake to tripping ebb, that stole  
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt  
His sluices, as the heaven his windows shut.  
The ark no more now floats, but seems on ground, 850  
Fast on the top of some high mountain fixed.  
And now the tops of hills as rocks appear ;  
With clamour thence the rapid currents drive  
Towards the retreating sea their furious tide.  
Forthwith from out the ark a raven flies,  
And, after him, the surer messenger,  
A dove, sent forth once and again to spy  
Green tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;  
The second time returning, in his bill  
An olive-leaf he brings, pacific sign. 860

Anon dry ground appears, and from his ark  
The ancient sire descends, with all his train ;  
Then, with uplifted hands and eyes devout,  
Grateful to Heaven, over his head beholds  
A dewy cloud, and in the cloud a bow  
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay,  
Betokening peace from God, and covenant new.  
Whereat the heart of Adam, erst so sad,  
Greatly rejoiced ; and thus his joy broke forth :—  
" O thou, who future things canst represent 870

As present, Heavenly Instructor, I revive  
At this last sight, assured that Man shall live,  
With all the creatures, and their seed preserve.  
Far less I now lament for one whole world  
Of wicked sons destroyed than I rejoice  
For one man found so perfect and so just  
That God voutsafes to raise another world  
From him, and all his anger to forget.  
But say what mean those coloured streaks in Heaven :  
Distended as the brow of God appeased?  
Or serve they as a flowery verge to bind  
The fluid skirts of that same watery cloud,  
Lest it again dissolve and shower the Earth?"

880

To whom the Archangel:—"Dextrously thou aim'st.  
So willingly doth God remit his ire :  
Though late repenting him of Man depraved,  
Grieved at his heart, when, looking down, he saw  
The whole Earth filled with violence, and all flesh  
Corrupting each their way ; yet, those removed,  
Such grace shall one just man find in his sight  
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,  
And makes a covenant never to destroy  
The Earth again by flood, nor let the sea  
Surpass his bounds, nor rain to drown the world  
With man therein or beast ; but, when he brings  
Over the Earth a cloud, will therein set  
His triple-coloured bow, whereon to look  
And call to mind his covenant. Day and night,  
Seed-time and harvest, heat and hoary frost,  
Shall hold their course, till fire purge all things new,  
Both Heaven and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell."

890

900

# PARADISE LOST.

## BOOK XII.

### THE ARGUMENT.

The Angel Michael continues, from the Flood, to relate what shall succeed ; then, in the mention of Abraham, comes by degrees to explain who that Seed of the Woman shall be which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall : his incarnation, death, resurrection, and ascension ; the state of the Church till his second coming. Adam, greatly satisfied and comforted by these relations and promises, descends the hill with Michael ; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams composed to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their stations to guard the place.

AS one who, in his journey, bates at noon,  
Though bent on speed, so here the Archangel paused  
Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored,  
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose ;  
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes :—

“ Thus thou hast seen one world begin and end,  
And Man as from a second stock proceed.

Much thou hast yet to see ; but I perceive  
Thy mortal sight to fail ; objects divine  
Must needs impair and weary human sense.

10

Henceforth what is to come I will relate ;  
Thou, therefore, give due audience, and attend.

“ This second source of men, while yet but few,  
And while the dread of judgment past remains  
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,  
With some regard to what is just and right  
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,  
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,  
Corn, wine, and oil ; and, from the herd or flock  
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,  
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,  
Shall spend their days in joy unblamed, and dwell  
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,  
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,

20

Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content  
 With fair equality, fraternal state,  
 Will arrogate dominion undeserved  
 Over his brethren, and quite dispossess  
 Concord and law of Nature from the Earth—  
 Hunting (and men, not beasts, shall be his game) 30  
 With war and hostile snare such as refuse  
 Subjection to his empire tyrannous.  
 A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled  
 Before the Lord, as in despite of Heaven,  
 Or from Heaven claiming second sovranity,  
 And from rebellion shall derive his name,  
 Though of rebellion others he accuse.  
 He, with a crew, whom like ambition joins  
 With him or under him to tyrannize,  
 Marching from Eden towards the west, shall find 40  
 The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge  
 Boils out from under ground, the mouth of Hell.  
 Of brick, and of that stuff, they cast to build  
 A city and tower, whose top may reach to Heaven;  
 And get themselves a name, lest, far dispersed  
 In foreign lands, their memory be lost—  
 Regardless whether good or evil fame.  
 But God, who oft descends to visit men  
 Unseen, and through their habitations walks,  
 To mark their doings, them beholding soon, 50  
 Comes down to see their city, ere the tower  
 Obstruct Heaven-towers, and in derision sets  
 Upon their tongues a various spirit, to rase  
 Quite out their native language, and, instead,  
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.  
 Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud  
 Among the builders; each to other calls,  
 Not understood—till, hoarse and all in rage,  
 As mocked they storm. Great laughter was in Heaven,  
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange 60  
 And hear the din. Thus was the building left  
 Ridiculous, and the work *Confusion* named.”

Whereto thus Adam, fatherly displeased :—

“O execrable son, so to aspire  
 Above his brethren, to himself assuming  
 Authority usurped, from God not given !  
 He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,  
 Dominion absolute ; that right we hold  
 By his donation : but man over men  
 He made not lord—such title to himself  
 Reserving, human left from human free. 70

But this usurper his encroachment proud  
Stays not on Man ; to God his tower intends  
Siege and defiance. Wretched man ! what food  
Will he convey up thither, to sustain  
Himself and his rash army, where thin air  
Above the clouds will pine his entrails gross,  
And famish him of breath, if not of bread?"

To whom thus Michael:—"Justly thou abhorr'st  
That son, who on the quiet state of men  
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue  
Rational liberty ; yet know withal,  
Since thy original lapse, true liberty  
Is lost, which always with right reason dwells  
Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.  
Reason in Man obscured, or not obeyed,  
Immediately inordinate desires

80

And upstart passions catch the government  
From Reason, and to servitude reduce  
Man, till then free. Therefore, since he permits

90

Within himself unworthy powers to reign  
Over free reason, God, in judgment just,  
Subjects him from without to violent lords,  
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall  
His outward freedom. Tyranny must be,  
Though to the tyrant thereby no excuse.

Yet sometimes nations will decline so low  
From virtue, which is reason, that no wrong,  
But justice and some fatal curse annexed,  
Deprives them of their outward liberty,

100

Their inward lost : witness the irreverent son  
Of him who built the ark, who, for the shame  
Done to his father, heard this heavy curse,  
*Servant of servants*, on his vicious race.

Thus will this latter, as the former world,  
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last,  
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw

His presence from among them, and avert  
His holy eyes, resolving from thenceforth  
To leave them to their own polluted ways,  
And one peculiar nation to select

110

From all the rest, of whom to be invoked—  
A nation from one faithful man to spring.

Him on this side Euphrates yet residing,  
Bred up in idol-worship—Oh, that men  
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,  
While yet the patriarch lived who scaped the Flood,  
As to forsake the living God, and fall

To worship their own work in wood and stone  
For gods!—yet him God the Most High voutsafes 120  
To call by vision from his father's house,  
His kindred, and false gods, into a land  
Which he will show him, and from him will raise  
A mighty nation, and upon him shower  
His benediction so that in his seed  
All nations shall be blest. He straight obeys;  
Not knowing to what land, yet firm believes.  
I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
Ur of Chaldæa, passing now the ford 130  
To Haran—after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds and flocks, and numerous servitude—  
Not wandering poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who called him, in a land unknown.  
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
Pitched about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain  
Of Moreh. There, by promise, he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land,  
From Hamath northward to the Desert south  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed), 140  
From Hermon east to the great western sea;  
Mount Hermon, yonder sea, each place behold  
In prospect, as I point them: on the shore,  
Mount Carmel; here, the double-founted stream,  
Jordan, true limit eastward; but his sons  
Shall dwell to Senir, that long ridge of hills.  
This ponder, that all nations of the Earth  
Shall in his seed be blessed. By that seed  
Is meant thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise  
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon 150  
Plainlier shall be revealed. This patriarch blest,  
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,  
A son, and of his son a grandchild, leaves,  
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown.  
The grandchild, with twelve sons increased, departs  
From Canaan to a land hereafter called  
Egypt, divided by the river Nile;  
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouths  
Into the sea. To sojourn in that land  
He comes, invited by a younger son 160  
In time of dearth—a son whose worthy deeds  
Raise him to be the second in that realm  
Of Pharaoh. There he dies, and leaves his race  
Growing into a nation, and now grown  
Suspected to a sequent king, who seeks

To stop their overgrowth, as inmate guests  
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them slaves  
Inhospitably, and kills their infant males :  
Till, by two brethren (those two brethren call  
Moses and Aaron) sent from God to claim 170  
His people from enthrallment, they return,  
With glory and spoil, back to their promised land.  
But first the lawless tyrant, who denies  
To know their God, or message to regard,  
Must be compelled by signs and judgments dire :  
To blood unshed the rivers must be turned ;  
Frogs, lice, and flies must all his palace fill  
With loathed intrusion, and fill all the land ;  
His cattle must of rot and murrain die ;  
Botches and blains must all his flesh emboss, 180  
And all his people ; thunder mixed with hail,  
Hail mixed with fire, must rend the Egyptian sky,  
And wheel on the earth, devouring where it rolls ;  
What it devours not, herb, or fruit, or grain,  
A darksome cloud of locusts swarming down  
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green ;  
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,  
Palpable darkness, and blot out three days ;  
Last, with one midnight-stroke, all the first-born  
Of Egypt must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds 190  
The river-dragon tamed at length submits  
To let his sojourners depart, and oft  
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as ice  
More hardened after thaw ; till, in his rage  
Pursuing whom he late dismissed, the sea  
Swallows him with his host, but them lets pass,  
As on dry land, between two crystal walls,  
Awed by the rod of Moses so to stand  
Divided till his rescued gain their shore :  
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200  
Though present in his Angel, who shall go  
Before them in a cloud, and pillar of fire—  
By day a cloud, by night a pillar of fire—  
To guide them in their journey, and remove  
Behind them, while the obdurate king pursues.  
All night he will pursue, but his approach  
Darkness defends between till morning-watch ;  
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud  
God looking forth will trouble all his host,  
And craze their chariot-wheels : when, by command, 210  
Moses once more his potent rod extends  
Over the sea ; the sea his rod obeys ;

On their embattled ranks the waves return,  
And overwhelm their war. The race elect  
Safe towards Canaan, from the shore, advance  
Through the wild Desert—not the readiest way,  
Lest, entering on the Canaanite alarmed,  
War terrify them inexpert, and fear  
Return them back to Egypt, choosing rather  
Inglorious life with servitude; for life  
To noble and ignoble is more sweet  
Untrained in arms, where rashness leads not on.  
This also shall they gain by their delay  
In the wide wilderness: there they shall found  
Their government, and their great Senate choose  
Through the twelve tribes, to rule by laws ordained.  
God, from the Mount of Sinai, whose grey top  
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself,  
In thunder, lightning, and loud trumpet's sound,  
Ordain them laws—part, such as appertain  
To civil justice; part, religious rites  
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types  
And shadows, of that destined Seed to bruise  
The Serpent, by what means he shall achieve  
Mankind's deliverance. But the voice of God  
To mortal ear is dreadful: they beseech  
That Moses might report to them his will,  
And terror cease; he grants what they besought,  
Instructed that to God is no access  
Without Mediator, whose high office now  
Moses in figure bears, to introduce  
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,  
And all the Prophets, in their age, the times  
Of great Messiah shall sing. Thus laws and rites  
Established, such delight hath God in men  
Obedient to his will that he voutsafes  
Among them to set up his tabernacle—  
The Holy One with mortal men to dwell.  
By his prescript a sanctuary is framed  
Of cedar, overlaid with gold; therein  
An ark, and in the ark his testimony,  
The records of his covenant; over these  
A mercy-seat of gold, between the wings  
Of two bright Cherubim; before him burn  
Seven lamps, as in a zodiac representing  
The heavenly fires. Over the tent a cloud  
Shall rest by day, a fiery gleam by night,  
Save when they journey; and at length they come,  
Conducted by his Angel, to the land

220

230

240

250

Promised to Abraham and his seed. The rest  
Were long to tell—how many battles fought;  
How many kings destroyed, and kingdoms won;  
Or how the sun shall in mid-heaven stand still  
A day entire, and night's due course adjourn,  
Man's voice commanding, 'Sun, in Gibeon stand,  
And thou, Moon, in the vale of Aialon,  
Till *Israel* overcome!'—so call the third  
From Abraham, son of Isaac, and from him  
His whole descent, who thus shall Canaan win." 260

Here Adam interposed:—"O sent from Heaven,  
Enlightener of my darkness, gracious things  
Thou hast revealed, those chiefly which concern  
Just Abraham and his seed. Now first I find  
Mine eyes true opening, and my heart much eased,  
Erewhile perplexed with thoughts what would become  
Of me and all mankind; but now I see  
His day, in whom all nations shall be blest—  
Favour unmerited by me, who sought  
Forbidden knowledge by forbidden means.  
This yet I apprehend not—why to those  
Among whom God will deign to dwell on Earth 280  
So many and so various laws are given.  
So many laws argue so many sins  
Among them; how can God with such reside?"

To whom thus Michael:—"Doubt not but that sin  
Will reign among them, as of thee begot;  
And therefore was law given them, to evince  
Their natural pravity, by stirring up  
Sin against Law to fight, that, when they see  
Law can discover sin, but not remove, 290  
Save by those shadowy expiations weak,  
The blood of bulls and goats, they may conclude  
Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,  
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness,  
To them by faith imputed, they may find  
Justification towards God, and peace  
Of conscience, which the law by ceremonies  
Cannot appease, nor man the moral part  
Perform, and not performing cannot live.  
So Law appears imperfect, and but given 300  
With purpose to resign them, in full time,  
Up to a better covenant, disciplined  
From shadowy types to truth, from flesh to spirit,  
From imposition of strict laws to free  
Acceptance of large grace, from servile fear  
To filial, works of law to works of faith.

And therefore shall not Moses, though of God  
Highly beloved, being but the minister  
Of Law, his people into Canaan lead;  
But Joshua, whom the Gentiles Jesus call, 310  
His name and office bearing who shall quell  
The adversary Serpent, and bring back  
Through the world's wilderness long-wandered Man  
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.  
Meanwhile they, in their earthly Canaan placed,  
Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins  
National interrupt their public peace,  
Provoking God to raise them enemies—  
From whom as oft he saves them penitent,  
By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom 320  
The second, both for piety renowned  
And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive  
Irrevocable, that his regal throne  
For ever shall endure. The like shall sing  
All Prophecy—that of the royal stock  
Of David (so I name this king) shall rise  
A son, the Woman's Seed to thee foretold,  
Foretold to Abraham as in whom shall trust  
All nations, and to kings foretold of kings  
The last, for of his reign shall be no end. 330  
But first a long succession must ensue;  
And his next son, for wealth and wisdom famed,  
The clouded ark of God, till then in tents  
Wandering, shall in a glorious temple enshrine.  
Such follow him as shall be registered  
Part good, part bad; of bad the longer scroll:  
Whose foul idolatries and other faults,  
Heaped to the popular sum, will so incense  
God, as to leave them, and expose their land,  
Their city, his temple, and his holy ark, 340  
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey  
To that proud city whose high walls thou saw'st  
Left in confusion, Babylon thence called.  
There in captivity he lets them dwell  
The space of seventy years; then brings them back,  
Remembering mercy, and his covenant sworn  
To David, stablished as the days of Heaven.  
Returned from Babylon by leave of kings,  
Their lords, whom God disposed, the house of God  
They first re-edify, and for a while 350  
In mean estate live moderate, till, grown  
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow.  
But first among the priests dissension springs—

Men who attend the altar, and should most  
 Endeavour peace: their strife pollution brings  
 Upon the temple itself; at last they seize  
 The sceptre, and regard not David's sons;  
 Then lose it to a stranger, that the true  
 Anointed King Messiah might be born  
 Barred of his right. Yet at his birth a star,  
 Unseen before in heaven, proclaims him come,  
 And guides the eastern sages, who inquire  
 His place, to offer incense, myrrh, and gold:  
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells  
 To simple shepherds, keeping watch by night;  
 They gladly thither haste, and by a quire  
 Of squadroned Angels hear his carol sung.

360

A Virgin is his mother, but his sire  
 The Power of the Most High. He shall ascend  
 The throne hereditary, and bound his reign  
 With Earth's wide bounds, his glory with the Heavens."

370

He ceased, discerning Adam with such joy  
 Surcharged as had, like grief, been dewed in tears,  
 Without the vent of words; which these he breathed:—

"O prophet of glad tidings, finisher  
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand  
 What oft my steadiest thoughts have searched in vain—  
 Why our great Expectation should be called  
 The-Seed of Woman. Virgin Mother, hail!  
 High in the love of Heaven, yet from my loins  
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy womb the Son  
 Of God Most High; so God with Man unites.  
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise  
 Expect with mortal pain. Say where and when  
 Their fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victor's heel."

380

To whom thus Michael:—"Dream not of their fight  
 As of a duel, or the local wounds  
 Of head or heel. Not therefore joins the Son  
 Manhood to Godhead, with more strength to foil  
 Thy enemy; nor so is overcome  
 Satan, whose fall from Heaven, a deadlier bruise,  
 Disabled not to give thee thy death's wound;  
 Which he who comes thy Saviour shall recure,  
 Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
 In thee and in thy seed. Nor can this be,  
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,  
 Obedience to the law of God, imposed  
 On penalty of death, and suffering death,  
 The penalty to thy transgression due,  
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow:

400

So only can high justice rest appaid.  
The Law of God exact he shall fulfil  
Both by obedience and by love, though love  
Alone fulfil the Law ; thy punishment  
He shall endure, by coming in the flesh  
To a reproachful life and cursed death,  
Proclaiming life to all who shall believe  
In his redemption, and that his obedience  
Imputed becomes theirs by faith—his merits  
To save them, not their own, though legal, works. 410  
For this he shall live hated, be blasphemed,  
Seized on by force, judged, and to death condemned  
A shameful and accursed, nailed to the cross  
By his own nation, slain for bringing life ;  
But to the cross he nails thy enemies—  
The Law that is against thee, and the sins  
Of all mankind, with him there crucified,  
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust  
In this his satisfaction. So he dies,  
But soon revives ; Death over him no power 420  
Shall long usurp. Ere the third dawning light  
Return, the stars of morn shall see him rise  
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,  
Thy ransom paid, which Man from Death redeems—  
His death for Man, as many as offered life  
Neglect not, and the benefit embrace  
By faith not void of works. This godlike act  
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have died,  
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act  
Shall bruise the head of Satan, crush his strength, 430  
Defeating Sin and Death, his two main arms,  
And fix far deeper in his head their stings  
Than temporal death shall bruise the Victor's heel,  
Or theirs whom he redeems—a death like sleep,  
A gentle wafting to immortal life.  
Nor after resurrection shall he stay  
Longer on Earth than certain times to appear  
To his disciples—men who in his life  
Still followed him ; to them shall leave in charge  
To teach all nations what of him they learned 440  
And his salvation, them who shall believe  
Baptizing in the profluent stream—the sign  
Of washing them from guilt of sin to life  
Pure, and in mind prepared, if so befall,  
For death like that which the Redeemer died.  
All nations they shall teach ; for from that day  
Not only to the sons of Abraham's loins

Salvation shall be preached, but to the sons  
 Of Abraham's faith wherever through the world ;  
 So in his seed all nations shall be blest. 450  
 Then to the Heaven of Heavens he shall ascend  
 With victory, triumphing through the air  
 Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise  
 The Serpent, Prince of Air, and drag in chains  
 Through all his realm, and there confounded leave ;  
 Then enter into glory, and resume  
 His seat at God's right hand, exalted high  
 Above all names in Heaven ; and thence shall come,  
 When this World's dissolution shall be ripe,  
 With glory and power, to judge both quick and dead— 460  
 To judge the unfaithful dead, but to reward  
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,  
 Whether in Heaven or Earth ; for then the Earth  
 Shall be all Paradise, far happier place  
 Than this of Eden, and far happier days."

So spake the Archangel Michaël ; then paused,  
 As at the World's great period ; and our Sire,  
 Replete with joy and wonder, thus replied :—  
 " O Goodness infinite, Goodness immense,  
 That all this good of evil shall produce, 470  
 And evil turn to good—more wonderful  
 Than that which by creation first brought forth  
 Light out of darkness ! Full of doubt I stand,  
 Whether I should repent me now of sin  
 By me done and occasioned, or rejoice  
 Much more that much more good thereof shall spring—  
 To God more glory, more good-will to men  
 From God—and over wrath grace shall abound.  
 But say, if our Deliverer up to Heaven  
 Must reascend, what will betide the few, 480  
 His faithful, left among the unfaithful herd,  
 The enemies of truth. Who then shall guide  
 His people, who defend ? Will they not deal  
 Worse with his followers than with him they dealt ?"

" Be sure they will," said the Angel ; " but from Heaven  
 He to his own a Comforter will send,  
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell,  
 His Spirit, within them, and the law of faith  
 Working through love upon their hearts shall write,  
 To guide them in all truth, and also arm 490  
 With spiritual armour, able to resist  
 Satan's assaults, and quench his fiery darts—  
 What man can do against them not afraid,  
 Though to the death ; against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompensed,  
And oft supported so as shall amaze  
Their proudest persecutors. For the Spirit,  
Poured first on his Apostles, whom he sends  
To evangelize the nations, then on all  
Baptized, shall them with wondrous gifts endue 500  
To speak all tongues, and do all miracles,  
As did their Lord before them. Thus they win  
Great numbers of each nation to receive  
With joy the tidings brought from Heaven : at length.  
Their ministry performed, and race well run,  
Their doctrine and their story written left,  
They die; but in their room, as they forewarn,  
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous wolves,  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn 510  
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint,  
Left only in those written records pure,  
Though not but by the Spirit understood.  
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,  
Places, and titles, and with these to join  
Secular power, though feigning still to act  
By spiritual; to themselves appropriating  
The Spirit of God, promised alike and given  
To all believers; and, from that pretence, 520  
Spiritual laws by carnal power shall force  
On every conscience—laws which none shall find  
Left them enrolled, or what the Spirit within  
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then  
But force the Spirit of Grace itself, and bind  
His consort, Liberty? what but unbuild  
His living temples, built by faith to stand—  
Their own faith, not another's? for, on Earth,  
Who against faith and conscience can be heard  
Infallible? Yet many will presume : 530  
Whence heavy persecution shall arise  
On all who in the worship persevere  
Of Spirit and Truth; the rest, far greater part,  
Will deem in outward rites and specious forms  
Religion satisfied; Truth shall retire  
Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith  
Rarely be found. So shall the World go on,  
To good malignant, to bad men benign,  
Under her own weight groaning, till the day  
Appear of respiration to the just 540  
And vengeance to the wicked, at return

Of Him so lately promised to thy aid,  
The Woman's Seed—obscurely then foretold,  
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord;  
Last in the clouds from Heaven to be revealed  
In glory of the Father, to dissolve  
Satan with his perverted World; then raise  
From the confluent mass, purged and refined,  
New Heavens, new Earth, Ages of endless date  
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

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He ended; and thus Adam last replied:—  
"How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,  
Measured this transient World, the race of Time,  
Till Time stand fixed! Beyond is all abyss—  
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.  
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend,  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small  
Accomplishing great things—by things deemed weak  
Subverting worldly-strong, and worldly-wise  
By simply meek; that suffering for Truth's sake  
Is fortitude to highest victory,  
And to the faithful death the gate of life—  
Taught this by his example whom I now  
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest."

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To whom thus also the Angel last replied:—  
"This having learned, thou hast attained the sum  
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars  
Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal powers,  
All secrets of the Deep, all Nature's works,  
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
And all the rule, one empire. Only add  
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith;  
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,  
By name to come called Charity, the soul  
Of all the rest: then wilt thou not be loth  
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
A Paradise within thee, happier far.  
Let us descend now, therefore, from this top

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Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence ; and, see ! the guards, 590  
 By me encamped on yonder hill, expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword,  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round.  
 We may no longer stay. Go, waken Eve ;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed,  
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
 To meek submission : thou, at season fit,  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard—  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know,  
 The great deliverance by her seed to come, 600  
 (For by the Woman's Seed) on all mankind—  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous ; though sad  
 With cause for evils past, yet much more cheered  
 With meditation on the happy end."

He ended, and they both descend the hill.  
 Descended, Adam to the bower where 'Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received :—  
 "Whence thou return'st and whither went'st I know ; 610  
 For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
 Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
 Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress  
 Wearied, I fell asleep. But now lead on ;  
 In me is no delay ; with thee to go  
 Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay  
 Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me  
 Art all things under Heaven, all places thou,  
 Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
 This further consolation yet secure 620  
 I carry hence : though all by me is lost,  
 Such favour I unworthy am voutsafed,  
 By me the Promised Seed shall all restore."

So spake our mother Eve ; and Adam heard  
 Well pleased, but answered not ; for now too nigh  
 The Archangel stood, and from the other hill  
 To their fixed station, all in bright array,  
 The Cherubim descended, on the ground  
 Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
 Risen from a river o'er the marish glides, 630  
 And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
 Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
 The brandished sword of God before them blazed,  
 Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,  
 And vapour as the Libyan air adust,

Began to parch that temperate clime ; whereat  
In either hand the hastening Angel caught  
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain—then disappeared. 640  
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand ; the gate  
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.  
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon ;  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.  
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

*THE END.*



PARADISE REGAINED.



# INTRODUCTION

TO

## PARADISE REGAINED.

*Paradise Regained* seems to have been complete in manuscript before the publication of *Paradise Lost*. This we infer from an interesting passage in the Autobiography of the Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, in which he gives an account of the origin of *Paradise Regained*, and claims the credit of having suggested the subject to Milton. We have already seen (Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, p. 15) how young Ellwood, visiting Milton, in 1665, at the cottage in Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, where he was then residing to avoid the Great Plague in London, had a manuscript given him by the poet, with a request to read it at his leisure, and return it with his judgment thereon. On taking this manuscript home with him, Ellwood tells us, he found it to be *Paradise Lost*. He then proceeds as follows:—"After I had, with the best attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favour he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked how I liked it, and what I thought of it; which I modestly, but freely, told him: and, after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*; but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' He made me no answer, but sate some time in a muse, then brake off that discourse and fell upon another subject. After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed and become safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called *Paradise Regained*, and in a pleasant tone said to me, 'This is owing to you; for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of.'"<sup>\*</sup> The inference from this passage may certainly be that the poem was at least begun in the cottage at Chalfont St. Giles (say in the winter of 1665-6), and that, if not finished there, it was finished in Milton's house in Artillery Walk, shortly after his return to town in 1666. When *Paradise Lost*, therefore, was published in the autumn of 1667, its sequel, though kept back, was ready.

<sup>\*</sup> The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, Second Edition (1714), pp. 246, 247.

According to this calculation, the poem remained in manuscript for about four years. It was not published till 1671, when *Paradise Lost* had been in circulation for four years, and when the first edition of that poem must have been nearly, if not quite, exhausted—for that edition was restricted to 1,500 copies at the utmost, and Milton's receipt for the second five pounds, due, by agreement, on the sale of 1,300 of these copies, bears date April 26, 1669. But, for some reason or other, Simmons, the publisher of *Paradise Lost*, was delaying a second edition of that poem—which did not appear till 1674. It may have been owing to dissatisfaction with this delay on Milton's part that Milton did not put *Paradise Regained* into Simmons's hands, but had it printed (as appears) on his own account. Conjoining with it *Samson Agonistes*, which he also had for some time by him, or had just composed, he issued the two poems in a small octavo volume of 220 pages, with this general title-page—"Paradise Regain'd. A Poem. In IV. Books. To which is added Samson Agonistes. The Author John Milton. London, Printed by J. M. for John Starkey at the Mitre in Fleetstreet, near Temple Bar. MDCLXXI." There is no separate title-page to *Paradise Regained*; which commences on the next leaf after this general title, and extends to p. 112 of the volume. Then there is a separate title-leaf to *Samson Agonistes*; which poem, occupying the rest of the volume, is separately paged. On the last leaf of the whole volume are two sets of *Errata*, entitled "Errata in the former Poem" and "Errata in the latter Poem."

Not Samuel Simmons of the Golden Lion in Aldersgate Street, the publisher of *Paradise Lost*, it will be seen, but John Starkey, of the Mitre in Fleet Street, was the publisher of the new volume. He was, however, the publisher only, or agent for the printer "J. M." Such, at all events, is the inference of so good an authority in such matters as the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, who, after quoting the title of the volume, as above, adds: "It is interesting here to notice that the initials of Milton occur in the imprint as the printer of the volume. Such was frequently the case when a work was printed solely at the expense of the author."\* In connexion with which observation we may here note the entry of the volume in the books of the Stationers' Company:

Septemb. 10, 1670: Mr. John Starkey entered for his copie, under the hands of Mr. Tho. Tomkyns and Mr. Warden Roper, a copie or Booke Intituled Paradise regain'd, A Poem in 4 Bookes. The Author John Milton. To which is added Samson Agonistes, a drammatic [sic] Poem, by the same Author.

The volume itself furnishes an additional item of information. On the page opposite the general title-page at the beginning is this brief imprint, "Licensed, July 2, 1670"—from which it appears that the necessary licence had been obtained by Milton from the censor Tomkyns. Apparently Tomkyns gave this licence more easily than he had given that for *Paradise Lost*.

The volume containing the first editions of *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* is handsome enough in appearance—the paper thicker than that of the first edition of *Paradise Lost*, and the type more distinct and more widely spaced. But the printing, especially the pointing, is not nearly so accurate. Within the first few pages one finds commas where there should be full stops or colons, and *vice versa*, and becomes aware that the person or persons who assisted Milton in seeing the volume through the press cannot have been so

\* Ramblings in the *Elucidation of the Autograph of Milton*, 1861, p. 83.

careful as those who performed the like duty for the former poem—where, though the pointing is not our modern pointing, it rarely conflicts with the sense.

Whatever was the number of copies printed, it sufficed the demand during the rest of Milton's life, and for six years beyond. When he died in 1674, there was a second edition of the *Paradise Lost*, to be followed by a third in 1678; but it was not till 1680 that there was a second edition of the *Paradise Regained* and *Samson*. It was brought out by the same publisher, Starkey, and is of inferior appearance and getting-up to the first—the size still small octavo, but the type closer, so as to reduce the number of pages to 132. The title-pages remain the same; but the two poems are now paged continuously, and not separately. There seems to have been no particular care in revising for the press, for errors noted in the list of errata in the former edition remain uncorrected in the text of this.

Third editions, both of the *Paradise Regained* and of the *Samson*, appeared in folio in 1688, sold, either together or separately, by a new publisher—Randal Taylor; and these are commonly found bound up with the fourth or folio edition of *Paradise Lost*, published by another bookseller in the same year. From this time forward, in fact, the connexion between *Paradise Regained* and *Samson*, originally accidental, is not kept up, save for mere convenience in publication. The tendency was to editions of all Milton's poetical works collectively—in which editions it was natural to put *Paradise Lost* first, then *Paradise Regained*, then *Samson Agonistes*, and after these the *Minor Poems*. The greater demand for *Paradise Lost*, however, making it convenient to divide the Poetical Works in publication, two methods of doing so presented themselves. On the one hand, there was an obvious propriety, if the Poems were to be divided at all, in detaching *Paradise Regained* from *Samson* and the rest, and attaching it to *Paradise Lost*; and, accordingly, there are instances of such conjoint editions of *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, apart from the other poems, in 1692, 1775, and 1776. But a more convenient plan, mechanically, inasmuch as it divided the Poems collectively into two portions of nearly equal bulk, was to let *Paradise Lost* stand by itself in one or more volumes, and throw *Paradise Regained*, *Samson*, and the *Minor Poems* together into a separate issue in one or more volumes—the two sets combinable or not into a collective edition. This plan, first adopted by Tonson, in 1695, has prevailed since.

There is not the least reason for doubting Ellwood's statement as to the way in which the subject of *Paradise Regained* was suggested to Milton. There is no such evidence as in the case of *Paradise Lost* of long meditation of the subject previous to the actual composition of the poem. Among Milton's jottings, in 1640-1, of subjects for dramas, or other poems (see Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, p. 11), there are indeed several from the New Testament History. There is a somewhat detailed scheme of a drama, to be called *Baptistes*, on the subject of the death of John the Baptist at the hands of Herod. There are also seven notes of subjects from the Life of Christ—the first entitled *Christus Patiens*, accompanied by a few words which show that, under that title, Milton had an idea of a drama on the scene of the Agony in the Garden; the others entered simply as follows: "*Christ Born*," "*Herod Massacring, or Rachel Weeping* (Matt. ii.)," "*Christ Bound*," "*Christ Crucified*," "*Christ Risen*," and "*Lazarus* (John xi.)." But not one of those eight subjects, thought of in Milton's early manhood, it will be seen, corresponds with the precise subject of

*Paradise Regained*, executed when he was verging on sixty. The subject of that poem is expressly and exclusively the Temptation of Christ by the Devil in the Wilderness, after his baptism by John, as related in Matt. iv. 1-11, Mark i. 12, 13, and Luke iv. 1-13. Commentators on the Poem, indeed, have remarked it as somewhat strange that Milton should have given so general a title as "*Paradise Regained*" to a poem representing only this particular passage of the Gospel History. For the subject of the Poem is thus announced in the opening lines—

"I, who erewhile the happy Garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness."

On which passage, and on the Poem generally, a commentator (Thyer), representing a general feeling, makes this remark: "It may seem a little odd that Milton should impute the recovery of Paradise to this short scene of our Saviour's life upon earth, and not rather extend it to His Agony, Crucifixion, &c. But the reason, no doubt, was that Paradise *regained* by our Saviour's resisting the temptation of Satan might be a better contrast to Paradise *lost* by our first parents too easily yielding to the same seducing Spirit." This remark is perfectly just; but it receives elucidation and point from Ellwood's story of the way in which the poem came into existence.

Only by firmly remembering that it was as a sequel to *Paradise Lost* that *Paradise Regained* grew into shape in Milton's mind, will the second poem be rightly understood. The commentators, indeed, as they have sought the "origin of *Paradise Lost*," or hints for its origin, in all sorts of previous poems, Italian, Latin, and Dutch, on the same subject (see our Introduction to the Poem), have, though less laboriously, searched for previous poems from which Milton may have taken hints for his *Paradise Regained*. Todd, in his preliminary observations entitled "Origin of *Paradise Regained*," refers to the following pieces as possibly in Milton's recollection while he was writing the Poem,—Bale's *Breve Comedy or Enterlude concernynge the Temptacyon of our Lorde and Saver Jesus Christ by Sathan in the Desart* (1538); Giles Fletcher's *Christ's Victorie and Triumph* (1611), a poem in four parts, the second of which, entitled "Christ's Triumph on Earth," describes the Temptation; also *La Humanità del Figliuolo di Dio*, a poem in ten books, by Theofilo Folengo of Mantua (1533); *La Vita et Passione di Christo*, a poem by Antonio Cornozano (1518); and one or two other Italian poems cited at random for their titles and not from knowledge. The only one of these references worth much is that to Giles Fletcher's religious poem. Giles Fletcher (died 1623), and his brother Phineas Fletcher, who outlived him more than twenty-five years, were among the truest poets in the interval between Spenser and Milton, and the highest in that ideal or Spenserian faculty which Milton possessed and admired. He must have known the works of both brothers well, and not least the really fine poem of Giles Fletcher to which Todd refers. But recollection of it can have had no effect on the scheme of his own *Paradise Regained*. That was determined simply by the poet's own meditations on those passages of the Evangelists which narrate the Temptation in the Wilderness,—especially the eleven verses in Matt. iv. and the thirteen in Luke iv.—with a view to construct therefrom an

imagination of the whole scene, which, while it should be true to the scriptural text, should fit as a sequel to *Paradise Lost*. The result was the poem as we now have it—a poem in which the brief scriptural narrative of the Temptation is expanded into four books, and yet the additions and filling-in are consistent with the texts which have suggested them.

So distinctly is *Paradise Regained* a sequel to *Paradise Lost* that acquaintance with *Paradise Lost* is all but presupposed in the reader ere he begins the shorter poem. Such acquaintance, indeed, is not absolutely necessary; but it conduces to a more exact understanding of the total meaning of the poem, and of not a few individual passages in it. Indeed, even that diagram of Universal Space or physical Infinitude which was before the poet's mind, as we have seen, throughout *Paradise Lost* (see our Introduction to that Poem), is still present to his mind, though more dimly, in *Paradise Regained*.

The result of Satan's triumph in *Paradise Lost*, it is to be remembered, was that he and his crew of Fallen Angels had succeeded in adding the "orbicular World" of Man, *i.e.* the whole Starry Universe with the Earth at its centre, to that infernal Empire of Hell to which they had been driven down on their expulsion from Heaven or the Empyrean. At the close of the real action of the great epic this is what we find Satan and Sin congratulating themselves upon (Book X. 350—409)—that Man's World has now been wrested from the Empire of Heaven above, and annexed to that of Hell beneath. An inter-communication has been established between Hell and Man's World, and it is hinted that thenceforward the Fallen Angels will not dwell so much in their main dark dominion of Hell as in the more lightsome World overhead, to which access is now easy. Distributing themselves through this World, they will rule its spheres and its elements; but more especially will they congregate in the Air round the central Earth, so as to intermingle with human affairs continually and exercise their diabolic functions on the successive generations of men. They—originally Angels in the Empyrean Heaven, then doomed spirits in Hell—will now be the "Powers of the Air," round about the Earth, and the Gods of Man's World. So they anticipate, and, over and over again throughout the poem, we are reminded that their anticipation has been fulfilled. What is the theory throughout *Paradise Lost* but that the gods of all the heathen mythologies, worshipped by all the nations, are the Fallen Angels who, in their new condition as Demons of Man's World and Powers of the Air, have so blinded and drugged the perceptions and imaginations of men as to be accepted as divinities?

Well, in *Paradise Regained* all this is assumed. It is assumed that for some thousands of years these "Powers of the Air," *alias* Devils, *alias* gods of the Polytheistic Mythologies, have been in possession of Man's World, distributed some here, some there, according to their characters and faculties of mischief, but occasionally meeting in council somewhere in the element of Air or Mist. Satan is still their chief—the greatest in power and in ability, the leader in their councils, their governor, and the director of their common enterprises. He is no longer quite the same sublime spirit as in the *Paradise Lost*, in whom were to be discerned the majestic lineaments of the Archangel just ruined. The thousands of years he has spent since then in his self-selected function as the devil of our Earth,—no longer flying from star to star and through the grander regions of Universal Space, but winging about constantly close to our Earth, and meddling incessantly with all that is worst in merely terrestrial affairs,—have told upon his nature, and even upon his mien and bearing. He is a

meaner, shrewder spirit, both morally and physically less impressive. But he has not yet degenerated into the mere scoffing Mephistopheles of Goethe's great poem. He retains something of his former magnanimity, or at least of his power of understanding and appealing to the higher motives of thought and action. Whatever of really great invention or wisdom remains among the diabolic host in their diffusion through Man's World and its elements is still chiefly lodged in *him*. He it is, accordingly, who, in his vigilance as to what goes on on Earth, is the first to become aware of the advent of one who may possibly be that prophesied "greater Man" who is to retrieve the consequences of Adam's fall, end the diabolic influence in Man's World, and reconnect that World with Heaven. He it is who, as soon as he has made this discovery, summons the diabolic crew to consultation; and the farther trial of Christ's virtue likewise devolves on him.

The greater portion of the first book of the Poem is preliminary to the real action. It describes the baptism of Christ, when about thirty years of age, and as yet obscure and unknown, by John at Bethabara on the Jordan, the recognition of him by John, the proclamation from Heaven of his Messiahship, the presence of Satan among those who hear this proclamation, and his alarm thereupon. A few days are then supposed to elapse, during which Christ remains in his lodging in Bethabara, the object now of much public regard, and with his first disciples gathering round him; after which he is led by the Spirit into the wilderness, there to revolve his past life, and meditate on the ministry he is about to begin. It is after he has been already forty days in the Desert, and has begun to feel hunger, that the special action of the Poem opens (I. 303). It extends over three days. On the first day (the fortieth, it is to be supposed, of Christ's stay in the Wilderness,) we have Satan's presentation of himself to Christ in the guise of an old peasant, their first discourse, and the commencement of the Temptation in the manner in which it is related both in Matthew and in Luke—to wit, by the suggestion to Christ that he should prove his divinity by turning the stones around him into bread. This part of the relation occupies the remainder of Book I., which ends with a description of the coming on of night in the Desert. In Book II. the relation is resumed—about half the Book being occupied with an episodic account of the perplexity of Mary and the disciples by reason of Christ's mysterious absence, and an account also of a second council of the Evil Spirits to advise with Satan on his farther proceedings; but the remainder of the Book bringing us back to the Desert, where Satan, early in the second day, renews the temptation. This second day's temptation is the most protracted and laborious, and the account of it extends from Book II. through the whole of Book III. and over two-thirds of Book IV. It is here that Milton has allowed his imagination the largest liberty in expanding the brief hints of the scriptural texts. Both in Matthew and in Luke the acts of the Temptation are represented as three. There is the Temptation of the Bread, or the appeal to Christ's hunger, which is put first by both Evangelists: there is the Temptation of the Vision of the Kingdoms of the Earth from a mountain-top, or the appeal to Christ's ambition—which Luke puts second in order, but Matthew last; and there is the Temptation on the pinnacle of the Temple, or, as it may be called, the appeal to vanity—which Matthew puts second, but Luke last. Milton, assigning a separate day to each act of the Temptation, follows Luke's order rather than Matthew's in the last two acts, and devotes the second day to the appeal to Christ's ambition. But he adds a variety of circumstances. He begins

the day, for example, with a repetition of the hunger-temptation of the previous day, and then passes on to subtle appeals to the higher appetites of wealth and power, so as to prepare the way for the vision of the Kingdoms of the Earth from the mountain-top. Milton's management of this vision (which begins at line 251 of Book III. and extends to line 393 of Book IV.) has hardly met with sufficient admiration. He contrives to make it not only a splendid, but also a most accurate, general view of the political condition of the earth at the time referred to, when the Parthians in the East and the Romans in the West were the great rival powers that had swamped all others; and by thus supposing Satan to have based his temptation on the actual state of the world, and a calculation of what might be done by the genius of a bold adventurer striking in, at that particular juncture, between the Romans and the Parthians, he imparts to it a character of high Machiavellian ability. But the Temptation passes into still a new vein at the close, where, the direct appeal to political ambition having failed, Satan, with Athens in view instead of Rome, tries to work on the passion for purely intellectual distinction. This too failing, the second day's temptation is at an end, and there is the return from the mountain-top to the wilderness, where Christ is left alone during a night of storm and ghastliness. There remains then only the final act of the Temptation, reserved for the third day—the temptation on the pinnacle of the Temple. Although Milton has also put his own interpretation on this portion of the Temptation, working up to the actual transportation of Christ to the pinnacle, and the challenge of his power there, by previous questionings of Satan whether, after all, he is the "Son of God" in any very extraordinary sense, yet a comparatively brief space suffices both for the discourse leading up to the incident and for the incident itself. The third day's temptation, indeed, encroaching only a little on that day, and not protracted over the whole of it, occupies only about the last third of Book IV. One sees, at the close of the poem, why Milton preferred Luke's arrangement of the three acts of the Temptation to Matthew's. The reservation of the incident on the pinnacle of the Temple to the last enables the poet to close with that fine visual effect of Christ standing alone on the pinnacle, after Satan's inglorious fall, till the fiery globe of ministering Angels surround him, and bear him in safety to Earth on their wings as on a floating couch. Down they bear him to a flowery valley, and to the celestial food spread out for him there; he refreshes himself therewith while the Angels above sing a hymn of his victory and its consequences; then, rising, he finds his way unobserved to his mother's house.

Speaking of *Paradise Regained*, Milton's nephew, Phillips, says (Life of Milton, 1694): "It is generally censured to be much inferior to the other (i.e. "to *Paradise Lost*), though he (Milton) could not hear with patience any such "thing when related to him." Tradition, as usual, has exaggerated this statement, until now the current assertion is that Milton preferred *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost*. We may safely say that he knew better than to do any such thing. But, probably, in that "general censure" of the inferiority of the smaller poem, which had begun, according to Phillips, even during the three years that were spared Milton to note its reception, he discovered critical misconceptions which have transmitted themselves to our time. "Is *Paradise Regained* complete or not?" is a question on which a good deal has been written by Peck, Warburton, Newton, and others. The sole reason for thinking that it is incomplete, and that possibly the four books of the Poem as it now stands were originally intended only as part of a much larger poem, is founded

on the smallness of that portion of Christ's life which is embraced in the poem, and on the stopping short of that consummation which would have completed the antithesis to *Paradise Lost*—i.e. the expulsion of Satan and his crew out of the human World altogether back to Hell. This objection has already been discussed, and found invalid. By no protraction of the poem over the rest of Christ's life, we may also remark, could Milton have brought the story to the consummation thought desirable. The *virtual* deliverance of the World from the power of Satan and his crew may be represented as achieved in Christ's life on earth, and Milton represents it as achieved in Christ's first encounter with Satan at the outset of his ministry; but the *actual* or *physical* expulsion of the Evil Spirits out of their usurped world into their own nether realm was left a matter of prophecy or promise, and was certainly not regarded by Milton as having been accomplished even at the time when he wrote. Such completion of the poem, therefore, as could be given to it by working it on to this historical consummation, was impossible. But, in short, by publishing the poem as it stands, Milton certified its completeness according to his own idea of the theme.—“Well, then,” some of the critics continue, raising a second question, “can the poem properly be called an epic?” They have in view the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Æneid*, as the types of epics; and, allowing that *Paradise Lost* may rank as also an epic, they think *Paradise Regained* too short and too simple for such a name. But Milton had anticipated the objection as early as 1641, when, in his *Reason of Church-Government*, speaking of his literary schemes, he had discriminated two kinds of epics, of which he might have the option, if he should ultimately determine on the epic form of composition as the best for his genius. “That epic form,” he had said, “whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two “of Virgil and Tasso are a *diffuse*, and the Book of Job a *brief* model.” May we not say that, whereas in *Paradise Lost* he had adopted the larger or more diffuse of the two models of epic here described, so in *Paradise Regained* he had in view rather the smaller or briefer model? This would put the matter on its right footing. *Paradise Regained* is a different poem from *Paradise Lost*—not so great, because not admitting of being so great; but it is as good in its different kind. The difference of kinds between the two poems is even signalized in certain differences in the language and versification. *Paradise Regained* seems written more hurriedly than *Paradise Lost*, and, though with passages of great beauty, with less avoidance of plain historical phrases, and less care to give to all the effect of continued song.

PARADISE REGAINED:

*A POEM IN FOUR BOOKS.*

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.



# PARADISE REGAINED.

## THE FIRST BOOK.

I WHO erewhile the happy Garden sung  
By one man's disobedience lost, now sing  
Recovered Paradise to all mankind,  
By one man's firm obedience fully tried  
Through all temptation, and the Tempter foiled  
In all his wiles, defeated and repulsed,  
And Eden raised in the waste Wilderness.

Thou Spirit, who led'st this glorious Eremite  
Into the desert, his victorious field  
Against the spiritual foe, and brought'st him thence 10  
By proof the undoubted Son of God, inspire,  
As thou art wont, my prompted song, else mute,  
And bear through highth or depth of Nature's bounds,  
With prosperous wing full summed, to tell of deeds  
Above heroic, though in secret done,  
And unrecorded left through many an age :  
Worthy to have not remained so long unsung.

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice  
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried 20  
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand  
To all baptized. To his great baptism flocked  
With awe the regions round, and with them came  
From Nazareth the son of Joseph deemed  
To the flood Jordan—came as then obscure,  
Unmarked, unknown. But him the Baptist soon  
Descried, divinely warned, and witness bore  
As to his worthier, and would have resigned  
To him his heavenly office. Nor was long  
His witness unconfirmed: on him baptized  
Heaven opened, and in likeness of a dove 30

The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice  
From Heaven pronounced him his beloved Son,  
That heard the Adversary, who, roving still  
About the world, at that assembly famed  
Would not be last, and, with the voice divine  
Nigh thunder-struck, the exalted man to whom  
Such high attest was given a while surveyed  
With wonder; then, with envy fraught and rage,  
Flies to his place, nor rests, but in mid air  
To council summons all his mighty peers,  
Within thick clouds and dark tenfold involved,  
A gloomy consistory; and then amidst,  
With looks aghast and sad, he thus bespake:—

40

“O ancient Powers of Air and this wide World  
(For much more willingly I mention Air,  
This our old conquest, than remember Hell,  
Our hated habitation), well ye know  
How many ages, as the years of men,  
This Universe we have possessed, and ruled  
In manner at our will the affairs of Earth,  
Since Adam and his facile consort Eve  
Lost Paradise, deceived by me, though since  
With dread attending when that fatal wound  
Shall be inflicted by the seed of Eve  
Upon my head. Long the decrees of Heaven  
Delay, for longest time to Him is short;  
And now, too soon for us, the circling hours  
This dreaded time have compassed, wherein we  
Must bide the stroke of that long-threatened wound  
(At least, if so we can, and by the head  
Broken be not intended all our power  
To be infringed, our freedom and our being  
In this fair empire won of Earth and Air)—  
For this ill news I bring: The Woman's Seed,  
Destined to this, is late of woman born.  
His birth to our just fear gave no small cause;  
But his growth now to youth's full flower, displaying  
All virtue, grace and wisdom to achieve  
Things highest, greatest, multiplies my fear.  
Before him a great Prophet, to proclaim  
His coming, is sent harbinger, who all  
Invites, and in the consecrated stream  
Pretends to wash off sin, and fit them so  
Purified to receive him pure, or rather  
To do him honour as their King. All come,  
And he himself among them was baptized—  
Not thence to be more pure, but to receive

50

60

70

The testimony of Heaven, that who he is  
Thenceforth the nations may not doubt. I saw  
The Prophet do him reverence ; on him, rising 80  
Out of the water, Heaven above the clouds  
Unfold her crystal doors ; thence on his head  
A perfect dove descend (whate'er it meant) ;  
And out of Heaven the sovran voice I heard,  
'This is my Son beloved,—in him am pleased.'  
His mother, then, is mortal, but his Sire  
He who obtains the monarchy of Heaven ;  
And what will He not do to advance his Son ?  
His first-begot we know, and sore have felt,  
When his fierce thunder drove us to the Deep ; 90  
Who this is we must learn, for Man he seems  
In all his lineaments, though in his face  
The glimpses of his Father's glory shine.  
Ye see our danger on the utmost edge  
Of hazard, which admits no long debate,  
But must with something sudden be opposed  
(Not force, but well-couched fraud, well-woven snares),  
Ere in the head of nations he appear,  
Their king, their leader, and supreme on Earth.  
I, when no other durst, sole undertook 100  
The dismal expedition to find out  
And ruin Adam, and the exploit performed  
Successfully : a calmer voyage now  
Will waft me ; and the way found prosperous once  
Induces best to hope of like success."

He ended, and his words impression left  
Of much amazement to the infernal crew,  
Distracted and surprised with deep dismay  
At these sad tidings. But no time was then 110  
For long indulgence to their fears or grief :  
Unanimous they all commit the care  
And management of this main enterprise  
To him, their great Dictator, whose attempt  
At first against mankind so well had thrived  
In Adam's overthrow, and led their march  
From Hell's deep-vaulted den to dwell in light,  
Regents, and potentates, and kings, yea gods,  
Of many a pleasant realm and province wide.  
So to the coast of Jordan he directs  
His easy steps, girded with snaky wiles, 120  
Where he might likeliest find this new-declared,  
This man of men, attested Son of God,  
Temptation and all guile on him to try—  
So to subvert whom he suspected raised

To end his reign on Earth so long enjoyed :

But, contrary, unweeting he fulfilled

The purposed counsel, pre-ordained and fixed,  
Of the Most High, who, in full frequency bright  
Of Angels, thus to Gabriel smiling spake :—

“Gabriel, this day, by proof, thou shalt behold,

130

Thou and all Angels conversant on Earth

With Man or men's affairs, how I begin

To verify that solemn message late,

On which I sent thee to the Virgin pure

In Galilee, that she should bear a son,

Great in renown, and called the Son of God.

Then told'st her, doubting how these things could be

To her a virgin, that on her should come

The Holy Ghost, and the power of the Highest

O'ershadow her. This Man, born and now upgrown,

140

To show him worthy of his birth divine

And high prediction, henceforth I expose

To Satan ; let him tempt, and now assay

His utmost subtlety, because he boasts

And vaunts of his great cunning to the throng

Of his apostasy. He might have learnt

Less overweening, since he failed in Job,

Whose constant perseverance overcame

Whate'er his cruel malice could invent.

He now shall know I can produce a man,

150

Of female seed, far abler to resist

All his solicitations, and at length

All his vast force, and drive him back to Hell—

Winning by conquest what the first man lost

By fallacy surprised. But first I mean

To exercise him in the Wilderness ;

There he shall first lay down the rudiments

Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth

To conquer Sin and Death, the two grand foes.

By humiliation and strong sufferance

160

His weakness shall o'ercome Satanic strength,

And all the world, and mass of sinful flesh ;

That all the Angels and ethereal Powers—

They now, and men hereafter—may discern

From what consummate virtue I have chose

This perfect man, by merit called my Son,

To earn salvation for the sons of men.”

So spake the Eternal Father, and all Heaven

Admiring stood a space ; then into hymns

Burst forth, and in celestial measures moved,

170

Circling the throne and singing, while the hand

Sung with the voice, and this the argument:—

“Victory and triumph to the Son of God,  
Now entering his great duel, not of arms,  
But to vanquish by wisdom hellish wiles!  
The Father knows the Son; therefore secure  
Ventures his filial virtue, though untried,  
Against whate’er may tempt, whate’er seduce,  
Allure, or terrify, or undermine.  
Be frustrate, all ye stratagems of Hell, 180  
And, devilish machinations, come to nought!”

So they in Heaven their odes and vigils tuned.  
Meanwhile the Son of God, who yet some days  
Lodged in Bethabara, where John baptized,  
Musing and much revolving in his breast  
How best the mighty work he might begin  
Of Saviour to mankind, and which way first  
Publish his godlike office now mature,  
One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading  
And his deep thoughts, the better to converse 190  
With solitude, till, far from track of men,  
Thought following thought, and step by step led on,  
He entered now the bordering Desert wild,  
And, with dark shades and rocks environed round,  
His holy meditations thus pursued:—

“O what a multitude of thoughts at once  
Awakened in me swarm, while I consider  
What from within I feel myself, and hear  
What from without comes often to my ears,  
Ill sorting with my present state compared! 200  
When I was yet a child, no childish play  
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set  
Serious to learn and know, and thence to do,  
What might be public good; myself I thought  
Born to that end, born to promote all truth,  
All righteous things. Therefore, above my years,  
The Law of God I read, and found it sweet;  
Made it my whole delight, and in it grew  
To such perfection that, ere yet my age  
Had measured twice six years, at our great Feast 210  
I went into the Temple, there to hear  
The teachers of our Law, and to propose  
What might improve my knowledge or their own,  
And was admired by all. Yet this not all  
To which my spirit aspired. Victorious deeds  
Flamed in my heart, heroic acts—one while  
To rescue Israel from the Roman yoke;  
Then to subdue and quell, o’er all the earth,

Brute violence and proud tyrannic power,  
 Till truth were freed, and equity restored: 220  
 Yet held it more humane, more heavenly, first  
 By winning words to conquer willing hearts,  
 And make persuasion do the work of fear;  
 At least to try, and teach the erring soul,  
 Not wilfully misdoing, but unware  
 Misled; the stubborn only to subdue.  
 These growing thoughts my mother soon perceiving,  
 By words at times cast forth, inly rejoiced,  
 And said to me apart, 'High are thy thoughts,  
 O Son! but nourish them, and let them soar 230  
 To what highth sacred virtue and true worth  
 Can raise them, though above example high;  
 By matchless deeds express thy matchless Sire.  
 For know, thou art no son of mortal man;  
 Though men esteem thee low of parentage,  
 Thy Father is the Eternal King who rules  
 All Heaven and Earth, Angels and sons of men.  
 A messenger from God foretold thy birth  
 Conceived in me a virgin; he foretold  
 Thou shouldst be great, and sit on David's throne, 240  
 And of thy kingdom there should be no end.  
 At thy nativity a glorious quire  
 Of Angels, in the fields of Bethlehem, sung  
 To shepherds, watching at their folds by night  
 And told them the Messiah now was born,  
 Where they might see him; and to thee they came,  
 Directed to the manger where thou lay'st;  
 For in the inn was left no better room.  
 A star, not seen before, in heaven appearing,  
 Guided the wise men thither from the East, 250  
 To honour thee with incense, myrrh, and gold;  
 By whose bright course led on they found the place,  
 Affirming it thy star, new-graven in heaven,  
 By which they knew thee King of Israel born.  
 Just Simeon and prophetic Anna, warned  
 By vision, found thee in the Temple, and spake,  
 Before the altar and the vested priest,  
 Like things of thee to all that present stood.'  
 This having heard, straight I again revolved  
 The Law and Prophets, searching what was writ 260  
 Concerning the Messiah, to our scribes  
 Known partly, and soon found of whom they spake  
 I am—this chiefly, that my way must lie  
 Through many a hard assay, even to the death,  
 Ere I the promised kingdom can attain,

Or work redemption for mankind, whose sins'  
Full weight must be transferred upon my head.  
Yet, neither thus disheartened or dismayed,  
The time prefixed I waited ; when behold  
The Baptist (of whose birth I oft had heard, 270  
Not knew by sight) now come, who was to come  
Before Messiah, and his way prepare !  
I, as all others, to his baptism came,  
Which I believed was from above ; but he  
Straight knew me, and with loudest voice proclaimed  
Me him (for it was shown him so from Heaven)—  
Me him whose harbinger he was ; and first  
Refused on me his baptism to confer,  
As much his greater, and was hardly won.  
But, as I rose out of the laving stream, 280  
Heaven opened her eternal doors, from whence  
The Spirit descended on me like a dove ;  
And last, the sum of all, my Father's voice,  
Audibly heard from Heaven, pronounced me his,  
Me his beloved Son, in whom alone  
He was well pleased : by which I knew the time  
Now full, that I no more should live obscure,  
But openly begin, as best becomes  
The authority which I derived from Heaven.  
And now by some strong motion I am led 290  
Into this wilderness ; to what intent  
I learn not yet. Perhaps I need not know ;  
For what concerns my knowledge God reveals."

So spake our Morning Star, then in his rise,  
And, looking round, on every side beheld  
A pathless desert, dusk with horrid shades.  
The way he came, not having marked return,  
Was difficult, by human steps untrod ;  
And he still on was led, but with such thoughts  
Accompanied of things past and to come 300  
Lodged in his breast as well might recommend  
Such solitude before choicest society.

Full forty days he passed—whether on hill  
Sometimes, anon in shady vale, each night  
Under the covert of some ancient oak  
Or cedar to defend him from the dew,  
Or harboured in one cave, is not revealed ;  
Nor tasted human food, nor hunger felt,  
Till those days ended ; hungered then at last  
Among wild beasts. They at his sight grew mild, 310  
Nor sleeping him nor waking harmed ; his walk

The fiery serpent fled and noxious worm;  
 The lion and fierce tiger glared aloof.  
 But now an aged man in rural weeds,  
 Following, as seemed, the quest of some stray ewe,  
 Or withered sticks to gather, which might serve  
 Against a winter's day, when winds blow keen,  
 To warm him wet returned from field at eve,  
 He saw approach; who first with curious eye  
 Perused him, then with words thus uttered spake:—

320

“Sir, what ill chance hath brought thee to this  
 place,  
 So far from path or road of men, who pass  
 In troop or caravan? for single none  
 Durst ever, who returned, and dropt not here  
 His carcass, pined with hunger and with droughth.  
 I ask the rather, and the more admire,  
 For that to me thou seem'st the man whom late  
 Our new baptizing Prophet at the ford  
 Of Jordan honoured so, and called thee Son  
 Of God. I saw and heard, for we sometimes  
 Who dwell this wild, constrained by want, come forth  
 To town or village nigh (nighest is far),  
 Where aught we hear, and curious are to hear,  
 What happens new; fame also finds us out.”  
 To whom the Son of God:—“Who brought me  
 hither

330

Will bring me hence; no other guide I seek.”

“By miracle he may,” replied the swain;  
 “What other way I see not; for we here  
 Live on tough roots and stubs, to thirst inured  
 More than the camel, and to drink go far—  
 Men to much misery and hardship born.  
 But, if thou be the Son of God, command  
 That out of these hard stones be made thee bread;  
 So shalt thou save thyself, and us relieve  
 With food, whereof we wretched seldom taste.”

340

He ended, and the Son of God replied:—  
 “Think'st thou such force in bread? Is it not  
 written

(For I discern thee other than thou seem'st),  
 Man lives not by bread only, but each word  
 Proceeding from the mouth of God, who fed  
 Our fathers here with manna? In the Mount  
 Moses was forty days, nor eat nor drank;  
 And forty days Eliah without food  
 Wandered this barren waste; the same I now.

350

Why dost thou, then, suggest to me distrust,  
Knowing who I am, as I know who *thou* art?"

Whom thus answered the Arch-Fiend, now undisguised: —

"'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate  
Who, leagued with millions more in rash revolt,  
Kept not my happy station, but was driven 360

With them from bliss to the bottomless Deep—

Yet to that hideous place not so confined

By rigour unconniving but that oft,

Leaving my dolorous prison, I enjoy

Large liberty to round this globe of Earth,

Or range in the Air; nor from the Heaven of Heavens

Hath he excluded my resort sometimes.

I came, among the Sons of God, when he

Gave up into my hands Uzzean Job,

To prove him, and illustrate his high worth; 370

And, when to all his Angels he proposed

To draw the proud king Ahab into fraud,

That he might fall in Ramoth, they demurring,

I undertook that office, and the tongues

Of all his flattering prophets glibbed with lies

To his destruction, as I had in charge:

For what he bids I do. Though I have lost

Much lustre of my native brightness, lost

To be beloved of God, I have not lost

To love, at least contemplate and admire, 380

What I see excellent in good, or fair,

Or virtuous; I should so have lost all sense.

What can be then less in me than desire

To see thee and approach thee, whom I know

Declared the Son of God, to hear attent

Thy wisdom, and behold thy godlike deeds?

Men generally think me much a foe

To all mankind. Why should I? they to me

Never did wrong or violence. By them

I lost not what I lost; rather by them 390

I gained what I have gained, and with them dwell

Coartner in these regions of the World,

If not disposer—lend them oft my aid,

Oft my advice by presages and signs,

And answers, oracles, portents, and dreams,

Whereby they may direct their future life.

Envy, they say, excites me, thus to gain

Companions of my misery and woe!

At first it may be; but, long since with woe

Nearer acquainted, now I feel by proof 400

That fellowship in pain divides not smart,  
Nor lightens aught each man's peculiar load ;  
Small consolation, then, were Man adjoined.  
This wounds me most (what can it less?) that Man,  
Man fallen, shall be restored, I never more."

To whom our Saviour sternly thus replied :—

"Deservedly thou griev'st, composed of lies  
From the beginning, and in lies wilt end,  
Who boast'st release from Hell, and leave to come  
Into the Heaven of Heavens. Thou com'st, indeed,

410

As a poor miserable captive thrall  
Comes to the place where he before had sat  
Among the prime in splendour, now deposed,  
Ejected, emptied, gazed, unpitied, shunned,  
A spectacle of ruin, or of scorn,  
To all the host of Heaven. The happy place  
Imparts to thee no happiness, no joy—

Rather inflames thy torment, representing  
Lost bliss, to thee no more communicable ;  
So never more in Hell than when in Heaven.

420

But thou art serviceable to Heaven's King!  
Wilt thou impute to obedience what thy fear  
Extorts, or pleasure to do ill excites?

What but thy malice moved thee to misdeem  
Of righteous Job, then cruelly to afflict him  
With all inflictions? but his patience won.

The other service was thy chosen task,  
To be a liar in four hundred mouths ;  
For lying is thy sustenance, thy food.

Yet thou pretend'st to truth! all oracles

430

By thee are given, and what confessed more true  
Among the nations? That hath been thy craft,  
By mixing somewhat true to vent more lies.

But what have been thy answers? what but dark,  
Ambiguous, and with double sense deluding,  
Which they who asked have seldom understood,  
And, not well understood, as good not known?

Who ever, by consulting at thy shrine,  
Returned the wiser, or the more instruct

To fly or follow what concerned him most,  
And run not sooner to his fatal snare?

440

For God hath justly given the nations up  
To thy delusions; justly, since they fell

Idolatrous. But, when his purpose is  
Among them to declare his providence,

To thee not known, whence hast thou then thy truth,

But from him, or his Angels president  
In every province, who, themselves disdaining  
To approach thy temples, give thee in command  
What, to the smallest tittle, thou shalt say 450  
To thy adorers? Thou, with trembling fear,  
Or like a fawning parasite, obey'st ;  
Then to thyself ascrib'st the truth foretold.  
But this thy glory shall be soon retrenched ;  
No more shalt thou by oracling abuse  
The Gentiles ; henceforth oracles are ceased,  
And thou no more with pomp and sacrifice  
Shalt be inquired at Delphos or elsewhere—  
At least in vain, for they shall find thee mute.  
God hath now sent his living Oracle 460  
Into the world to teach his final will,  
And sends his Spirit of Truth henceforth to dwell  
In pious hearts, an inward oracle  
To all truth requisite for men to know."

So spake our Saviour ; but the subtle Fiend,  
Though inly stung with anger and disdain,  
Dissembled, and this answer smooth returned :—

"Sharply thou hast insisted on rebuke,  
And urged me hard with doings which not will,  
But misery, hath wrested from me. Where 470  
Easily canst thou find one miserable,  
And not enforced oft-times to part from truth,  
If it may stand him more in stead to lie,  
Say and unsay, feign, flatter, or abjure?  
But thou art placed above me ; thou art Lord ;  
From thee I can, and must, submit, endure  
Check or reproof, and glad to scape so quit.  
Hard are the ways of truth, and rough to walk,  
Smooth on the tongue discoursed, pleasing to the ear,  
And tunable as sylvan pipe or song ; 480  
What wonder, then, if I delight to hear  
Her dictates from thy mouth? most men admire  
Virtue who follow not her lore. Permit me  
To hear thee when I come (since no man comes),  
And talk at least, though I despair to attain.  
Thy Father, who is holy, wise, and pure,  
Suffers the hypocrite or atheous priest  
To tread his sacred courts, and minister  
About his altar, handling holy things,  
Praying or vowing, and vouchsafed his voice 490  
To Balaam reprobate, a prophet yet  
Inspired : disdain not such access to me."

To whom our Saviour, with unaltered brow:—  
“Thy coming hither, though I know thy scope,  
I bid not, or forbid. Do as thou find’st  
Permission from above; thou canst not more.”

He added not; and Satan, bowing low  
His gray dissimulation, disappeared,  
Into thin air diffused: for now began  
Night with her sullen wing to double-shade  
The desert; fowls in their clay nests were couched;  
And now wild beasts came forth the woods to roam.

500

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

### THE SECOND BOOK.

MEANWHILE the new-baptized, who yet remained  
At Jordan with the Baptist, and had seen  
Him whom they heard so late expressly called  
Jesus Messiah, Son of God, declared,  
And on that high authority had believed,  
And with him talked, and with him lodged—I mean  
Andrew and Simon, famous after known,  
With others, though in Holy Writ not named—  
Now missing him, their joy so lately found,  
So lately found and so abruptly gone, 10  
Began to doubt, and doubted many days,  
And, as the days increased, increased their doubt.  
Sometimes they thought he might be only shown,  
And for a time caught up to God, as once  
Moses was in the Mount and missing long,  
And the great Thisbite, who on fiery wheels  
Rode up to Heaven, yet once again to come.  
Therefore, as those young prophets then with care  
Sought lost Eliah, so in each place these  
Nigh to Bethabara—in Jericho 20  
The city of palms, Ænon, and Salem old,  
Machærus, and each town or city walled  
On this side the broad lake Genezaret,  
Or in Peræa—but returned in vain.  
Then on the bank of Jordan, by a creek,  
Where winds with reeds and osiers whispering play,  
Plain fishermen (no greater men them call),  
Close in a cottage low together got,  
Their unexpected loss and plaints outbreathed :—  
“Alas, from what high hope to what relapse 30

Unlooked for are we fallen ! Our eyes beheld  
Messiah certainly now come, so long  
Expected of our fathers ; we have heard  
His words, his wisdom full of grace and truth.  
'Now, now, for sure, deliverance is at hand ;  
The kingdom shall to Israel be restored :'  
Thus we rejoiced, but soon our joy is turned  
Into perplexity and new amaze.  
For whither is he gone ? what accident  
Hath rapt him from us ? will he now retire  
After appearance, and again prolong  
Our expectation ? God of Israel,  
Send thy Messiah forth ; the time is come.  
Behold the kings of the earth, how they oppress  
Thy Chosen, to what highth their power unjust  
They have exalted, and behind them cast  
All fear of Thee ; arise, and vindicate  
Thy glory ; free thy people from their yoke !  
But let us wait ; thus far He hath performed—  
Sent his Anointed, and to us revealed him,  
By his great Prophet pointed at and shown  
In public, and with him we have conversed.  
Let us be glad of this, and all our fears  
Lay on his providence ; He will not fail,  
Nor will withdraw him now, nor will recall—  
Mock us with his blest sight, then snatch him hence :  
Soon we shall see our hope, our joy, return."

40

50

Thus they out of their complaints new hope resume  
To find whom at the first they found unsought.  
But to his mother Mary, when she saw  
Others returned from baptism, not her Son,  
Nor left at Jordan tidings of him none,  
Within her breast though calm, her breast though pure,  
Motherly cares and fears got head, and raised  
Some troubled thoughts, which she in sighs thus clad : —

60

"Oh, what avails me now that honour high,  
To have conceived of God, or that salute,  
'Hail, highly favoured, among women blest !'  
While I to sorrows am no less advanced,  
And fears as eminent above the lot  
Of other women, by the birth I bore :  
In such a season born, when scarce a shed  
Could be obtained to shelter him or me  
From the bleak air ? A stable was our warmth,  
A manger his ; yet soon enforced to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the murderous king  
Were dead, who sought his life, and, missing, filled

70

With infant blood the streets of Bethlehem.  
 From Egypt home returned, in Nazareth  
 Hath been our dwelling many years; his life 80  
 Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
 Little suspicious to any king. But now,  
 Full grown to man, acknowledged, as I hear,  
 By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
 Son owned from Heaven by his Father's voice,  
 I looked for some great change. To honour? no;  
 But trouble, as old Simeon plain foretold,  
 That to the fall and rising he should be  
 Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
 Spoken against—that through my very soul 90  
 A sword shall pierce. This is my favoured lot,  
 My exaltation to afflictions high!

Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest!  
 I will not argue that, nor will repine.  
 But where delays he now? Some great intent  
 Conceals him. When twelve years he scarce had seen,  
 I lost him, but so found as well I saw  
 He could not lose himself, but went about  
 His Father's business. What he meant I mused—  
 Since understand; much more his absence now 100  
 Thus long to some great purpose he obscures.  
 But I to wait with patience am inured;  
 My heart hath been a storehouse long of things  
 And sayings laid up, portending strange events."

Thus Mary, pondering oft, and oft to mind  
 Recalling what remarkably had passed  
 Since first her salutation heard, with thoughts  
 Meekly composed awaited the fulfilling:  
 The while her Son, tracing the desert wild,  
 Sole, but with holiest meditations fed, 110  
 Into himself descended, and at once  
 All his great work to come before him set—  
 How to begin, how to accomplish best  
 His end of being on Earth, and mission high.  
 For Satan, with sly preface to return,  
 Had left him vacant, and with speed was gone  
 Up to the middle region of thick air,  
 Where all his Potentates in council sat.  
 There, without sign of boast, or sign of joy,  
 Solicitous and blank, he thus began :— 120

"Princes, Heaven's ancient Sons, Ethereal Thrones -  
 Demonian Spirits now, from the element  
 Each of his reign allotted, rightlier called  
 Powers of Fire, Air, Water, and Earth beneath

(So may we hold our place and these mild seats  
 Without new trouble!)—such an enemy  
 Is risen to invade us, who no less  
 Threatens than our expulsion down to Hell.  
 I, as I undertook, and with the vote  
 Consenting in full frequency was empowered,  
 Have found him, viewed him, tasted him; but find  
 Far other labour to be undergone  
 Than when I dealt with Adam, first of men,  
 Though Adam by his wife's allurements fell,  
 However to this Man inferior far—  
 If he be Man by mother's side, at least  
 With more than human gifts from Heaven adorned,  
 Perfections absolute, graces divine,  
 And amplitude of mind to greatest deeds.  
 Therefore I am returned, lest confidence  
 Of my success with Eve in Paradise  
 Deceive ye to persuasion over-sure  
 Of like succeeding here. I summon all  
 Rather to be in readiness with hand  
 Or counsel to assist, lest I, who erst  
 Thought none my equal, now be overmatched.”  
 So spake the old Serpent, doubting, and from all  
 With clamour was assured their utmost aid  
 At his command; when from amidst them rose  
 Belial, the dissolutes Spirit that fell,  
 The sensualest, and, after Asmodai,  
 The fleshliest Incubus, and thus advised:—  
 “Set women in his eye and in his walk,  
 Among daughters of men the fairest found.  
 Many are in each region passing fair  
 As the noon sky, more like to goddesses  
 Than mortal creatures, graceful and discreet,  
 Expert in amorous arts, enchanting tongues  
 Persuasive, virgin majesty with mild  
 And sweet allayed, yet terrible to approach,  
 Skilled to retire, and in retiring draw  
 Hearts after them tangled in amorous nets.  
 Such object hath the power to soften and tame  
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged'st brow,  
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,  
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead  
 At will the manliest, resolute breast,  
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws.  
 Women, when nothing else, beguiled the heart  
 Of wisest Solomon, and made him build,  
 And made him bow, to the gods of his wives.”

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To whom quick answer Satan thus returned:—

“Belial, in much uneven scale thou weigh'st  
All others by thyself. Because of old  
Thou thyself doat'st on womankind, admiring  
Their shape, their colour, and attractive grace,  
None are, thou think'st, but taken with such toys.  
Before the Flood, thou, with thy lusty crew,  
False titled Sons of God, roaming the Earth,  
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men, 180  
And coupled with them, and begot a race.  
Have we not seen, or by relation heard,  
In courts and regal chambers how thou lurk'st.  
In wood or grove, by mossy fountain-side,  
In valley or green meadow, to waylay  
Some beauty rare, Calisto, Clymene,  
Daphne, or Semele, Antiopa,  
Or Amymon, Syrinx, many more  
Too long—then lay'st thy scapes on names adored,  
Apollo, Neptune, Jupiter, or Pan, 190  
Satyr, or Faun, or Silvan? But these haunts  
Delight not all. Among the sons of men  
How many have with a smile made small account  
Of beauty and her lures, easily scorned  
All her assaults, on worthier things intent!  
Remember that Pellean conqueror,  
A youth, how all the beauties of the East  
He slightly viewed, and slightly overpassed;  
How he surnamed of Africa dismissed,  
In his prime youth, the fair Iberian maid. 200  
For Solomon, he lived at ease, and, full  
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond  
Higher design than to enjoy his state;  
Thence to the bait of women lay exposed.  
But he whom we attempt is wiser far  
Than Solomon, of more exalted mind,  
Made and set wholly on the accomplishment  
Of greatest things. What woman will you find,  
Though of this age the wonder and the fame,  
On whom his leisure will vouchsafed an eye 210  
Of fond desire? Or should she, confident,  
As sitting queen adored on Beauty's throne,  
Descend with all her winning charms begirt  
To enamour, as the zone of Venus once  
Wrought that effect on Jove (so fables tell),  
How would one look from his majestic brow,  
Seated as on the top of Virtue's hill,  
Discountenance her despised, and put to rout

All her array, her female pride deject,  
Or turn to reverent awe! For Beauty stands 220  
In the admiration only of weak minds.  
Led captive; cease to admire, and all her plumes  
Fall flat, and shrink into a trivial toy,  
At every sudden slighting quite abashed.  
Therefore with manlier objects we must try  
His constancy—with such as have more show  
Of worth, of honour, glory, and popular praise  
(Rocks whereon greatest men have ofttest wrecked);  
Or that which only seems to satisfy  
Lawful desires of nature, not beyond. 230  
And now I know he hungers, where no food  
Is to be found, in the wild Wilderness:  
The rest commit to me; I shall let pass  
No advantage, and his strength as oft assay."

He ceased, and heard their grant in loud acclaim;  
Then forthwith to him takes a chosen band  
Of Spirits likest to himself in guile,  
To be at hand and at his beck appear.  
If cause were to unfold some active scene  
Of various persons, each to know his part; 240  
Then to the desert takes with these his flight,  
Where still, from shade to shade, the Son of God,  
After forty days' fasting, had remained,  
Now hungering first, and to himself thus said:—  
"Where will this end? Four times ten days I have passed  
Wandering this woody maze, and human food  
Nor tasted, nor had appetite. That fast  
To virtue I impute not, or count part  
Of what I suffer here. If nature need not,  
Or God support nature without repast, 250  
Though needing, what praise is it to endure?  
But now I feel I hunger; which declares  
Nature hath need of what she asks. Yet God  
Can satisfy that need some other way,  
Though hunger still remain. So it remain  
Without this body's wasting, I content me,  
And from the sting of famine fear no harm;  
Nor mind it, fed with better thoughts, that feed  
Me hungering more to do my Father's will."

It was the hour of night, when thus the Son 260  
Communed in silent walk, then laid him down  
Under the hospitable covert nigh  
Of trees thick interwoven. There he slept,  
And dreamed, as appetite is wont to dream,  
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet.

Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,  
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks  
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn—  
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they brought ;  
He saw the Prophet also, how he fled 270  
Into the desert, and how there he slept  
Under a juniper—then how, awaked,  
He found his supper on the coals prepared,  
And by the Angel was bid rise and eat,  
And eat the second time after repose,  
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days :  
Sometimes that with Elijah he partook,  
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.  
Thus wore out night ; and now the herald lark  
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry 280  
The Morn's approach, and greet her with his song.  
As lightly from his grassy couch up rose  
Our Saviour, and found all was but a dream ;  
Fasting he went to sleep, and fasting waked.  
Up to a hill anon his steps he reared,  
From whose high top to ken the prospect round,  
If cottage were in view, sheep-cote, or herd ;  
But cottage, herd, or sheep-cote, none he saw—  
Only in a bottom saw a pleasant grove,  
With chant of tuneless birds resounding loud. 290  
Thither he bent his way, determined there  
To rest at noon, and entered soon the shade  
High-roofed, and walks beneath, and alleys brown,  
That opened in the midst a woody scene ;  
Nature's own work it seemed (Nature taught Art),  
And, to a superstitious eye, the haunt  
Of wood-gods and wood-nymphs. He viewed it round ;  
When suddenly a man before him stood,  
Not rustic as before, but seemlier clad,  
As one in city or court or palace bred, 300  
And with fair speech these words to him addressed :—  
“ With granted leave officious I return,  
But much more wonder that the Son of God  
In this wild solitude so long should bide,  
Of all things destitute, and, well I know,  
Not without hunger. Others of some note,  
As story tells, have trod this wilderness :  
The fugitive bond-woman, with her son,  
Outcast Nebaioth, yet found here relief  
By a providing Angel ; all the race 310  
Of Israel here had famished, had not God  
Rained from heaven manna ; and that Prophet bold,

Native of Thebez, wandering here, was fed  
Twice by a voice inviting him to eat.  
Of thee these forty days none hath regard,  
Forty and more deserted here indeed."

To whom thus Jesus:—"What conclud'st thou hence?  
They all had need; I, as thou seest, have none."

"How hast thou hunger then?" Satan replied.

"Tell me, if food were now before thee set, 320  
Wouldst thou not eat?" "Thereafter as I like  
The giver," answered Jesus. "Why should that  
Cause thy refusal?" said the subtle Fiend.  
"Hast thou not right to all created things?  
Owe not all creatures, by just right, to thee  
Duty and service, nor to stay till bid,  
But tender all their power? Nor mention I  
Meats by the law unclean, or offered first  
To idols—those young Daniel could refuse;  
Nor proffered by an enemy—though who 330  
Would scruple that, with want oppressed? Behold,  
Nature ashamed, or, better to express,  
Troubled, that thou shouldst hunger, hath purveyed  
From all the elements her choicest store,  
To treat thee as beseems, and as her Lord  
With honour. Only deign to sit and eat."

He spake no dream; for, as his words had end,  
Our Saviour, lifting up his eyes, beheld,  
In ample space under the broadest shade,  
A table richly spread in regal mode, 340  
With dishes piled and meats of noblest sort  
And savour—beasts of chase, or fowl of game,  
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,  
Grisamber-steamed; all fish, from sea or shore,  
Freshet or purling brook, of shell or fin,  
And exquisitest name, for which was drained  
Pontus, and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.  
Alas! how simple, to these cates compared,  
Was that crude apple that diverted Eve!  
And at a stately sideboard, by the wine, 350  
That fragrant smell diffused, in order stood  
Tall stripling youths rich-clad, of fairer hue  
Than Ganymed or Hylas; distant more,  
Under the trees now tripped, now solemn stood,  
Nymphs of Diana's train, and Naiades  
With fruits and flowers from Amalthea's horn,  
And ladies of the Hesperides, that seemed  
Fairer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
Of faery damsels met in forest wide

By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore.  
And all the while harmonious airs were heard  
Of chiming strings or charming pipes; and winds  
Of gentlest gale Arabian odours fanned  
From their soft wings, and Flora's earliest smells.  
Such was the splendour; and the Tempter now  
His invitation earnestly renewed:—

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“What doubts the Son of God to sit and eat?  
These are not fruits forbidden; no interdict  
Defends the touching of these viands pure;  
Their taste no knowledge works, at least of evil,  
But life preserves, destroys life's enemy,  
Hunger, with sweet restorative delight.  
All these are Spirits of air, and woods, and springs,  
Thy gentle ministers, who come to pay  
Thee homage, and acknowledge thee their Lord.  
What doubt'st thou, Son of God? Sit down and eat.”

370

To whom thus Jesus temperately replied:—  
“Said'st thou not that to all things I had right?  
And who withholds my power that right to use?  
Shall I receive by gift what of my own,  
When and where likes me best, I can command?  
I can at will, doubt not, as soon as thou,  
Command a table in this wilderness,  
And call swift flights of Angels ministrant,  
Arrayed in glory, on my cup to attend:  
Why shouldst thou, then, obtrude this diligence  
In vain, where no acceptance it can find?  
And with my hunger what hast thou to do?  
Thy pompous delicacies I contemn,  
And count thy specious gifts no gifts, but guiles.”

380

390

To whom thus answered Satan, malecontent:—  
“That I have also power to give thou seest;  
If of that power I bring thee voluntary  
What I might have bestowed on whom I pleased,  
And rather opportunely in this place  
Chose to impart to thy apparent need,  
Why shouldst thou not accept it? But I see  
What I can do or offer is suspect.  
Of these things others quickly will dispose,  
Whose pains have earned the far-fet spoil.” With that  
Both table and provision vanished quite,  
With sound of harpies' wings and talons heard;  
Only the importune Tempter still remained,  
And with these words his temptation pursued:—  
“By hunger, that each other creature tames,

400

Thou art not to be harmed, therefore not moved ;  
 Thy temperance, invincible besides,  
 For no allurements yields to appetite ;  
 And all thy heart is set on high designs,  
 High actions. But wherewith to be achieved ? 410  
 Great acts require great means of enterprise ;  
 Thou art unknown, unfriended, low of birth,  
 A carpenter thy father known, thyself  
 Bred up in poverty and straits at home,  
 Lost in a desert here and hunger-bit.  
 Which way, or from what hope, dost thou aspire  
 To greatness ? whence authority deriv'st ?  
 What followers, what retinue canst thou gain,  
 Or at thy heels the dizzy multitude, 420  
 Longer than thou canst feed them on thy cost ?  
 Money brings honour, friends, conquest, and realms.  
 What raised Antipater the Edomite,  
 And his son Herod placed on Judah's throne,  
 Thy throne, but gold, that got him puissant friends ?  
 Therefore, if at great things thou wouldst arrive,  
 Get riches first, get wealth, and treasure heap—  
 Not difficult, if thou hearken to me.  
 Riches are mine, fortune is in my hand ;  
 They whom I favour thrive in wealth amain, 430  
 While virtue, valour, wisdom, sit in want."  
 To whom thus Jesus patiently replied :—  
 " Yet wealth without these three is impotent  
 To gain dominion, or to keep it gained—  
 Witness those ancient empires of the earth,  
 In highth of all their flowing wealth dissolved ;  
 But men endued with these have oft attained,  
 In lowest poverty, to highest deeds—  
 Gideon, and Jephtha, and the shepherd lad  
 Whose offspring on the throne of Judah sat 440  
 So many ages, and shall yet regain  
 That seat, and reign in Israel without end.  
 Among the Heathen (for throughout the world  
 To me is not unknown what hath been done  
 Worthy of memorial) canst thou not remember  
 Quintius, Fabricius, Curius, Regulus ?  
 For I esteem those names of men so poor,  
 Who could do mighty things, and could contemn  
 Riches, though offered from the hand of kings.  
 And what in me seems wanting but that I 450  
 May also in this poverty as soon  
 Accomplish what they did, perhaps and more ?  
 Extol not riches, then, the toil of fools,

The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare ; more apt  
To slacken virtue and abate her edge  
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.  
What if with like aversion I reject  
Riches and realms ! Yet not for that a crown,  
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,  
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights, 46c  
To him who wears the regal diadem,  
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;  
For therein stands the office of a king,  
His honour, virtue, merit, and chief praise,  
That for the public all this weight he bears.  
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules  
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king—  
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;  
And who attains not ill aspires to rule  
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes, 47c  
Subject himself to anarchy within,  
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.  
But to guide nations in the way of truth  
By saving doctrine, and from error lead  
To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,  
Is yet more kingly. This attracts the soul,  
Governs the inner man, the nobler part ;  
That other o'er the body only reigns,  
And oft by force—which to a generous mind  
So reigning can be no sincere delight. 48c  
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought  
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down  
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.  
Riches are needless, then, both for themselves,  
And for thy reason why they should be sought—  
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed."

# PARADISE REGAINED.

## THE THIRD BOOK.

SO spake the Son of God ; and Satan stood  
A while as mute, confounded what to say,  
What to reply, confuted and convinced  
Of his weak arguing and fallacious drift ;  
At length, collecting all his serpent wiles,  
With soothing words renewed, him thus accosts :—

“ I see thou know’st what is of use to know,  
What best to say canst say, to do canst do ;  
Thy actions to thy words accord ; thy words  
To thy large heart give utterance due ; thy heart  
Contains of good, wise, just, the perfect shape.  
Should kings and nations from thy mouth consult,  
Thy counsel would be as the oracle  
Urim and Thummim, those oraculous gems  
On Aaron’s breast, or tongue of Seers old  
Infallible ; or, wert thou sought to deeds  
That might require the array of war, thy skill  
Of conduct would be such that all the world  
Could not sustain thy prowess, or subsist  
In battle, though against thy few in arms.  
These godlike virtues wherefore dost thou hide?  
Affecting private life, or more obscure  
In savage wilderness, wherefore deprive  
All Earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself  
The fame and glory—glory, the reward  
That sole excites to high attempts the flame  
Of most erected spirits, most tempered pure  
Ethereal, who all pleasures else despise,  
All treasures and all gain esteem as dross,  
And dignities and powers, all but the highest?

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Thy years are ripe, and over-ripe. The son  
Of Macedonian Philip had ere these  
Won Asia, and the throne of Cyrus held  
At his dispose; young Scipio had brought down  
The Carthaginian pride; young Pompey quelled  
The Pontic king, and in triumph had rode.  
Yet years, and to ripe years judgment mature,  
Quench not the thirst of glory, but augment.  
Great Julius, whom now all the world admires,  
The more he grew in years, the more inflamed  
With glory, wept that he had lived so long  
Inglorious. But thou yet art not too late."

40

To whom our Saviour calmly thus replied:—  
"Thou neither dost persuade me to seek wealth  
For empire's sake, nor empire to affect  
For glory's sake, by all thy argument.  
For what is glory but the blaze of fame,  
The people's praise, if always praise unmixed?  
And what the people but a herd confused,  
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol  
Things vulgar, and, well weighed, scarce worth the praise?" 50  
They praise and they admire they know not what,  
And know not whom, but as one leads the other;  
And what delight to be by such extolled,  
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk?  
Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise—  
His lot who dares be singularly good.  
The intelligent among them and the wise  
Are few, and glory scarce of few is raised.  
This is true glory and renown—when God, 60  
Looking on the Earth, with approbation marks  
The just man, and divulges him through Heaven  
To all his Angels, who with true applause  
Recount his praises. Thus he did to Job,  
When, to extend his fame through Heaven and Earth,  
As thou to thy reproach may'st well remember,  
He asked thee, 'Hast thou seen my servant Job?'  
Famous he was in Heaven; on Earth less known,  
Where glory is false glory, attributed  
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame. 70  
They err who count it glorious to subdue  
By conquest far and wide, to overrun  
Large countries, and in field great battles win,  
Great cities by assault. What do these worthies  
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave  
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,  
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more

Than those their conquerors, who leave behind  
 Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,  
 And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;  
 Then swell with pride, and must be titled Gods,  
 Great Benefactors of mankind, Deliverers,  
 Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice ?  
 One is the son of Jove, of Mars the other ;  
 Till conqueror Death discover them scarce men,  
 Rolling in brutish vices, and deformed,  
 Violent or shameful death their due reward.  
 But, if there be in glory aught of good,  
 It may by means far different be attained,  
 Without ambition, war, or violence—  
 By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,  
 By patience, temperance. I mention still  
 Him whom thy wrongs, with saintly patience borne,  
 Made famous in a land and times obscure ;  
 Who names not now with honour patient Job ?  
 Poor Socrates, (who next more memorable ?)  
 By what he taught and suffered for so doing,  
 For truth's sake suffering death unjust, lives now  
 Equal in fame to proudest conquerors.  
 Yet, if for fame and glory aught be done,  
 Aught suffered—if young African for fame  
 His wasted country freed from Punic rage—  
 The deed becomes unpraised, the man at least,  
 And loses, though but verbal, his reward.  
 Shall I seek glory, then, as vain men seek,  
 Oft not deserved ? I seek not mine, but His  
 Who sent me, and thereby witness whence I am."

To whom the Tempter, murmuring, thus replied :—  
 "Think not so slight of glory, therein least  
 Resembling thy great Father. He seeks glory,  
 And for his glory all things made, all things  
 Orders and governs ; nor content in Heaven,  
 By all his Angels glorified, requires  
 Glory from men, from all men, good or bad,  
 Wise or unwise, no difference, no exemption.  
 Above all sacrifice, or hallowed gift,  
 Glory he requires, and glory he receives,  
 Promiscuous from all nations, Jew, or Greek,  
 Or Barbarous, nor exception hath declared ;  
 From us, his foes pronounced, glory he exacts."

To whom our Saviour fervently replied :—  
 "And reason ; since his Word all things produced,  
 Though chiefly not for glory as prime end,  
 But to show forth his goodness, and impart

8c

9c

10c

11c

12c

His good communicable to every soul  
Freely; of whom what could he less expect  
Than glory and benediction—that is, thanks—  
The slightest, easiest, readiest recompense  
From them who could return him nothing else,  
And, not returning that, would likeliest render  
Contempt instead, dishonour, obloquy?  
Hard recompense, unsuitable return  
For so much good, so much beneficence!  
But why should man seek glory, who of his own  
Hath nothing, and to whom nothing belongs  
But condemnation, ignominy, and shame—  
Who, for so many benefits received,  
Turned recreant to God, ingrate and false,  
And so of all true good himself despoiled;  
Yet, sacrilegious, to himself would take  
That which to God alone of right belongs?  
Yet so much bounty is in God, such grace,  
That who advance his glory, not their own,  
Them he himself to glory will advance.”

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So spake the Son of God; and here again  
Satan had not to answer, but stood struck  
With guilt of his own sin—for he himself,  
Insatiable of glory, had lost all;  
Yet of another plea bethought him soon:—

“Of glory, as thou wilt,” said he, “so deem;  
Worth or not worth the seeking, let it pass.  
But to a Kingdom thou art born—ordained  
To sit upon thy father David’s throne,  
By mother’s side thy father, though thy right  
Be now in powerful hands, that will not part  
Easily from possession won with arms.

150

Judæa now and all the Promised Land,  
Reduced a province under Roman yoke,  
Obeys Tiberius, nor is always ruled  
With temperate sway: oft have they violated  
The Temple, oft the Law, with foul affronts,  
Abominations rather, as did once.

160

Antiochus. And think’st thou to regain  
Thy right in sitting still, or thus retiring?  
So did not Machabeus. He indeed  
Retired unto the Desert, but with arms;  
And o’er a mighty king so oft prevailed  
That by strong hand his family obtained,  
Though priests, the crown, and David’s throne usurped,  
With Modin and her suburbs once content.  
If kingdom move thee not, let move thee zeal

170

And duty—zeal and duty are not slow,  
 But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait :  
 They themselves rather are occasion best—  
 Zeal of thy Father's house, duty to free  
 Thy country from her heathen servitude,  
 So shalt thou best fulfil, best verify,  
 The Prophets old, who sung thy endless reign—  
 The happier reign the sooner it begins.  
 Reign then; what canst thou better do the while?"

180

To whom our Saviour answer thus returned :—  
 "All things are best fulfilled in their due time;  
 And time there is for all things, Truth hath said.  
 If of my reign Prophetic Writ hath told  
 That it shall never end, so, when begin  
 The Father in his purpose hath decreed—  
 He in whose hand all times and seasons roll.  
 What if he hath decreed that I shall first  
 Be tried in humble state, and things adverse,  
 By tribulations, injuries, insults,  
 Contempts, and scorns, and snares, and violence,  
 Suffering, abstaining, quietly expecting  
 Without distrust or doubt, that He may know  
 What I can suffer, how obey? Who best  
 Can suffer best can do, best reign who first  
 Well hath obeyed—just trial ere I merit  
 My exaltation without change or end.  
 But what concerns it *thee* when I begin  
 My everlasting Kingdom? Why art *thou*  
 Solicitous? What moves *thy* inquisition?  
 Know'st thou not that my rising is thy fall,  
 And my promotion will be thy destruction?"

190

200

To whom the Tempter, inly racked, replied :—  
 "Let that come when it comes. All hope is lost  
 Of my reception into grace; what worse?  
 For where no hope is left is left no fear.  
 If there be worse, the expectation more  
 Of worse torments me than the feeling can.  
 I would be at the worst; worst is my port,  
 My harbour, and my ultimate repose,  
 The end I would attain, my final good.  
 My error was my error, and my crime  
 My crime; whatever, for itself condemned,  
 And will alike be punished, whether thou  
 Reign or reign not—though to that gentle brow  
 Willingly I could fly, and hope thy reign,  
 From that placid aspect and meek regard,  
 Rather than aggravate my evil state,

210

Would stand between me and thy Father's ire  
 (Whose ire I dread more than the fire of Hell) 220  
 A shelter and a kind of shading cool

Interposition, as a summer's cloud.

If I, then, to the worst that can be haste,  
 Why move thy feet so slow to what is best?

Happiest, both to thyself and all the world,  
 That thou, who worthiest art, shouldst be their king!

Perhaps thou linger'st in deep thoughts detained  
 Of the enterprise so hazardous and high!

No wonder; for, though in thee be united  
 What of perfection can in Man be found, 230  
 Or human nature can receive, consider

Thy life hath yet been private, most part spent  
 At home, scarce viewed the Galilean towns,

And once a year Jerusalem few days'  
 Short sojourn; and what thence couldst thou observe?

The world thou hast not seen, much less her glory,  
 Empires, and monarchs, and their radiant courts—

Best school of best experience, quickest in sight  
 In all things that to greatest actions lead.

The wisest, unexperienced, will be ever  
 Timorous, and loth, with novice modesty 240

(As he who, seeking asses, found a kingdom)

Irresolute, unhardy, unadventurous.

But I will bring thee where thou soon shalt quit

Those rudiments, and see before thine eyes

The monarchies of the Earth, their pomp and state—

Sufficient introduction to inform

Thee, of thyself so apt, in regal arts,

And regal mysteries; that thou may'st know

How best their opposition to withstand." 250

With that (such power was given him then), he took

The Son of God up to a mountain high.

It was a mountain at whose verdant feet

A spacious plain outstretched in circuit wide

Lay pleasant; from his side two rivers flowed,

The one winding, the other straight, and left between

Fair champaign, with less rivers interveined,

Then meeting joined their tribute to the sea.

Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine; 260

With herds the pasture thronged, with flocks the hills;

Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem

The seats of mightiest monarchs; and so large

The prospect was that here and there was room

For barren desert, fountainless and dry.

To this high mountain-top the Tempter brought

Our Saviour, and new train of words began :—

“ Well have we speeded, and o’er hill and dale,  
 Forest, and field, and flood, temples and towers,  
 Cut shorter many a league. Here thou beholdst  
 Assyria, and her empire’s ancient bounds,  
 Araxes and the Caspian lake ; thence on  
 As far as Indus east, Euphrates west,  
 And oft beyond ; to south the Persian bay,  
 And, inaccessible, the Arabian drouth :  
 Here, Nineveh, of length within her wall  
 Several days’ journey, built by Ninus old,  
 Of that first golden monarchy the seat,  
 And seat of Salmanassar, whose success  
 Israel in long captivity still mourns ;  
 There Babylon, the wonder of all tongues,  
 As ancient, but rebuilt by him who twice  
 Judah and all thy father David’s house  
 Led captive, and Jerusalem laid waste,  
 Till Cyrus set them free ; Persepolis,  
 His city, there thou seest, and Bactra there ;  
 Ecbatana her structure vast there shows,  
 And Hecatompylos her hundred gates ;  
 There Susa by Choaspes, amber stream,  
 The drink of none but kings ; of later fame,  
 Built by Emathian or by Parthian hands,  
 The great Seleucia, Nisibis, and there  
 Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye, thou may’s’t behold.  
 All these the Parthian (now some ages past  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire) under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com’s’t to have a view  
 Of his great power ; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana ; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste. See, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows and shafts their arms,  
 Of equal dread in flight or in pursuit—  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel ;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs, and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.”

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city gates outpoured, light-armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride.

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In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound—  
From Arachosia, from Candaor east,  
And Margiana, to the Hyrcanian cliffs  
Of Caucasus, and dark Iberian dales ;  
From Atropatia, and the neighbouring plains  
Of Adiabene, Media, and the south  
Of Susiana, to Balsara's haven.

320

He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;  
The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.  
Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor, on each horn,  
Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
Chariots, or elephants indorsed with towers  
Of archers ; nor of labouring pioneers

330

A multitude, with spades and axes armed,  
To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
Or where plain was raise hill, or overlay  
With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke :  
Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
And waggons fraught with utensils of war.  
Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
When Agrican, with all his northern powers,  
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win

340

The fairest of her sex, Angelica,  
His daughter, sought by many prowest knights,  
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemain.  
Such and so numerous was their chivalry ;  
At sight whereof the Fiend yet more presumed,  
And to our Saviour thus his words renewed :—

“That thou may'st know I seek not to engage  
Thy virtue, and not every way secure  
On no slight grounds thy safety, hear and mark  
To what end I have brought thee hither, and show  
All this fair sight. Thy kingdom, though foretold  
By Prophet or by Angel, unless thou  
Endeavour, as thy father David did,  
Thou never shalt obtain : prediction still  
In all things, and all men, supposes means ;  
Without means used, what it predicts revokes.  
But say thou wert possessed of David's throne  
By free consent of all, none opposite,  
Samaritan or Jew ; how couldst thou hope

350

Long to enjoy it quiet and secure 360  
 Between two such enclosing enemies,  
 Roman and Parthian? Therefore one of these  
 Thou must make sure thy own: the Parthian first,  
 By my advice, as nearer, and of late  
 Found able by invasion to annoy  
 Thy country, and captive lead away her kings,  
 Antigonus and old Hyrcanus, bound,  
 Maugre the Roman. It shall be my task  
 To render thee the Parthian at dispose,  
 Choose which thou wilt, by conquest or by league. 370  
 By him thou shalt regain, without him not,  
 That which alone can truly reinstall thee  
 In David's royal seat, his true successor—  
 Deliverance of thy brethren, those Ten Tribes  
 Whose offspring in his territory yet serve  
 In Habor, and among the Medes dispersed:  
 Ten sons of Jacob, two of Joseph, lost  
 Thus long from Israel, serving, as of old  
 Their fathers in the land of Egypt served,  
 This offer sets before thee to deliver. 380  
 These if from servitude thou shalt restore  
 To their inheritance, then, nor till then,  
 Thou on the throne of David in full glory,  
 From Egypt to Euphrates and beyond,  
 Shalt reign, and Rome or Cæsar not need fear.”  
 To whom our Saviour answered thus, unmoved:—  
 “Much ostentation vain of fleshly arm  
 And fragile arms, much instrument of war,  
 Long in preparing, soon to nothing brought,  
 Before mine eyes thou hast set, and in my ear 390  
 Vented much policy, and projects deep  
 Of enemies, of aids, battles, and leagues,  
 Plausible to the world, to me worth naught.  
 Means I must use, thou say'st; prediction else  
 Will unpredict, and fail me of the throne!  
 My time, I told thee (and that time for thee  
 Were better farthest off), is not yet come.  
 When that comes, think not thou to find me slack  
 On my part aught endeavouring, or to need  
 Thy politic maxims, or that cumbersome 400  
 Luggage of war there shown me—argument  
 Of human weakness rather than of strength.  
 My brethren, as thou call'st them, those Ten Tribes,  
 I must deliver, if I mean to reign  
 David's true heir, and his full sceptre sway  
 To just extent over all Israel's sons!

But whence to *thee* this zeal? Where was it then  
For Israel, or for David, or his throne,  
When thou stood'st up his tempter to the pride  
Of numbering Israel—which cost the lives 410  
Of threescore and ten thousand Israelites  
By three days' pestilence? Such was thy zeal  
To Israel then, the same that now to me.  
As for those captive tribes, themselves were they  
Who wrought their own captivity, fell off  
From God to worship calves, the deities  
Of Egypt, Baal next and Ashtaroth,  
And all the idolatries of heathen round,  
Besides their other worse than heathenish crimes ;  
Nor in the land of their captivity 420  
Humbled themselves, or penitent besought  
The God of their forefathers, but so died  
Impenitent, and left a race behind  
Like to themselves, distinguishable scarce  
From Gentiles, but by circumcision vain,  
And God with idols in their worship joined.  
Should I of these the liberty regard,  
Who, freed, as to their ancient patrimony,  
Unhumbled, unrepentant, unreformed,  
Headlong would follow, and to their gods perhaps 430  
Of Bethel and of Dan? No ; let them serve  
Their enemies who serve idols with God.  
Yet He at length, time to himself best known,  
Remembering Abraham, by some wondrous call  
May bring them back, repentant and sincere,  
And at their passing cleave the Assyrian flood,  
While to their native land with joy they haste,  
As the Red Sea and Jordan once he cleft,  
When to the Promised Land their fathers passed.  
To his due time and providence I leave them." 440  
So spake Israel's true King, and to the Fiend  
Made answer meet, that made void all his wiles.  
So fares it when with truth falsehood contends.

## PARADISE REGAINED.

### THE FOURTH BOOK.

PERPLEXED and troubled at his bad success  
The Tempter stood, nor had what to reply,  
Discovered in his fraud, thrown from his hope  
So oft, and the persuasive rhetoric  
That sleeked his tongue, and won so much on Eve,  
So little here, nay lost. But Eve was Eve ;  
This far his over-match, who, self-deceived  
And rash, beforehand had no better weighed  
The strength he was to cope with, or his own.  
But—as a man who had been matchless held  
In cunning, over-reached where least he thought,  
To salve his credit, and for very spite,  
Still will be tempting him who foils him still,  
And never cease, though to his shame the more ;  
Or as a swarm of flies in vintage-time,  
About the wine-press where sweet must is poured,  
Beat off, returns as oft with humming sound ;  
Or surging waves against a solid rock,  
Though all to shivers dashed, the assault renew,  
(Vain battery !) and in froth or bubbles end—  
So Satan, whom repulse upon repulse  
Met ever, and to shameful silence brought,  
Yet gives not o'er, though desperate of success,  
And his vain importunity pursues.  
He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, long, but in breadth not wide,  
Washed by the southern sea, and on the north  
To equal length backed with a ridge of hills  
That screened the fruits of the earth and seats of men

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From cold Septentrion blasts ; thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, off whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With towers and temples proudly elevate  
On seven small hills, with palaces adorned,  
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens and groves, presented to his eyes  
Above the highth of mountains interposed—  
By what strange parallax, or optic skill  
Of vision, multiplied through air, or glass  
Of telescope, were curious to inquire.

40

And now the Tempter thus his silence broke :—

“ The city which thou seest no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the Earth  
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched  
Of nations. There the Capitol thou seest,  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable ; and there Mount Palatine,  
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
Turrets, and terraces, and glittering spires.  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of gods—so well I have disposed  
My aery microscope—thou may’st behold,  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.

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Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
What conflux issuing forth, or entering in :

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Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
Hasting, or on return, in robes of state ;  
Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power ;  
Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;  
Or embassies from regions far remote,  
In various habits, on the Appian road,  
Or on the Æmilian—some from farthest south,  
Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
Merôë, Nilotic isle, and, more to west,  
The realm of Bocchus to the Blackmoor sea ;  
From the Asian kings (and Parthian among these),  
From India and the Golden Chersoness,  
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,  
Dusk faces with white silken turbants wreathed ;  
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west ;

70

Germans, and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.  
 All nations now to Rome obedience pay— 80  
 To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain,  
 In ample territory, wealth and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian. These two thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed;  
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory.  
 This Emperor hath no son, and now is old, 90  
 Old and lascivious, and from Rome retired  
 To Capreæ, an island small but strong  
 On the Campanian shore, with purpose there  
 His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;  
 Committing to a wicked favourite  
 All public cares, and yet of him suspicious;  
 Hated of all, and hating. With what ease,  
 Endued with regal virtues as thou art,  
 Appearing, and beginning noble deeds,  
 Might'st thou expel this monster from his throne, 100  
 Now made a sty, and, in his place ascending,  
 A victor-people free from servile yoke!  
 And with my help thou may'st; to me the power  
 Is given, and by that right I give it thee.  
 Aim, therefore, at no less than all the world;  
 Aim at the highest; without the highest attained,  
 Will be for thee no sitting, or not long,  
 On David's throne, be prophesied what will."  
 To whom the Son of God, unmoved, replied:—  
 "Nor doth this grandeur and majestic show 110  
 Of luxury, though called magnificence,  
 More than of arms before, allure mine eye,  
 Much less my mind; though thou should'st add to tell  
 Their sumptuous gluttonies, and gorgeous feasts  
 On citron tables or Atlantic stone  
 (For I have also heard, perhaps have read),  
 Their wines of Setia, Cales, and Falerne,  
 Chios and Crete, and how they quaff in gold,  
 Crystal, and myrrhine cups, embossed with gems  
 And studs of pearl—to me should'st tell, who thirst 120  
 And hunger still. Then embassies thou show'st  
 From nations far and nigh! What honour that,  
 But tedious waste of time, to sit and hear  
 So many hollow compliments and lies,

Outlandish flatteries? Then proceed'st to talk  
Of the Emperor, how easily subdued,  
How gloriously. I shall, thou say'st, expel  
A brutish monster: what if I withal  
Expel a Devil who first made him such?  
Let his tormentor, Conscience, find him out; 130  
For him I was not sent, nor yet to free  
That people, victor once, now vile and base,  
Deservedly made vassal—who, once just,  
Frugal, and mild, and temperate, conquered well,  
But govern ill the nations under yoke,  
Peeling their provinces, exhausted all  
By lust and rapine; first ambitious grown  
Of triumph, that insulting vanity;  
Then cruel, by their sports to blood inured  
Of fighting beasts, and men to beasts exposed; 140  
Luxurious by their wealth, and greedier still,  
And from the daily scene effeminate.

What wise and valiant man would seek to free  
These, thus degenerate, by themselves enslaved,  
Or could of inward slaves make outward free?  
Know, therefore, when my season comes to sit  
On David's throne, it shall be like a tree  
Spreading and overshadowing all the earth,  
Or as a stone that shall to pieces dash  
All monarchies besides throughout the world; 150  
And of my kingdom there shall be no end.  
Means there shall be to this; but what the means  
Is not for thee to know, nor me to tell."

To whom the Tempter, impudent, replied:—

"I see all offers made by me how slight  
Thou valu'st, because offered, and reject'st.  
Nothing will please the difficult and nice,  
Or nothing more than still to contradict.  
On the other side know also thou that I  
On what I offer set as high esteem, 160  
Nor what I part with mean to give for naught.  
All these, which in a moment thou behold'st,  
The kingdoms of the world, to thee I give  
(For, given to me, I give to whom I please),  
No trifle; yet with this reserve, not else—  
On this condition, if thou wilt fall down,  
And worship me as thy superior lord  
(Easily done), and hold them all of me;  
For what can less so great a gift deserve?"

Whom thus our Saviour answered with disdain:— 170  
"I never liked thy talk, thy offers less;

Now both abhor, since thou hast dared to utter  
The abominable terms, impious condition.  
But I endure the time, till which expired  
Thou hast permission on me. It is written,  
The first of all commandments, 'Thou shalt worship  
The Lord thy God, and only Him shalt serve ;'  
And dar'st thou to the Son of God propound  
To worship thee, accursed? now more accursed  
For this attempt, bolder than that on Eve, 180  
And more blasphemous ; which expect to rue.  
The kingdoms of the world to thee were given!  
Permitted rather, and by thee usurped ;  
Other donation none thou canst produce.  
If given, by whom but by the King of kings,  
God over all supreme? If given to thee,  
By thee how fairly is the Giver now  
Repaid ! But gratitude in thee is lost  
Long since. Wert thou so void of fear or shame  
As offer them to me, the Son of God— 190  
To me my own, on such abhorred pact,  
That I fall down and worship thee as God?  
Get thee behind me ! Plain thou now appear'st  
That Evil One, Satan for ever damned."

To whom the Fiend, with fear abashed, replied :—  
"Be not so sore offended, Son of God—  
Though Sons of God both Angels are and Men—  
If I, to try whether in higher sort  
Than these thou bear'st that title, have proposed  
What both from Men and Angels I receive, 200  
Tetrarchs of Fire, Air, Flood, and on the Earth  
Nations besides from all the quartered winds—  
God of this World invoked, and World beneath.  
Who then thou art, whose coming is foretold  
To me most fatal, me it most concerns.  
The trial hath indamaged thee no way,  
Rather more honour left and more esteem ;  
Me naught advantaged, missing what I aimed.  
Therefore let pass, as they are transitory,  
The kingdoms of this world ; I shall no more  
Advise thee ; gain them as thou canst, or not. 210  
And thou thyself seem'st otherwise inclined  
Than to a worldly crown, addicted more  
To contemplation and profound dispute ;  
As by that early action may be judged,  
When, slipping from thy mother's eye, thou went'st  
Alone into the Temple, there wast found  
Among the gravest Rabbies, disputant

On points and questions fitting Moses' chair,  
Teaching, not taught. The childhood shows the man, 220  
As morning shows the day. Be famous, then,  
By wisdom; as thy empire must extend,  
So let extend thy mind o'er all the world  
In knowledge; all things in it comprehend.  
All knowledge is not couched in Moses' law,  
The Pentateuch, or what the Prophets wrote;  
The Gentiles also know, and write, and teach  
To admiration, led by Nature's light;  
And with the Gentiles much thou must converse,  
Ruling them by persuasion, as thou mean'st. 230  
Without their learning, how wilt thou with them,  
Or they with thee, hold conversation meet?  
How wilt thou reason with them, how refute  
Their idolisms, traditions, paradoxes?  
Error by his own arms is best evinced.  
Look once more, ere we leave this specular mount,  
Westward, much nearer by south-west; behold  
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,  
Built nobly, pure the air and light the soil—  
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts 240  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.  
See there the olive-grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;  
There, flowery hill, Hymettus, with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites  
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls  
His whispering stream. Within the walls then view 250  
The schools of ancient sages—his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there; and painted Stoa next.  
There thou shalt hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measured verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own. 260  
Thence what the lofty grave Tragedians taught  
In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
Of moral prudence, with delight received  
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,

High actions and high passions best describing.  
Thence to the famous Orators repair,  
Those ancient whose resistless eloquence  
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,  
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmined over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne. 270

To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,  
From heaven descended to the low-roofed house  
Of Socrates—see there his tenement—  
Whom, well inspired, the oracle pronounced  
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth  
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools  
Of Academics old and new, with those  
Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe. 280

These here revolve, or, as thou likest, at home,  
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;  
These rules will render thee a king complete  
Within thyself, much more with empire joined."

To whom our Saviour sagely thus replied :—  
"Think not but that I know these things; or, think  
I know them not, not therefore am I short  
Of knowing what I ought. He who receives  
Light from above, from the Fountain of Light,  
No other doctrine needs, though granted true;  
But these are false, or little else but dreams, 290  
Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.

The first and wisest of them all professed  
To know this only, that he nothing knew;  
The next to fabling fell and smooth conceits;  
A third sort doubted all things, though plain sense;  
Others in virtue placed felicity,  
But virtue joined with riches and long life;  
In corporal pleasure he, and careless ease;  
The Stoic last in philosophic pride, 300

By him called virtue, and his virtuous man,  
Wise, perfect in himself, and all possessing,  
Equal to God, oft shames not to prefer,  
As fearing God nor man, contemning all  
Wealth, pleasure, pain or torment, death and life—  
Which, when he lists, he leaves, or boasts he can;  
For all his tedious talk is but vain boast,  
Or subtle shifts conviction to evade.

Alas! what can they teach, and not mislead,  
Ignorant of themselves, of God much more, 310  
And how the World began, and how Man fell,  
Degraded by himself, on grace depending?

Much of the Soul they talk, but all awry ;  
And in themselves seek virtue ; and to themselves  
All glory arrogate, to God give none ;  
Rather accuse him under usual names,  
Fortune and Fate, as one regardless quite  
Of mortal things. Who, therefore, seeks in these  
True wisdom finds her not, or, by delusion  
Far worse, her false resemblance only meets, 320  
An empty cloud. However, many books,  
Wise men have said, are wearisome ; who reads  
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not  
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,  
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek ?)  
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,  
Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself,  
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore. 330  
Or, if I would delight my private hours  
With music or with poem, where so soon  
As in our native language can I find  
That solace ? All our Law and Story strewed  
With hymns, our Psalms with artful terms inscribed,  
Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon  
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare  
That rather Greece from us these arts derived—  
Ill imitated while they loudest sing  
The vices of their deities, and their own, 340  
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating  
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past shame.  
Remove their swelling epithets, thick-laid  
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,  
Thin-sown with aught of profit or delight,  
Will far be found unworthy to compare  
With Sion's songs, to all true tastes excelling,  
Where God is praised aright and godlike men,  
The Holiest of Holies and his Saints  
(Such are from God inspired, not such from thee) ; 350  
Unless where moral virtue is expressed  
By light of Nature, not in all quite lost.  
Their orators thou then extoll'st as those  
The top of eloquence—statists indeed,  
And lovers of their country, as may seem ;  
But herein to our Prophets far beneath,  
As men divinely taught, and better teaching  
The solid rules of civil government,  
In their majestic, unaffected style,

Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome. 360  
 In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,  
 What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,  
 What ruins kingdoms, and lays cities flat ;  
 These only, with our Law, best form a king."

So spake the Son of God ; but Satan, now  
 Quite at a loss (for all his darts were spent),  
 Thus to our Saviour, with stern brow, replied :—

"Since neither wealth nor honour, arms nor arts,  
 Kingdom nor empire, pleases thee, nor aught 370  
 By me proposed in life contemplative  
 Or active, tended on by glory or fame,  
 What dost thou in this world? The Wilderness  
 For thee is fittest place: I found thee there,  
 And thither will return thee. Yet remember  
 What I foretell thee; soon thou shalt have cause  
 To wish thou never hadst rejected, thus  
 Nicely or cautiously, my offered aid,  
 Which would have set thee in short time with ease  
 On David's throne, or throne of all the world,  
 Now at full age, fulness of time, thy season, 380  
 When prophecies of thee are best fulfilled.  
 Now, contrary—if I read aught in heaven,  
 Or heaven write aught of fate—by what the stars  
 Voluminous, or single characters  
 In their conjunction met, give me to spell,  
 Sorrows and labours, opposition, hate,  
 Attends thee; scorns, reproaches, injuries,  
 Violence and stripes, and, lastly, cruel death.  
 A kingdom they portend thee, but what kingdom,  
 Real or allegoric, I discern not ; 390  
 Nor when: eternal sure—as without end,  
 Without beginning; for no date prefixed  
 Directs me in the starry rubric set."

So saying, he took (for still he knew his power  
 Not yet expired), and to the Wilderness  
 Brought back, the Son of God, and left him there,  
 Feigning to disappear. Darkness now rose,  
 As daylight sunk, and brought in luring Night,  
 Her shadowy offspring, unsubstantial both,  
 Privation mere of light and absent day. 400  
 Our Saviour, meek, and with untroubled mind  
 After his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,  
 Hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,  
 Wherever, under some concourse of shades,  
 Whose branching arms thick intertwined might shield  
 From dews and damps of night his sheltered head ;

But, sheltered, slept in vain ; for at his head  
The Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams  
Disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now  
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven ; the clouds 410  
From many a horrid rift abortive poured  
Fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire  
In ruin reconciled ; nor slept the winds  
Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad  
From the four hinges of the world, and fell  
On the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,  
Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,  
Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts,  
Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,  
O patient Son of God, yet only stood'st 420  
Unshaken ! Nor yet staid the terror there :  
Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round  
Environed thee ; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,  
Some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou  
Sat'st unappalled in calm and sinless peace.  
Thus passed the night so foul, till Morning fair  
Came forth with pilgrim steps, in amice gray,  
Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar  
Of thunder, chased the clouds, and laid the winds,  
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised 430  
To tempt the Son of God with terrors dire.  
And now the sun with more effectual beams  
Had cheered the face of earth, and dried the wet  
From drooping plant, or dropping tree ; the birds,  
Who all things now behold more fresh and green,  
After a night of storm so ruinous,  
Cleared up their choicest notes in bush and spray,  
To gratulate the sweet return of morn.  
Nor yet, amidst this joy and brightest morn,  
Was absent, after all his mischief done, 440  
The Prince of Darkness ; glad would also seem  
Of this fair change, and to our Saviour came ;  
Yet with no new device (they all were spent),  
Rather by this his last affront resolved,  
Desperate of better course, to vent his rage  
And mad despite to be so oft repelled.  
Him walking on a sunny hill he found,  
Backed on the north and west by a thick wood ;  
Out of the wood he starts in wonted shape,  
And in a careless mood thus to him said :— 450  
“ Fair morning yet betides thee, Son of God,  
After a dismal night. I heard the wrack,  
As earth and sky would mingle ; but myself

Was distant ; and these flaws, though mortals fear them,  
 As dangerous to the pillared frame of Heaven,  
 Or to the Earth's dark basis underneath,  
 Are to the main as inconsiderable  
 And harmless, if not wholesome, as a sneeze  
 To man's less universe, and soon are gone.  
 Yet, as being oft-times noxious where they light  
 On man, beast, plant, wasteful and turbulent,  
 Like turbulencies in the affairs of men,  
 Over whose heads they roar, and seem to point,  
 They oft fore-signify and threaten ill.  
 This tempest at this desert most was bent ;  
 Of men at thee, for only thou here dwell'st.  
 Did I not tell thee, if thou didst reject  
 The perfect season offered with my aid  
 To win thy destined seat, but wilt prolong  
 All to the push of fate, pursue thy way  
 Of gaining David's throne no man knows when  
 (For both the when and how is nowhere told),  
 Thou shalt be what thou art ordained, no doubt ;  
 For Angels have proclaimed it, but concealing  
 The time and means ? Each act is rightliest done  
 Not when it must, but when it may be best.  
 If thou observe not this, be sure to find  
 What I foretold thee—many a hard assay  
 Of dangers, and adversities, and pains,  
 Ere thou of Israel's sceptre get fast hold ;  
 Whereof this ominous night that closed thee round,  
 So many terrors, voices, prodigies,  
 May warn thee, as a sure foregoing sign."

460

470

480

So talked he, while the Son of God went on,  
 And staid not, but in brief him answered thus :—  
 "Me worse than wet thou find'st not ; other harm  
 Those terrors which thou speak'st of did me none.  
 I never feared they could, though noising loud  
 And threatening nigh : what they can do as signs  
 Betokening or ill-boding I contemn  
 As false portents, not sent from God, but thee ;  
 Who, knowing I shall reign past thy preventing,  
 Obtrud'st thy offered aid, that I, accepting,  
 At least might seem to hold all power of thee,  
 Ambitious Spirit ! and would'st be thought my God ;  
 And storm'st, refused, thinking to terrify  
 Me to thy will ! Desist (thou art discerned,  
 And toil'st in vain), nor me in vain molest."

490

To whom the Fiend, now swoln with rage, replied :—  
 "Then hear, O Son of David, virgin-born !

500

For Son of God to me is yet in doubt.  
Of the Messiah I have heard foretold  
By all the Prophets; of thy birth, at length  
Announced by Gabriel, with the first I knew,  
And of the angelic song in Bethlehem field,  
On thy birth-night, that sung thee Saviour born.  
From that time seldom have I ceased to eye  
Thy infancy, thy childhood, and thy youth,  
Thy manhood last, though yet in private bred;  
Till, at the ford of Jordan, whither all  
Flocked to the Baptist, I among the rest  
(Though not to be baptized), by voice from Heaven  
Heard thee pronounced the Son of God beloved.  
Thenceforth I thought thee worth my nearer view  
And narrower scrutiny, that I might learn  
In what degree or meaning thou art called

510

*The Son of God*, which bears no single sense.

The Son of God I also am, or was;

And, if I was, I am; relation stands:

All men are Sons of God; yet thee I thought

520

In some respect far higher so declared.

Therefore I watched thy footsteps from that hour,

And followed thee still on to this waste wild,

Where, by all best conjectures, I collect

Thou art to be my fatal enemy.

Good reason, then, if I beforehand seek

To understand my adversary, who

And what he is; his wisdom, power, intent;

By parle or composition, truce or league,

To win him, or win from him what I can.

530

And opportunity I here have had

To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee

Proof against all temptation, as a rock

Of adamant and as a centre, firm

To the utmost of mere man both wise and good,

Not more; for honours, riches, kingdoms, glory,

Have been before contemned, and may again.

Therefore, to know what more thou art than man,

Worth naming Son of God by voice from Heaven,

Another method I must now begin."

540

So saying, he caught him up, and, without wing

Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,

Over the wilderness and o'er the plain,

Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,

The Holy City, lifted high her towers,

And higher yet the glorious Temple reared

Her pile, far off appearing like a mount

Of alabaster, topt with golden spires :  
There, on the highest pinnacle, he set  
The Son of God, and added thus in scorn :— 550  
“There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright  
Will ask thee skill. I to thy Father’s house  
Have brought thee, and highest placed : highest is best.  
Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,  
Cast thyself down. Safely, if Son of God ;  
For it is written, ‘He will give command  
Concerning thee to his Angels ; in their hands  
They shall uplift thee, lest at any time  
Thou chance to dash thy foot against a stone.’”  
To whom thus Jesus : “Also it is written, 560  
‘Tempt not the Lord thy God.’” He said, and stood ;  
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.  
As when Earth’s son, Antæus (to compare  
Small things with greatest), in Irassa strove  
With Jove’s Alcides, and, oft foiled, still rose,  
Receiving from his mother Earth new strength,  
Fresh from his fall, and fiercer grapple joined,  
Throttled at length in the air expired and fell,  
So, after many a foil, the Tempter proud,  
Renewing fresh assaults, amidst his pride 570  
Fell whence he stood to see his victor fall ;  
And, as that Theban monster that proposed  
Her riddle, and him who solved it not devoured,  
That once found out and solved, for grief and spite  
Cast herself headlong from the Ismenian steep,  
So, strook with dread and anguish, fell the Fiend,  
And to his crew, that sat consulting, brought  
Joyless triumphals of his hoped success,  
Ruin, and desperation, and dismay,  
Who durst so proudly tempt the Son of God. 580  
So Satan fell ; and straight a fiery globe  
Of Angels on full sail of wing flew nigh,  
Who on their plummy vans received Him soft  
From his uneasy station, and upbore,  
As on a floating couch, through the blithe air ;  
Then, in a flowery valley, set him down  
On a green bank, and set before him spread  
A table of celestial food, divine  
Ambrosial fruits fetched from the Tree of Life,  
And from the Fount of Life ambrosial drink, 590  
That soon refreshed him wearied, and repaired  
What hunger, if aught hunger, had impaired,  
Or thirst ; and, as he fed, Angelic quires  
Sung heavenly anthems of his victory

Over temptation and the Tempter proud:—

“True Image of the Father, whether throned  
In the bosom of bliss, and light of light  
Conceiving, or, remote from Heaven, enshrined  
In fleshly tabernacle and human form,  
Wandering the wilderness—whatever place, 600  
Habit, or state, or motion, still expressing  
The Son of God, with Godlike force endued  
Against the attempter of thy Father’s throne  
And thief of Paradise! Him long of old  
Thou didst debar, and down from Heaven cast  
With all his army; now thou hast avenged  
Supplanted Adam, and, by vanquishing  
Temptation, hast regained lost Paradise,  
And frustrated the conquest fraudulent.  
He never more henceforth will dare set foot 610  
In Paradise to tempt; his snares are broke.  
For, though that seat of earthly bliss be failed,  
A fairer Paradise is founded now  
For Adam and his chosen sons, whom thou,  
A Saviour, art come down to reinstall;  
Where they shall dwell secure, when time shall be,  
Of tempter and temptation without fear.  
But thou, Infernal Serpent! shalt not long  
Rule in the clouds. Like an autumnal star,  
Or lightning, thou shalt fall from Heaven, trod down 620  
Under his feet. For proof, ere this thou feel’st  
Thy wound (yet not thy last and deadliest wound)  
By this repulse received, and hold’st in Hell  
No triumph; in all her gates Abaddon rues  
Thy bold attempt. Hereafter learn with awe  
To dread the Son of God. He, all unarmed,  
Shall chase thee, with the terror of his voice,  
From thy demoniac holds, possession foul—  
Thee and thy legions; yelling they shall fly,  
And beg to hide them in a herd of swine, 630  
Lest he command them down into the Deep,  
Bound, and to torment sent before their time.  
Hail, Son of the Most High, heir of both Worlds,  
Queller of Satan! On thy glorious work  
Now enter, and begin to save Mankind.”

Thus they the Son of God, our Saviour meek,  
Sung victor, and, from heavenly feast refreshed,  
Brought on his way with joy. He, unobserved,  
Home to his mother’s house private returned.



SAMSON ACONISTES.



# INTRODUCTION

TO

## SAMSON AGONISTES.

MILTON is remembered mainly as an epic poet. But his final choice of the epic form for his greatest poem and its companion was the result of deliberation. Apparently it was even a departure from his original inclination, when in his early manhood he had debated with himself in what form of poetry his genius would have fullest scope. Two of his early English poems had not only been dramatic, but had actually been performed. The *Arcades* was "part of an entertainment presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some noble persons of her family," probably in the year 1633; and *Comus*, the finest and most extensive of all Milton's minor poems, was nothing else than an elaborate "masque," performed, in the year 1634, at Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales, by way of an entertainment to the gentry of the neighbourhood. (See Introductions to these two Poems.) Whether Milton was present at the performance of either the *Arcades* or the *Comus* is not known; but the fact of his writing two such dramatic pieces for actual performance by the members of a family with which he had relations of acquaintance shows that at that time—*i.e.* when he was twenty-six years of age—he had no objection to this kind of entertainment, then so fashionable at Court and among noble families of literary tastes. That he had seen masques performed—masques of Ben Jonson, Carew, or Shirley—may be taken for granted; and we have his own assurance that, when at Cambridge, he attended dramatic representations there, got up in the colleges, and that, when in London, during his vacations from Cambridge, he used to go to the theatres (*Eleg.* i. 29-46). To the same effect we have his lines in *L'Allegro*, where he includes the theatre among the natural pleasures of the mind in its cheerful mood—

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,  
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warble his native wood-notes wild"—

words which, so far as Milton's appreciation of Shakespeare is concerned, would seem poor, if we did not recollect the splendid lines which he had

previously written (1630), and which were prefixed to the second folio edition of Shakespeare's plays in 1632—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in pill'd stones,  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
Dear Son of Memory, great heir of Fame,  
What need'st thou such weak witness," &c.

Still the unlawfulness of dramatic entertainments had always been a tenet of those stricter English Puritans with whom Milton even then felt a political sympathy; and Prynne's famous *Histriomastix*, in which he denounced stage-plays and all connected with them through a thousand quarto pages (1632), had helped to confirm Puritanism in this tenet. As Prynne's treatise had been out more than a year before the *Arcades* and *Comus* were written, it is clear that he had not converted Milton to his opinion. While the more rigid and less educated of the Puritans undoubtedly went with Prynne in condemning the stage altogether, Milton, I should say, before the time of his journey to Italy (1638-39), was one of those who retained a pride in the drama as the form of literature in which, for two generations, English genius had been most productive. Lamenting, with others, the corrupt condition into which the national drama had fallen in baser hands, and the immoral accompaniments of the degraded stage, he had seen no reason to recant his enthusiastic tribute to the memory of Shakespeare, or to be ashamed of his own contribution to the dramatic literature of England in his two model masques.

Gradually, however, with Milton's growing seriousness amid the events and duties that awaited him after his return from his Italian journey, and especially after the meeting of the Long Parliament (Nov. 3, 1640), there came a change in his notions of the drama. From this period there is evidence that his sympathy with the Prynne view of things, at least as far as regarded the English stage, was more considerable than it had been—that, while he regarded all literature as recently infected with baseness and corruption, and requiring to be taught again its true relation to the spiritual needs and uses of a great nation, he felt an especial dislike to the popular literature of stage-plays, as then written and acted. From this period, if I mistake not, he was practically against theatre-going, as unworthy of a serious man, considering the contrast between what was to be seen within the theatres and what was in course of transaction without them; nor, if his two masques and his eulogy on Shakespeare had remained to be written now, do I think he would have judged it opportune to write them. Certainly he would not now have written the masques for actual performance, public or private. And yet he had not abandoned his admiration of the drama as a form of literature. On the contrary, he was still convinced that no form of literature was nobler, more capable of conveying the highest and most salutary conceptions of the mind of a great poet. When, immediately after his return from Italy, he was preparing himself for that great English poem upon which he proposed to bestow his full strength, and debating with himself what should be its subject and what its form, what do we find? We find him, for a while (*The Reason of Church Government*, Introd. to Book II.), balancing the claims of the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric, and concluding that in any one of these a great Christian poet might have congenial scope, and the benefit of grand precedents

and models. He discusses the claims of the Epic first, and thinks highly of them, but proceeds immediately to inquire "whether those dramatic constitutions in which Sophocles and Euripides reign shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation," adding, "The Scripture also affords us a divine Pastoral Drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately Tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies; and this my opinion the grave authority of Paræus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm." Here we have certainly a proof that no amount of sympathy which Milton may have felt with the Puritan dislike of stage-plays had affected his admiration of the dramatic form of poesy as practised by the ancient Greek tragedians and others. Accordingly, it was to the dramatic form, rather than to either the epic or the lyric, that Milton then inclined in his meditations of some great English poem to be written by himself. As we have already seen (Introduction to *Paradise Lost*, pp. 11, 12), he threw aside his first notion of an epic on King Arthur, and began to collect possible subjects for dramas from Scriptural History, and from the early history of Britain. He collected and jotted down the titles of no fewer than sixty possible tragedies on subjects from the Old and New Testaments, and thirty-eight possible tragedies on subjects of English and Scottish History—among which latter, curiously enough, was one on the subject of *Macbeth*. From this extraordinary collection of possible subjects *Paradise Lost* already stood out as that which most fascinated him; but even that subject was to be treated dramatically.

All this was before the year 1642. On the 2d of September in that year—the King having a few days before raised his standard at Nottingham, and given the signal for the Civil War—there was passed the famous ordinance of Parliament suppressing stage-plays "while the public troubles last," and shutting up the London theatres. From that date onwards to the Restoration, or for nearly eighteen years, the Drama, in the sense of the Acted Drama, was in abeyance in England. This fact may have co-operated with other reasons in determining Milton—when he did at length find leisure for returning to his scheme of a great English poem—to abandon the dramatic form he had formerly favoured. True, the mere discontinuance of stage-plays in England, as an amusement inconsistent with Puritan ideas, and intolerable in the state of the times, cannot, even though Milton approved of such discontinuance (as he doubtless did), have altered his former convictions in favour of the dramatic form of poetry, according to its noblest ancient models—especially as he could have had no thought, when meditating his Scriptural Tragedies, of adapting them for actual performance. Such a tragedy as *he* had meant to write would not have been the least in conflict with the real operative element in the contemporary Puritan antipathy to the Drama. Still the Dramatic form itself had fallen into discredit; and there were weaker brethren with whom it would have been useless to reason on the distinction between the written Drama and the acted Drama, between the noblest tragedy on the ancient Greek model and the worst of those English stage-plays, of the reign of Charles, from which the nation had been compelled to desist. Milton does not seem to have been indifferent to this feeling. The tone of his reference to Shakespeare in his *Εἰκονοκλαστής*, published in 1649, suggests that, if he had not then really abated his allegiance to Shakespeare, he at least agreed so

far with the ordinary Puritanism around him as not to think Shakespeare-worship the particular doctrine then required by the English mind.

For some such reason, among others, Milton, when he set himself at length (in 1658) to redeem his long-given pledge of a great English poem, and chose for his subject *Paradise Lost*, deliberately gave up his first intention of treating that subject in the dramatic form. When that poem was given to the world (1667) it was as an epic. Its companion, *Paradise Regained*, published in 1671, was also an epic.

But, though it was thus as an epic poet that Milton chose mainly and finally to appear before the world, he was so far faithful to his old affection for the Drama as to leave to the world one experiment of his mature art in that form. *Samson Agonistes* was an attestation that the poet who in his earlier years had written the beautiful pastoral drama of *Comus* had never ceased to like that form of poesy, but to the last believed it suitable, with modifications, for his severer and sterner purposes. At what time *Samson* was written is not definitely ascertained; but it was certainly after the Restoration, and probably after 1667. It was published in 1671, in the same volume with *Paradise Regained* (see title of the volume, &c. in *Introd. to Paradise Regained*, p. 284). For a time the connexion thus established between *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes* was kept up in subsequent editions; but since 1688 I know of no publication of these two poems together by themselves. There have been one or two editions of the *Samson* by itself; but it has generally appeared either in collective editions of all the poems, or in editions of the minor poems apart from *Paradise Lost*.

How came Milton to select such a subject as that of *Samson Agonistes* for one of his latest poems, if not the very latest?

To this question it is partly an answer to say that the exploits of the Hebrew Samson had long before struck him as capable of treatment in an English tragedy. Among his jottings, in 1640-41, of subjects for possible Scripture Tragedies, we find these two, occurring as the 19th and 20th in the total list—"Samson Pursophorus or Hybristes, or Samson Marrying, or Ramath-Lechi," Judges xv.; and "*Dagonalia*," Judges xvi. That is to say, Milton, in 1640-41, thought there might be two sacred dramas founded on the accounts of Samson's life in the Book of Judges—the one on Samson's first marriage with a Philistian woman, and his feuds with the Philistines growing out of that incident, when he was *Pursophorus* (i.e. The Firebrand-bringer) or *Hybristes* (i.e. Violent); the other on the closing scene of his life, when he took his final vengeance on the Philistines in their feast to Dagon. These subjects, however, do not seem then to have had such attractions for Milton as some of the others in the list; for they are merely jotted down as above, whereas to some of the others, such as "*Dinah*," "*Abram from Morea*," and "*Sodom*," are appended sketches of the plot or hints for the treatment. Why, then, did Milton, in his later life, neglect so many other subjects of which he had kept his early notes, and cling so tenaciously to the story of Samson?

The reason is not far to seek; nor need we seek it in the fact that he had seen Italian, Latin, and even English, poems on the story of Samson, which may have reminded him of the theme. Todd and other commentators have dug up the titles of some such old poems, without being able to prove that

they suggested anything to Milton. The truth is that the capabilities of the theme, perceived by him through mere poetic tact as early as 1640-41, had been brought home to him, with singular force and intimacy, by the experience of his own subsequent life. The story of Samson must have seemed to Milton a metaphor or allegory of much of his own life in its later stages. He also, in his veteran days, after the Restoration, was a champion at bay, a prophet-warrior left alone among men of a different faith and different manners—Philistines, who exulted in the ruin of his cause, and wreaked their wrath upon him for his past services to that cause by insults, calumnies, and jeers at his misfortunes and the cause itself. He also was blind, as Samson had been—groping about among the malignant conditions that had befallen him, helplessly dependent on the guiding of others, and bereft of the external consolations and means of resistance to his scorers that might have come to him through sight. He also had to live mainly in the imagery of the past. In that past, too, there were similarities in his case to that of Samson. Like Samson, substantially, he had been a Nazarite—no drinker of wine or strong drink, but one who had always been an ascetic in his dedicated service to great designs. And the chief blunder in his life, that which had gone nearest to wreck it, and had left the most marring consequences and the most painful reflections, was the very blunder of which, twice-repeated, Samson had to accuse himself. Like Samson, he had married a Philistine woman—one not of his own tribe, and having no thoughts or interests in common with his own; and, like Samson, he had suffered indignities from this wife and her relations, till he had learnt to rue the match. The consequences of Milton's unhappy first marriage (1643) in his temper and opinions form a marked train in his biography, extending far beyond their apparent end in the publication of his *Divorce Pamphlets*, followed by his hasty reconciliation with his wife after her two years' desertion of him (1645). Although, from that time, he lived with his first wife, without further audible complaint, till her death about 1652, and although his two subsequent marriages were happier, the recollection of his first marriage (and it was only the wife of this first marriage that he had ever *seen*) seems always to have been a sore in Milton's mind, and to have affected his thoughts of the marriage-institution itself, and of the ways and character of women. In this respect also he could find coincidences between his own life and that of Samson, which recommended the story of Samson with far more poignancy to him in his later life than when he first looked at it in the inexperience of his early manhood. In short, there must have rushed upon Milton, contemplating in his later life the story of the blind Samson among the Philistines, so many similarities with his own case, that there is little wonder that he then selected this subject for poetic treatment. While writing *Samson Agonistes* (i.e. Samson the Agonist, Athlete, or Wrestler) he must have been secretly conscious throughout that he was representing much of his own feelings and experience; and the reader of the poem that knows anything of Milton's life has this pressed upon him at every turn. Probably the best introduction to the poem would be to read the Biblical history of Samson (*Judges* xiii.—xvi.) with the facts of Milton's life in one's mind.

The poem was put forth, however, with no intimation to this effect. That, indeed, might have been an obstacle to its passing the censorship. Readers were left to gather the fact for themselves, according to the degree of their information, and their quickness in interpreting. In the prose preface which Milton thought fit to prefix to the poem—entitled "*Of that sort of Dramatic*

*Poem which is called Tragedy*”—he concerns himself not at all with the matter of the poem, or his own meaning in it, but only with its literary form. He explains why, towards the grave close of his life, he has not thought it inconsistent to write what might be called a Tragedy, and what particular kind of Tragedy he has taken care to write. The preface ought to be carefully read, in connexion with the remarks already made on Milton's early taste for the dramatic form of poesy, and the variations to which that taste had been subjected by circumstances. It will be noted that a large portion of the preface is apologetic. Although, after the Restoration, the drama had revived in England, and men were once more familiar with stage-plays, Milton evidently felt that many of his countrymen still retained their Puritanic horror of the Drama, and of all related to it—nay, that this horror might well be increased by the spectacle of the sort of plays supplied to the re-opened theatres by Dryden, Wycherley, and the other caterers for the amusement of Charles II. and his Court. An explanation might be demanded why, when the Drama was thus becoming a greater abomination than ever, a man like Milton should give his countenance in any way to the dramatic form of poetry. Accordingly, Milton does explain, and in such a way as to distinguish as widely as possible between the Tragedy he has written and the stage-dramas then popular. “Tragedy, “as it was anciently composed,” he says, “hath been ever held the gravest, “moralett, and most profitable of all other poems.” In order to fortify this statement he repeats Aristotle's definition of Tragedy, and reminds his readers that “philosophers and other gravest writers” frequently cite from the old tragic poets—nay, that St. Paul himself had quoted a verse of Euripides, and that, according to the judgment of a Protestant commentator on the Apocalypse, that book might be viewed as a tragedy of peculiar structure, with choruses between the acts. Some of the most eminent and active men in history, he adds, including one of the Fathers of the Christian Church, had written or attempted Tragedies. All this, he says, is “mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the “small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes “at this day, with other common interludes; happening through the poet's “error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing “trivial and vulgar persons; which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, “and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people.” It is impossible not to see, in the carefulness of this apology, that Milton felt that he was treading on perilous ground, and might give offence to the weaker brethren by his use of the dramatic form at all, especially for a sacred subject. It is hardly possible either to avoid seeing, in the reference to the “error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity,” an allusion to Shakespeare, as well as to Dryden and the post-Restoration dramatists.

*Samson Agonistes*, therefore, was offered to the world as a tragedy avowedly of a different order from that which had been established in England. It was a tragedy of the severe classic order, according to that noble Greek model which had been kept up by none of the modern nations, unless it might be the Italians. In reading it, not Shakespeare, nor Ben Jonson, nor Massinger, must be thought of, but Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Claiming this in general terms, the poet calls especial attention to his fidelity to ancient Greek precedents in two particulars—his use of the chorus, and his observation of the rule of unity in time. The tragedy, he says, never having been intended for the stage, but only to be read, the division into acts and scenes is omitted.

He does *not* say, however (and this is worth noting), that, had it been possible to produce the tragedy on the stage in a becoming manner, he would have objected to its being done. It is said that Bishop Atterbury, about 1722, had a scheme for bringing it on the stage at Westminster, the division into acts and names to be arranged by Pope. It was a fitter compliment when Handel, in 1742, made Samson the subject of an Oratorio, and married his great music to Milton's as great words.



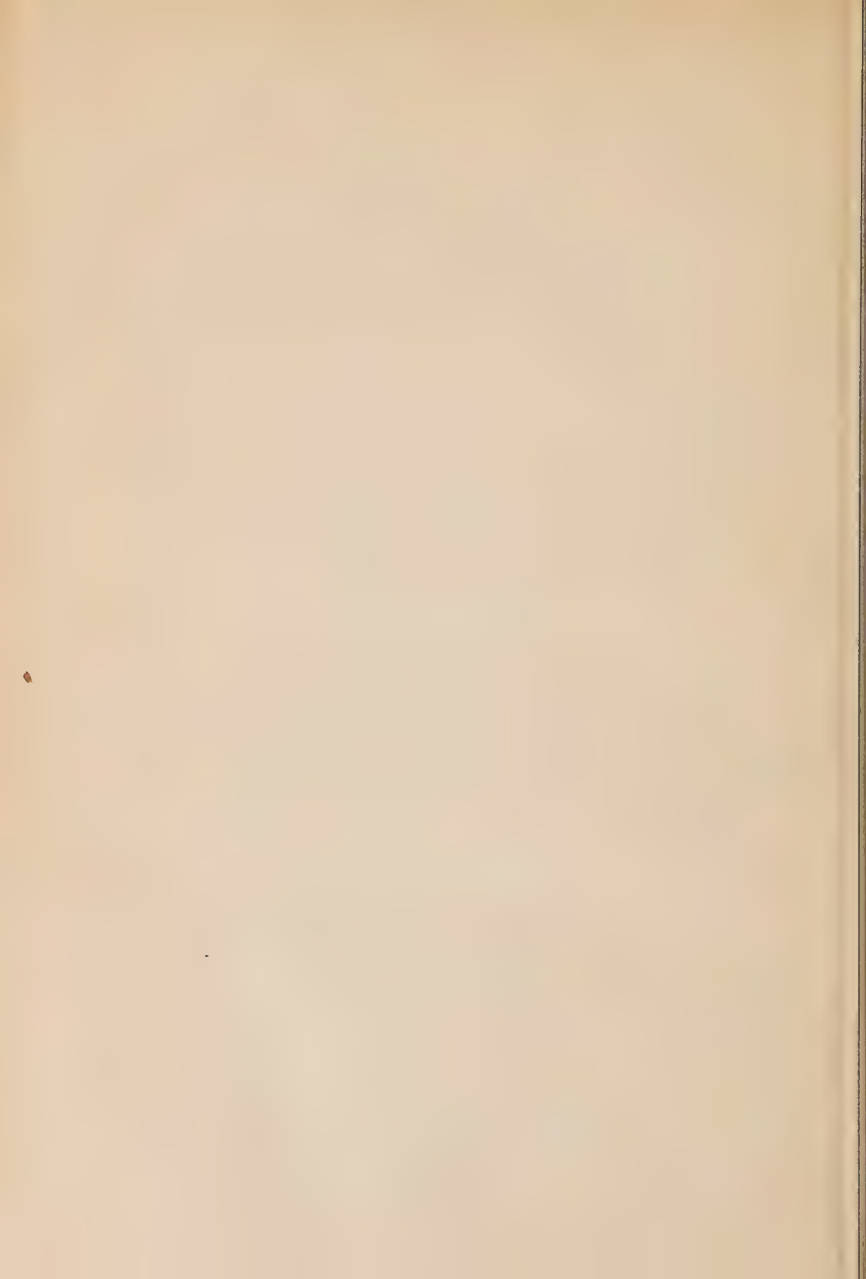
# SAMSON AGONISTES.

*A DRAMATIC POEM.*

THE AUTHOR

JOHN MILTON.

*Aristot. Poet. cap. 6. Τραγωδία μίμησις πράξεως σπουδαίας, &c.—Tragœdia est imitatio actionis seriæ, &c., per misericordiam et metum perficiens talium affectuum illustrationem.*



## OF THAT SORT OF DRAMATIC POEM CALLED TRAGEDY.

TRAGEDY, as it was anciently composed, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other poems; therefore said by Aristotle to be of power, by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such-like passions—that is, to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated. Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion; for so, in physic, things of melancholic hue and quality are used against melancholy, sour against sour, salt to remove salt humours. Hence philosophers and other gravest writers, as Cicero, Plutarch, and others, frequently cite out of tragic poets, both to adorn and illustrate their discourse. The Apostle Paul himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of Euripides into the text of Holy Scripture, 1 Cor. xv. 33; and Paræus, commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole book, as a tragedy, into acts, distinguished each by a Chorus of heavenly harpings and song between. Heretofore men in highest dignity have laboured not a little to be thought able to compose a tragedy. Of that honour Dionysius the elder was no less ambitious than before of his attaining to the tyranny. Augustus Caesar also had begun his *Ajax*, but, unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished. Seneca, the philosopher, is by some thought the author of those tragedies (at least the best of them) that go under that name. Gregory Nazianzen, a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a tragedy, which he entitled *Christ Suffering*. This is mentioned to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day, with other common interludes; happening through the poet's error of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons: which by all judicious hath been counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratify the people. And, though ancient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self-defence or explanation, that which Martial calls an Epistle, in behalf of this tragedy, coming forth after the ancient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much beforehand may be *epistled*—that Chorus is here introduced after the Greek manner, not ancient only, but modern, and still in use among the Italians. In the modelling therefore of this poem, with good reason, the Ancients and Italians are rather followed, as of much more authority and fame. The measure of verse used in the Chorus is of all sorts, called by the Greeks *Monostrophic*, or rather *Apolelymenon*, without regard had to Strophe,

Antistrophe, or Epode,—which were a kind of stanzas framed only for the music, then used with the Chorus that sung; not essential to the poem, and therefore not material; or, being divided into stanzas or pauses, they may be called *Allæostropha*. Division into act and scene, referring chiefly to the stage (to which this work never was intended), is here omitted.

It suffices if the whole drama be found not produced beyond the fifth act. Of the style and uniformity, and that commonly called the plot, whether intricate or explicit—which is nothing indeed but such economy, or disposition of the fable, as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum—they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any, and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy. The circumscription of time, wherein the whole drama begins and ends, is, according to ancient rule and best example, within the space of twenty-four hours.

## THE ARGUMENT.

SAMSON, made captive, blind, and now in the prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common workhouse, on a festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open air, to a place nigh, somewhat retired, there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old father, Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this feast was proclaimed by the Philistines as a day of thanksgiving for their deliverance from the hands of Samson—which yet more troubles him. Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian lords for Samson's redemption: who, in the meanwhile, is visited by other persons, and, lastly, by a public officer to require his coming to the feast before the lords and people, to play or show his strength in their presence. He at first refuses, dismissing the public officer with absolute denial to come; at length, persuaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatenings to fetch him. The Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope to procure ere long his son's deliverance; in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste, confusedly at first, and afterwards more distinctly, relating the catastrophe—what Samson had done to the Philistines, and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.

## THE PERSONS.

SAMSON.

MANOA, the father of Samson.

DALILA, his wife.

HARAPHA of Gath.

Public Officer.

Messenger.

Chorus of Danites.

The Scene, before the Prison in Gaza.



## SAMSON AGONISTES.

*SAMS.* A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
To these dark steps, a little further on;  
For yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade.  
There I am wont to sit, when any chance  
Relieves me from my task of servile toil,  
Daily in the common prison else enjoined me,  
Where I, a prisoner chained, scarce freely draw  
The air, imprisoned also, close and damp,  
Unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends—  
The breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet, 10  
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.  
This day a solemn feast the people hold  
To Dagon, their sea-idol, and forbid  
Laborious works. Unwillingly this rest  
Their superstition yields me; hence, with leave  
Retiring from the popular noise, I seek  
This unfrequented place to find some ease—  
Ease to the body some, none to the mind  
From restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm  
Of hornets armed, no sooner found alone 20  
But rush upon me thronging, and present  
Times past, what once I was, and what am now.  
Oh, wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold  
Twice by an Angel, who at last, in sight  
Of both my parents, all in flames ascended  
From off the altar where an offering burned,  
As in a fiery column charioting  
His godlike presence, and from some great act  
Or benefit revealed to Abraham's race?  
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed 30  
As of a person separate to God,  
Designed for great exploits, if I must die  
Betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,

Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,  
To grind in brazen fetters under task  
With this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength,  
Put to the labour of a beast, debased  
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I  
Should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver!  
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him 40  
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,  
Himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.  
Yet stay; let me not rashly call in doubt  
Divine prediction. What if all foretold  
Had been fulfilled but through mine own default?  
Whom have I to complain of but myself,  
Who this high gift of strength committed to me,  
In what part lodged, how easily bereft me,  
Under the seal of silence could not keep,  
But weakly to a woman must reveal it, 50  
O'ercome with importunity and tears?  
O impotence of mind in body strong!  
But what is strength without a double share  
Of wisdom? Vast, unwieldy, burdensome,  
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall  
By weakest subtleties; not made to rule,  
But to subserve where wisdom bears command.  
God, when he gave me strength, to show withal  
How slight the gift was, hung it in my hair.  
But peace! I must not quarrel with the will 60  
Of highest dispensation, which herein  
Haply had ends above my reach to know.  
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,  
And proves the source of all my miseries—  
So many, and so huge, that each apart  
Would ask a life to wail. But, chief of all,  
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!  
Blind among enemies! O worse than chains,  
Dungeon, or beggary, or decrepit age!  
Light, the prime work of God, to me is extinct, 70  
And all her various objects of delight  
Annulled, which might in part my grief have eased.  
Inferior to the vilest now become  
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me:  
They creep, yet see; I, dark in light, exposed  
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong,  
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,  
In power of others, never in my own—  
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half.  
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80

Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse  
 Without all hope of day !  
 O first-created beam, and thou great Word,  
 " Let there be light, and light was over all,"  
 Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree ?  
 The Sun to me is dark  
 And silent as the Moon,  
 When she deserts the night,  
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.  
 Since light so necessary is to life,  
 And almost life itself, if it be true 90  
 That light is in the soul,  
 She all in every part, why was the sight  
 To such a tender ball as the eye confined,  
 So obvious and so easy to be quenched,  
 And not, as feeling, through all parts diffused,  
 That she might look at will through every pore ?  
 Then had I not been thus exiled from light,  
 As in the land of darkness, yet in light,  
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100  
 And buried ; but, O yet more miserable !  
 Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave ;  
 Buried, yet not exempt,  
 By privilege of death and burial,  
 From worst of other evils, pains, and wrongs ;  
 But made hereby obnoxious more  
 To all the miseries of life,  
 Life in captivity  
 Among inhuman foes.  
 But who are these ? for with joint pace I hear 110  
 The tread of many feet steering this way ;  
 Perhaps my enemies, who come to stare  
 At my affliction, and perhaps to insult—  
 Their daily practice to afflict me more.  
*Chor.* This, this is he ; softly a while ;  
 Let us not break in upon him.  
 O change beyond report, thought, or belief !  
 See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused,  
 With languished head unpropt,  
 As one past hope, abandoned, 120  
 And by himself given over,  
 In slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds  
 O'er-worn and soiled.  
 Or do my eyes misrepresent ? Can this be he,  
 That heroic, that renowned,  
 Irresistible Samson ? whom, unarmed,  
 No strength of man, or fiercest wild beast, could withstand ;

Who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid;  
 Ran on embattled armies clad in iron,  
 And, weaponless himself, 130  
 Made arms ridiculous, useless the forgery  
 Of brazen shield and spear, the hammered cuirass,  
 Chalybean-tempered steel, and frock of mail  
 Adamantean proof:  
 But safest he who stood aloof,  
 When insupportably his foot advanced,  
 In scorn of their proud arms and warlike tools,  
 Spurned them to death by troops. The bold Ascalonite  
 Fleed from his lion ramp; old warriors turned 140  
 Their plated backs under his heel,  
 Or grovelling soiled their crested helmets in the dust.  
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand,  
 The jaw of a dead ass, his sword of bone,  
 A thousand foreskins fell, the flower of Palestine,  
 In Ramath-lechi, famous to this day:  
 Then by main force pulled up, and on his shoulders bore,  
 The gates of Azza, post and massy bar,  
 Up to the hill by Hebron, seat of giants old—  
 No journey of a sabbath-day, and loaded so—  
 Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heaven. 150  
 Which shall I first bewail—  
 Thy bondage or lost sight,  
 Prison within prison  
 Inseparably dark?  
 Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)  
 The dungeon of thyself; thy soul  
 (Which men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)  
 Imprisoned now indeed,  
 In real darkness of the body dwells,  
 Shut up from outward light 160  
 To incorporate with gloomy night;  
 For inward light, alas!  
 Puts forth no visual beam.  
 O mirror of our fickle state,  
 Since man on earth, unparalleled,  
 The rarer thy example stands,  
 By how much from the top of wondrous glory,  
 Strongest of mortal men,  
 To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fallen.  
 For him I reckon not in high estate 170  
 Whom long descent of birth,  
 Or the sphere of fortune, raises;  
 But thee, whose strength, while virtue was her mate,  
 Might have subdued the Earth,

Universally crowned with highest praises.

*Sams.* I hear the sound of words; their sense the air  
Dissolves unjointed ere it reach my ear.

*Chor.* He speaks: let us draw nigh. Matchless in might,  
The glory late of Israel, now the grief!  
We come, thy friends and neighbours not unknown, 180  
From Eshtaol and Zora's fruitful vale,  
To visit or bewail thee; or, if better,  
Counsel or consolation we may bring,  
Salve to thy sores: apt words have power to swage  
The tumours of a troubled mind,  
And are as balm to festered wounds.

*Sams.* Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn  
Now of my own experience, not by talk,  
How counterfeit a coin they are who 'friends'  
Bear in their superscription (of the most 190  
I would be understood). In prosperous days  
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head,  
Not to be found, though sought. Ye see, O friends,  
How many evils have enclosed me round;  
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,  
Blindness; for, had I sight, confused with shame,  
How could I once look up, or heave the head,  
Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked  
My vessel trusted to me from above,  
Gloriously rigged, and for a word, a tear, 200  
Fool! have divulged the secret gift of God  
To a deceitful woman? Tell me, friends,  
Am I not sung and proverbied for a fool  
In every street? Do they not say, 'How well  
Are come upon him his deserts'? Yet why?  
Immeasurable strength they might behold  
In me; of wisdom nothing more than mean.  
This with the other should at least have paired;  
These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

*Chor.* Tax not divine disposal. Wisest men 210  
Have erred, and by bad women been deceived;  
And shall again, pretend they ne'er so wise.  
Deject not, then, so overmuch thyself,  
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides.  
Yet, truth to say, I oft have heard men wonder  
Why thou should'st wed Philistian women rather  
Than of thine own tribe fairer, or as fair,  
At least of thy own nation, and as noble.

*Sams.* The first I saw at Timna, and she pleased 220  
Me, not my parents, that I sought to wed  
The daughter of an infidel. They knew not

That what I motioned was of God ; I knew  
 From intimate impulse, and therefore urged  
 The marriage on, that, by occasion hence,  
 I might begin Israel's deliverance—  
 The work to which I was divinely called.  
 She proving false, the next I took to wife  
 (O that I never had ! fond wish too late !)  
 Was in the vale of Sorec, Dalila,  
 That specious monster, my accomplished snare.  
 I thought it lawful from my former act,  
 And the same end, still watching to oppress  
 Israel's oppressors. Of what now I suffer  
 She was not the prime cause, but I myself,  
 Who, vanquished with a peal of words, (O weakness !)  
 Gave up my fort of silence to a woman.

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*Chor.* In seeking just occasion to provoke  
 The Philistine, thy country's enemy,  
 Thou never wast remiss, I bear thee witness ;  
 Yet Israel still serves with all his sons.

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*Sams.* That fault I take not on me, but transfer  
 On Israel's governors and heads of tribes,  
 Who, seeing those great acts which God had done  
 Singly by me against their conquerors,  
 Acknowledged not, or not at all considered,  
 Deliverance offered. I, on the other side,  
 Used no ambition to commend my deeds ;  
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.  
 But they persisted deaf, and would not seem  
 To count them things worth notice, till at length  
 Their lords, the Philistines, with gathered powers,  
 Entered Judea, seeking me, who then  
 Safe to the rock of Etham was retired—  
 Not flying, but forecasting in what place  
 To set upon them, what advantaged best.  
 Meanwhile the men of Judah, to prevent  
 The harass of their land, beset me round ;  
 I willingly on some conditions came  
 Into their hands, and they as gladly yield me  
 To the Uncircumcised a welcome prey,  
 Bound with two cords. But cords to me were threads  
 Touched with the flame : on their whole host I flew  
 Unarmed, and with a trivial weapon felled  
 Their choicest youth ; they only lived who fled.  
 Had Judah that day joined, or one whole tribe,  
 They had by this possessed the towers of Gath,  
 And lorded over them whom now they serve.  
 But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,

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And by their vices brought to servitude,  
 Than to love bondage more than liberty—  
 Bondage with ease than strenuous liberty—  
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect,  
 Whom God hath of his special favour raised  
 As their deliverer? If he aught begin,  
 How frequent to desert him, and at last  
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds!

*Chor.* Thy words to my remembrance bring  
 How Succoth and the fort of Penuel  
 Their great deliverer contemned,  
 The matchless Gideon, in pursuit  
 Of Madian, and her vanquished kings;  
 And how ingrateful Ephraim  
 Had dealt with Jephtha, who by argument,  
 Not worse than by his shield and spear,  
 Defended Israel from the Ammonite,  
 Had not his prowess quelled their pride.  
 In that sore battle when so many died  
 Without reprieve, adjudged to death  
 For want of well pronouncing *Shibboleth*.

*Sams.* Of such examples add me to the roll.  
 Me easily indeed mine may neglect,  
 But God's proposed deliverance not so.

*Chor.* Just are the ways of God,  
 And justifiable to men,  
 Unless there be who think not God at all.  
 If any be, they walk obscure;  
 For of such doctrine never was there school,  
 But the heart of the fool,  
 And no man therein doctor but himself.

Yet more there be who doubt his ways not just,  
 As to his own edicts found contradicting;  
 Then give the reins to wandering thought,  
 Regardless of his glory's diminution,  
 Till, by their own perplexities involved,  
 They ravel more, still less resolved,  
 But never find self-satisfying solution.

As if they would confine the Interminable,  
 And tie him to his own prescript,  
 Who made our laws to bind us, not himself,  
 And hath full right to exempt  
 Whomso it pleases him by choice  
 From national obstruction, without taint  
 Of sin, or legal debt;  
 For with his own laws he can best dispense.

He would not else, who never wanted means,

Nor in respect of the enemy just cause,  
 To set his people free,  
 Have prompted this heroic Nazarite,  
 Against his vow of strictest purity,  
 To seek in marriage that fallacious bride, 320  
 Unclean, unchaste.

Down, Reason, then; at least, vain reasonings down;  
 Though Reason here aver  
 That moral verdict quits her of unclean:  
 Unchaste was subsequent; her stain, not his.

But see! here comes thy reverend sire,  
 With careful step, locks white as down,  
 Old Manoa: advise

Forthwith how thou ought'st to receive him.

*Sams.* Ay me! another inward grief, awaked 330  
 With mention of that name, renews the assault.

*Man.* Brethren and men of Dan (for such ye seem  
 Though in this uncouth place), if old respect,  
 As I suppose, towards your once gloried friend,  
 My son, now captive, hither hath informed  
 Your younger feet, while mine, cast back with age,  
 Came lagging after, say if he be here.

*Chor.* As signal now in low dejected state  
 As erst in highest, behold him where he lies.

*Man.* O miserable change! Is this the man, 340  
 That invincible Samson, far renowned,  
 The dread of Israel's foes, who with a strength  
 Equivalent to Angels' walked their streets,  
 None offering fight; who, single combatant,  
 Duelled their armies ranked in proud array,  
 Himself an army—now unequal match  
 To save himself against a coward armed  
 At one spear's length? O ever-failing trust  
 In mortal strength! and, oh, what not in man  
 Deceivable and vain? Nay, what thing good 350  
 Prayed for, but often proves our woe, our bane?  
 I prayed for children, and thought barrenness  
 In wedlock a reproach; I gained a son,  
 And such a son as all men hailed me happy:  
 Who would be now a father in my stead?  
 Oh, wherefore did God grant me my request,  
 And as a blessing with such pomp adorned?  
 Why are his gifts desirable, to tempt  
 Our earnest prayers, then, given with solemn hand  
 As graces, draw a scorpion's tail behind?  
 For this did the Angel twice descend? for this  
 Ordained thy nurture holy, as of a plant 360

Select and sacred? glorious for a while,  
 The miracle of men; then in an hour  
 Ensnared, assaulted, overcome, led bound,  
 Thy foes' derision, captive, poor and blind,  
 Into a dungeon thrust, to work with slaves!  
 Alas! methinks whom God hath chosen once  
 To worthiest deeds, if he through frailty err,  
 He should not so o'erwhelm, and as a thrall  
 Subject him to so foul indignities,  
 Be it but for honour's sake of former deeds.

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*Sams.* Appoint not heavenly disposition, father.  
 Nothing of all these evils hath befallen me  
 But justly; I myself have brought them on;  
 Sole author I, sole cause. If aught seem vile,  
 As vile hath been my folly, who have profaned  
 The mystery of God, given me under pledge  
 Of vow, and have betrayed it to a woman,  
 A Canaanite, my faithless enemy.  
 This well I knew, nor was at all surprised,  
 But warned by oft experience. Did not she  
 Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
 The secret wrested from me in her highth  
 Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight  
 To them who had corrupted her, my spies  
 And rivals? In this other was there found  
 More faith, who, also in her prime of love,  
 Spousal embraces, vitiated with gold,  
 Though offered only, by the scent conceived,  
 Her spurious first-born, Treason against me?  
 Thrice she assayed, with flattering prayers and sighs,  
 And amorous reproaches, to win from me  
 My capital secret, in what part my strength  
 Lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know;  
 Thrice I deluded her, and turned to sport  
 Her importunity, each time perceiving  
 How openly and with what impudence  
 She purposed to betray me, and (which was worse  
 Than undissembled hate) with what contempt  
 She sought to make me traitor to myself.  
 Yet, the fourth time, when, mustering all her wiles,  
 With blandished parleys, feminine assaults,  
 Tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night  
 To storm me, over-watched and wearied out,  
 At times when men seek most repose and rest,  
 I yielded, and unlocked her all my heart,  
 Who, with a grain of manhood well resolved,  
 Might easily have shook off all her snares;

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But foul effeminacy held me yoked 410  
 Her bond-slave. O indignity, O blot  
 To honour and religion! servile mind  
 Rewarded well with servile punishment!  
 The base degree to which I now am fallen,  
 These rags, this grinding, is not yet so base  
 As was my former servitude, ignoble,  
 Unmanly, ignominious, infamous,  
 True slavery; and that blindness worse than this,  
 That saw not how degenerately I served.

*Man.* I cannot praise thy marriage-choices, son— 420  
 Rather approved them not; but thou didst plead  
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st  
 Find some occasion to infest our foes.  
 I state not that; this I am sure—our foes  
 Found soon occasion thereby to make thee  
 Their captive, and their triumph; thou the sooner  
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms,  
 To violate the sacred trust of silence  
 Deposited within thee—which to have kept  
 Tacit was in thy power. True; and thou bear'st 430  
 Enough, and more, the burden of that fault;  
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying,  
 That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains:  
 This day the Philistines a popular feast  
 Here celebrate in Gaza, and proclaim  
 Great pomp, and sacrifice, and praises loud,  
 To Dagon, as their god who hath delivered  
 Thee, Samson, bound and blind, into their hands—  
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.  
 So Dagon shall be magnified, and God, 440  
 Besides whom is no god, compared with idols,  
 Disglorified, blasphemed, and had in scorn  
 By the idolatrous rout amidst their wine;  
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,  
 Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,  
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever  
 Could have befallen thee and thy father's house.

*Sams.* Father, I do acknowledge and confess  
 That I this honour, I this pomp, have brought  
 To Dagon, and advanced his praises high  
 Among the Heathen round—to God have brought 450  
 Dishonour, obloquy, and oped the mouths  
 Of idolists and atheists; have brought scandal  
 To Israel, diffidence of God, and doubt  
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before  
 To waver, or fall off and join with idols:

Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,  
 The anguish of my soul, that suffers not  
 Mine eye to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.  
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460  
 With me hath end. All the contest is now  
 'Twixt God and Dagon. Dagon hath presumed,  
 Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,  
 His deity comparing and preferring  
 Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure,  
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,  
 But will arise, and his great name assert.  
 Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive  
 Such a discomfit as shall quite despoil him  
 Of all these boasted trophies won on me, 470  
 And with confusion blank his worshippers.

*Man.* With cause this hope relieves thee; and these words  
 I as a prophecy receive; for God  
 (Nothing more certain) will not long defer  
 To vindicate the glory of his name  
 Against all competition, nor will long  
 Endure it doubtful whether God be Lord  
 Or Dagon. But for thee what shall be done?  
 Thou must not in the meanwhile, here forgot,  
 Lie in this miserable loathsome plight 480  
 Neglected. I already have made way  
 To some Philistian lords, with whom to treat  
 About thy ransom. Well they may by this  
 Have satisfied their utmost of revenge,  
 By pains and slaveries, worse than death, inflicted  
 On thee, who now no more canst do them harm.

*Sams.* Spare that proposal, father; spare the trouble  
 Of that solicitation. Let me here,  
 As I deserve, pay on my punishment,  
 And expiate, if possible, my crime, 490  
 Shameful garrulity. To have revealed  
 Secrets of *men*, the secrets of a friend,  
 How heinous had the fact been, how deserving  
 Contempt and scorn of all—to be excluded  
 All friendship, and avoided as a blab,  
 The mark of fool set on his front!  
 But I *God's* counsel have not kept, his holy secret  
 Presumptuously have published, impiously,  
 Weakly at least and shamefully—a sin  
 That Gentiles in their parables condemn 500  
 To their Abyss and horrid pains confined.

*Man.* Be penitent, and for thy fault contrite;  
 But act not in thy own affliction, son.

Repent the sin ; but, if the punishment  
 Thou canst avoid, self-preservation bids ;  
 Or the execution leave to high disposal,  
 And let another hand, not thine, exact  
 Thy penal forfeit from thyself. Perhaps  
 God will relent, and quit thee all his debt ;  
 Who ever more approves and more accepts  
 (Best pleased with humble and filial submission)  
 Him who, imploring mercy, sues for life,  
 Than who, self-rigorous, chooses death as due ;  
 Which argues over-just, and self-displeased  
 For self-offence more than for God offended.  
 Reject not, then, what offered means who knows  
 But God hath set before us to return thee  
 Home to thy country and his sacred house,  
 Where thou may'st bring thy offerings, to avert  
 His further ire, with prayers and vows renewed.

510

520

*Sams.* His pardon I implore ; but, as for life,  
 To what end should I seek it ? When in strength  
 All mortals I excelled, and great in hopes,  
 With youthful courage, and magnanimous thoughts  
 Of birth from Heaven foretold and high exploits,  
 Full of divine instinct, after some proof  
 Of acts indeed heroic, far beyond

530

The sons of Anak, famous now and blazed,  
 Fearless of danger, like a petty god  
 I walked about, admired of all, and dreaded  
 On hostile ground, none daring my affront—  
 Then, swollen with pride, into the snare I fell  
 Of fair fallacious looks, venereal trains,  
 Softened with pleasure and voluptuous life,  
 At length to lay my head and hallowed pledge  
 Of all my strength in the lascivious lap  
 Of a deceitful concubine, who shore me,  
 Like a tame wether, all my precious fleece,  
 Then turned me out ridiculous, despoiled,  
 Shaven, and disarmed among my enemies.

540

*Chor.* Desire of wine and all delicious drinks,  
 Which many a famous warrior overturns,  
 Thou could'st repress ; nor did the dancing ruby,  
 Sparkling out-poured, the flavour or the smell,  
 Or taste, that cheers the heart of gods and men,  
 Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream.

*Sams.* Wherever fountain or fresh current flowed  
 Against the eastern ray, translucent, pure  
 With touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,  
 I drank, from the clear milky juice allaying

550

Thirst, and refreshed; nor envied them the grape  
Whose heads that turbulent liquor fills with fumes.

*Chor.* O madness! to think use of strongest wines  
And strongest drinks our chief support of health,  
When God with these forbidden made choice to rear  
His mighty champion, strong above compare,  
Whose drink was only from the liquid brook!

*Sams.* But what availed this temperance, not complete  
Against another object more enticing?

What boots it at one gate to make defence, 560  
And at another to let in the foe,  
Effeminately vanquished? by which means,  
Now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,  
To what can I be useful? wherein serve  
My nation, and the work from Heaven imposed?  
But to sit idle on the household hearth,  
A burdensome drone; to visitants a gaze,  
Or pitied object; these redundant locks,  
Robustious to no purpose, clustering down,  
Vain monument of strength; till length of years 570  
And sedentary numbness craze my limbs  
To a contemptible old age obscure.

Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread,  
Till vermin, or the draff of servile food,  
Consume me, and oft-invoked death  
Hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

*Man.* Wilt thou then serve the Philistines with that gift  
Which was expressly given thee to annoy them?

Better at home lie bed-ridden, not only idle, 580  
Inglorious, unemployed, with age outworn.  
But God, who caused a fountain at thy prayer  
From the dry ground to spring, thy thirst to allay  
After the brunt of battle, can as easy  
Cause light again within thy eyes to spring,  
Wherewith to serve him better than thou hast.  
And I persuade me so. Why else this strength  
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?

His might continues in thee not for naught,  
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus.

*Sams.* All otherwise to me my thoughts portend— 590  
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light,  
Nor the other light of life continue long,  
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand;  
So much I feel my genial spirits droop,  
My hopes all flat: Nature within me seems  
In all her functions weary of herself;  
My race of glory run, and race of shame,

And I shall shortly be with them that rest.

*Man.* Believe not these suggestions, which proceed  
From anguish of the mind, and humours black  
That mingle with thy fancy. I, however,  
Must not omit a father's timely care  
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance  
By ransom or how else : meanwhile be calm,  
And healing words from these thy friends admit.

600

*Sams.* Oh, that torment should not be confined  
To the body's wounds and sores,  
With maladies innumerable  
In heart, head, breast, and reins,  
But must secret passage find  
To the inmost mind,  
There exercise all his fierce accidents,  
And on her purest spirits prey,  
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,  
With answerable pains, but more intense,  
Though void of corporal sense!

610

My griefs not only pain me  
As a lingering disease,  
But, finding no redress, ferment and rage ;  
Nor less than wounds immedicable  
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,  
To black mortification.  
Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly stings,  
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,  
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise  
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb  
Or medicinal liquor can assuage,  
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.  
Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er  
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure ;  
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,  
And sense of Heaven's desertion.

620

630

I was his nursling once and choice delight,  
His destined from the womb,  
Promised by heavenly message twice descending.  
Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thrived amain ;  
He led me on to mightiest deeds,  
Above the nerve of mortal arm,  
Against the Uncircumcised, our enemies :  
But now hath cast me off as never known,  
And to those cruel enemies,  
Whom I by his appointment had provoked,  
Left me all helpless, with the irreparable loss

640

Of sight, reserved alive to be repeated  
 The subject of their cruelty or scorn.  
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope;  
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless.  
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,  
 No long petition—speedy death,  
 The close of all my miseries and the balm.

650

*Chor.* Many are the sayings of the wise,  
 In ancient and in modern books enrolled,  
 Extolling patience as the truest fortitude,  
 And to the bearing well of all calamities,  
 All chances incident to man's frail life,  
 Consolatories writ  
 With studied argument, and much persuasion sought,  
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought.  
 But with the afflicted in his pangs their sound  
 Little prevails, or rather seems a tune  
 Harsh, and of dissonant mood from his complaint,  
 Unless he feel within  
 Some source of consolation from above,  
 Secret refreshings that repair his strength  
 And fainting spirits uphold.

660

God of our fathers! what is Man,  
 That thou towards him with hand so various—  
 Or might I say contrarious?—  
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course:  
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st  
 The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute,  
 Irrational and brute?

670

Nor do I name of men the common rout,  
 That, wandering loose about,  
 Grow up and perish as the summer fly,  
 Heads without name, no more remembered;  
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,  
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned,  
 To some great work, thy glory,  
 And people's safety, which in part they effect.  
 Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,  
 Amidst their highth of noon,  
 Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no regard  
 Of highest favours past  
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

680

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit  
 To life obscured, which were a fair dismission,  
 But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt them high—  
 Unseemly falls in human eye,  
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission;

690

Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword  
 Of heathen and profane, their carcasses  
 To dogs and fowls a prey, or else captived,  
 Or to the unjust tribunals, under change of times,  
 And condemnation of the ungrateful multitude.  
 If these they scape, perhaps in poverty  
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down,  
 Painful diseases and deformed,  
 In crude old age;

700

Though not disordinate, yet causeless suffering  
 The punishment of dissolute days. In fine,  
 Just or unjust alike seem miserable,  
 For oft alike both come to evil end.

So deal not with this once thy glorious champion,  
 The image of thy strength, and mighty minister.  
 What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already!  
 Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn  
 His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end.

But who is this? what thing of sea or land—  
 Female of sex it seems—

710

That, so bedecked, ornate, and gay,  
 Comes this way sailing,  
 Like a stately ship  
 Of Tarsus, bound for the isles  
 Of Javan or Gadire,  
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
 Sails filled, and streamers waving,  
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play;  
 An amber scent of odorous perfume  
 Her harbinger, a damsel train behind?  
 Some rich Philistian matron she may seem;  
 And now, at nearer view, no other certain  
 Than Dalila thy wife.

720

*Sams.* My wife! my traitress! let her not come near me.

*Chor.* Yet on she moves; now stands and eyes thee fixed,  
 About to have spoke; but now, with head declined,  
 Like a fair flower surcharged with dew, she weeps,  
 And words addressed seem into tears dissolved,  
 Wetting the borders of her silken veil.  
 But now again she makes address to speak.

730

*Dal.* With doubtful feet and wavering resolution  
 I came, still dreading thy displeasure, Samson;  
 Which to have merited, without excuse,  
 I cannot but acknowledge. Yet, if tears  
 May expiate (though the fact more evil drew  
 In the perverse event than I foresaw),  
 My penance hath not slackened, though my pardon

No way assured. But conjugal affection,  
 Prevailing over fear and timorous doubt, 740  
 Hath led me on, desirous to behold  
 Once more thy face, and know of thy estate,  
 If aught in my ability may serve  
 To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease  
 Thy mind with what amends is in my power—  
 Though late, yet in some part to recompense  
 My rash but more unfortunate misdeed.

*Sams.* Out, out, hyæna! These are thy wonted arts,  
 And arts of every woman false like thee—  
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray; 750  
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,  
 And reconciliation move with feigned remorse,  
 Confess, and promise wonders in her change—  
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try  
 Her husband, how far urged his patience bears,  
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:  
 Then, with more cautious and instructed skill,  
 Again transgresses, and again submits;  
 That wisest and best men, full oft beguiled,  
 With goodness principled not to reject 760  
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,  
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days,  
 Entangled with a poisonous bosom-snake,  
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off,  
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

*Dal.* Yet hear me, Samson; not that I endeavour  
 To lessen or extenuate my offence,  
 But that, on the other side, if it be weighed  
 By itself, with aggravations not surcharged,  
 Or else with just allowance counterpoised, 770  
 I may, if possible, thy pardon find  
 The easier towards me, or thy hatred less.  
 First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
 In me, but incident to all our sex,  
 Curiosity, inquisitive, importune  
 Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
 To publish them—both common female faults—  
 Was it not weakness also to make known  
 For importunity, that is for naught,  
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety? 780  
 To what I did thou show'dst me first the way.  
 But I to enemies revealed, and should not!  
 Nor should'st thou have trusted that to woman's frailty:  
 Ere I to thee, thou to thyself wast cruel.  
 Let weakness, then, with weakness come to parle,

So near related, or the same of kind ;  
 Thine forgive mine, that men may censure thine  
 The gentler, if severely thou exact not  
 More strength from me than in thyself was found. 790  
 And what if love, which thou interpret'st hate,  
 The jealousy of love, powerful of sway  
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,  
 Caused what I did? I saw thee mutable  
 Of fancy ; feared lest one day thou would'st leave me  
 As her at Timna ; sought by all means, therefore,  
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest :  
 No better way I saw than by importuning  
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power  
 Thy key of strength and safety. Thou wilt say,  
 'Why, then, revealed?' I was assured by those 800  
 Who tempted me that nothing was designed  
 Against thee but safe custody and hold.  
 That made for me ; I knew that liberty  
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,  
 While I at home sat full of cares and fears,  
 Wailing thy absence in my widowed bed ;  
 Here I should still enjoy thee, day and night,  
 Mine and love's prisoner, not the Philistines',  
 Whole to myself, unhazarded abroad,  
 Fearless at home of partners in my love. 810  
 These reasons in Love's law have passed for good,  
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps ;  
 And love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,  
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtained.  
 Be not unlike all others, not austere  
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel.  
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,  
 In uncompassionate anger do not so.  
*Sams.* How cunningly the sorceress displays  
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine ! 820  
 That malice, not repentance, brought thee hither  
 By this appears. I gave, thou say'st, the example,  
 I led the way—bitter reproach, but true ;  
 I to myself was false ere thou to me.  
 Such pardon, therefore, as I give my folly  
 Take to thy wicked deed ; which when thou seest  
 Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,  
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking, and much rather  
 Confess it feigned. Weakness is thy excuse,  
 And I believe it—weakness to resist 830  
 Philistian gold. If weakness may excuse,  
 What murder, what traitor, parricide,

Incestuous, sacrilegious, but may plead it?  
 All wickedness is weakness; that plea, therefore,  
 With God or man will gain thee no remission.  
 But love constrained thee! Call it furious rage  
 To satisfy thy lust. Love seeks to have love;  
 My love how could'st thou hope, who took'st the way  
 To raise in me inexpiable hate,  
 Knowing, as needs I must, by thee betrayed?  
 In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame,  
 Or by evasions thy crime uncover'st more.

840

*Dal.* Since thou determin'st weakness for no plea  
 In man or woman, though to thy own condemning,  
 Hear what assaults I had, what snares besides,  
 What sieges girt me round, ere I consented;  
 Which might have awed the best-resolved of men,  
 The constantest, to have yielded without blame.  
 It was not gold, as to my charge thou lay'st,  
 That wrought with me. Thou know'st the magistrates  
 And princes of my country came in person,  
 Solicited, commanded, threatened, urged,  
 Adjured by all the bonds of civil duty  
 And of religion—pressed how just it was,  
 How honourable, how glorious, to entrap  
 A common enemy, who had destroyed  
 Such numbers of our nation: and the priest  
 Was not behind, but ever at my ear,  
 Preaching how meritorious with the gods  
 It would be to ensnare an irreligious  
 Dishonourer of Dagon. What had I  
 To oppose against such powerful arguments?  
 Only my love of thee held long debate,

850

And combated in silence all these reasons  
 With hard contest. At length, that grounded maxim,  
 So rife and celebrated in the mouths  
 Of wisest men, that to the public good  
 Private respects must yield, with grave authority  
 Took full possession of me, and prevailed;  
 Virtue, as I thought, truth, duty, so enjoining.

870

*Sams.* I thought where all thy circling wiles would end—  
 In feigned religion, smooth hypocrisy!  
 But, had thy love, still odiously pretended,  
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee  
 Far other reasonings, brought forth other deeds.  
 I, before all the daughters of my tribe  
 And of my nation, chose thee from among  
 My enemies, loved thee, as too well thou knew'st;  
 Too well; unbosomed all my secrets to thee,

Not out of levity, but overpowered 880  
 By thy request, who could deny thee nothing ;  
 Yet now am judged an enemy. Why, then,  
 Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband—  
 Then, as since then, thy country's foe professed ?  
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave  
 Parents and country ; nor was I their subject,  
 Nor under their protection, but my own ;  
 Thou mine, not theirs. If aught against my life  
 Thy country sought of thee, it sought unjustly,  
 Against the law of nature, law of nations ; 890  
 No more thy country, but an impious crew  
 Of men conspiring to uphold their state  
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends  
 For which our country is a name so dear ;  
 Not therefore to be obeyed. But zeal moved thee ;  
 To please thy gods thou didst it ! Gods unable  
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes  
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction  
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be—  
 Less therefore to be pleased, obeyed, or feared. 900  
 These false pretexts and varnished colours failing,  
 Bare in thy guilt, how foul must thou appear !  
*Dal.* In argument with men a woman ever  
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause.  
*Sams.* For want of words, no doubt, or lack of  
 breath !

Witness when I was worried with thy peals.

*Dal.* I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken  
 In what I thought would have succeeded best.  
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, Samson ;  
 Afford me place to show what recompense 910  
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,  
 Misguided. Only what remains past cure  
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist  
 To afflict thyself in vain. Though sight be lost,  
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoyed  
 Where other senses want not their delights—  
 At home, in leisure and domestic ease,  
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which  
 Eyesight exposes, daily, men abroad.  
 I to the lords will intercede, not doubting 920  
 Their favourable ear, that I may fetch thee  
 From forth this loathsome prison-house, to abide  
 With me, where my redoubled love and care,  
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,  
 May ever tend about thee to old age,

With all things grateful cheered, and so supplied  
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss.

*Sams.* No, no; of my condition take no care;  
It fits not; thou and I long since are twain;  
Nor think me so unwary or accursed 930  
To bring my feet again into the snare

Where once I have been caught. I know thy trains,  
Though dearly to my cost, thy gins, and toils.

Thy fair enchanted cup, and warbling charms,  
No more on me have power; their force is nulled;

So much of adder's wisdom I have learned,  
To fence my ear against thy sorceries.

If in my flower of youth and strength, when all men  
Loved, honoured, feared me, thou alone could hate me,

Thy husband, slight me, sell me, and forgo me, 940  
How would'st thou use me now, blind, and thereby

Deceivable, in most things as a child

Helpless, thence easily contemned and scorned,  
And last neglected! How would'st thou insult,

When I must live uxorious to thy will

In perfect thralldom! how again betray me,

Bearing my words and doings to the lords

To gloss upon, and, censuring, frown or smile!

This jail I count the house of liberty

To thine, whose doors my feet shall never enter. 950

*Dal.* Let me approach at least, and touch thy hand.

*Sams.* Not for thy life, lest fierce remembrance wake  
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint.

At distance I forgive thee; go with that;

Bewail thy falsehood, and the pious works

It hath brought forth to make thee memorable

Among illustrious women, faithful wives;

Cherish thy hastened widowhood with the gold

Of matrimonial treason: so farewell.

*Dal.* I see thou art implacable, more deaf 960

To prayers than winds and seas. Yet winds to seas

Are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:

Thy anger, unappeasable, still rages,

Eternal tempest never to be calmed.

Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing

For peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate,

Bid go with evil omen, and the brand

Of infamy upon my name denounced?

To mix with thy concernments I desist

Henceforth, nor too much disapprove my own. 970

Fame, if not double-faced, is double-mouthed,  
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds;

On both his wings, one black, the other white,  
 Bears greatest names in his wild aery flight.  
 My name, perhaps, among the Circumcised  
 In Dan, in Judah, and the bordering tribes,  
 To all posterity may stand defamed,  
 With malediction mentioned, and the blot  
 Of falsehood most unconjugal traduced.  
 But in my country, where I most desire, 980  
 In Ecron, Gaza, Asdod, and in Gath,  
 I shall be named among the famousest  
 Of women, sung at solemn festivals,  
 Living and dead recorded, who, to save  
 Her country from a fierce destroyer, chose  
 Above the faith of wedlock bands; my tomb  
 With odours visited and annual flowers;  
 Not less renowned than in Mount Ephraim  
 Jael, who, with inhospitable guile,  
 Smote Sisera sleeping, through the temples nailed. 990  
 Nor shall I count it heinous to enjoy  
 The public marks of honour and reward  
 Conferred upon me for the piety  
 Which to my country I was judged to have shown.  
 At this whoever envies or repines,  
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own.

*Chor.* She's gone—a manifest serpent by her sting  
 Discovered in the end, till now concealed.

*Sams.* So let her go. God sent her to debase me,  
 And aggravate my folly, who committed 1000  
 To such a viper his most sacred trust  
 Of secrecy, my safety, and my life.

*Chor.* Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,  
 After offence returning, to regain  
 Love once possessed, nor can be easily  
 Repulsed, without much inward passion felt,  
 And secret sting of amorous remorse.

*Sams.* Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end;  
 Not wedlock-treachery endangering life.

*Chor.* It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit, 1010  
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
 That woman's love can win, or long inherit;  
 But what it is, hard is to say,  
 Harder to hit,

Which way soever men refer it,  
 (Much like thy riddle, Samson) in one day  
 Or seven though one should musing sit.

If any of these, or all, the Timnian bride  
 Had not so soon preferred

Thy paronymph, worthless to thee compared, 1020  
 Successor in thy bed,  
 Nor both so loosely disallied  
 Their nuptials, nor this last so treacherously  
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head.  
 Is it for that such outward ornament  
 Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts  
 Were left for haste unfinished, judgment scant,  
 Capacity not raised to apprehend  
 Or value what is best,  
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong? 1030  
 Or was too much of self-love mixed,  
 Of constancy no root infix'd,  
 That either they love nothing, or not long?  
 Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best,  
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil,  
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,  
 Once joined, the contrary she proves—a thorn  
 Intestine, far within defensive arms  
 A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue  
 Adverse and turbulent; or by her charms 1040  
 Draws him awry, enslaved  
 With dotage, and his sense depraved  
 To folly and shameful deeds, which ruin ends.  
 What pilot so expert but needs must wreck,  
 Embarked with such a steers-mate at the helm?  
 Favoured of Heaven who finds  
 One virtuous, rarely found,  
 That in domestic good combines!  
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth:  
 But virtue which breaks through all opposition, 1050  
 And all temptation can remove,  
 Most shines and most is acceptable above.  
 Therefore God's universal law  
 Gave to the man despotic power  
 Over his female in due awe,  
 Nor from that right to part an hour,  
 Smile she or lour:  
 So shall he least confusion draw  
 On his whole life, not swayed  
 By female usurpation, nor dismayed. 1060  
 But had we best retire? I see a storm.  
*Sams.* Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain.  
*Chor.* But this another kind of tempest brings.  
*Sams.* Be less abstruse; my riddling days are past.  
*Chor.* Look now for no enchanting voice, nor fear  
 The bait of honeyed words; a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward ; I know him by his stride,  
 The giant Harapha of Gath, his look  
 Haughty, as is his pile high-built and proud.  
 Comes he in peace? What wind hath blown him hither 1070  
 I less conjecture than when first I saw  
 The sumptuous Dalila floating this way :  
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance.

*Sams.* Or peace or not, alike to me he comes.

*Chor.* His fraught we soon shall know : he now arrives.

*Har.* I come not, Samson, to condole thy chance,  
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,  
 Though for no friendly intent. I am of Gath ;  
 Men call me Harapha, of stock renowned  
 As Og, or Anak, and the Emims old 1080  
 That Kiriathaim held. Thou know'st me now,  
 If thou at all art known. Much I have heard  
 Of thy prodigious might and feats performed,  
 Incredible to me, in this displeased,  
 That I was never present on the place  
 Of those encounters, where we might have tried  
 Each other's force in camp or listed field ;  
 And now am come to see of whom such noise  
 Hath walked about, and each limb to survey,  
 If thy appearance answer loud report. 1090

*Sams.* The way to know were not to see, but taste.

*Har.* Dost thou already single me? I thought  
 Gyves and the mill had tamed thee. O that fortune  
 Had brought me to the field where thou art famed  
 To have wrought such wonders with an ass's jaw!  
 I should have forced thee soon wish other arms,  
 Or left thy carcass where the ass lay thrown ;  
 So had the glory of prowess been recovered  
 To Palestine, won by a Philistine  
 From the unforeskinned race, of whom thou bear'st 1100  
 The highest name for valiant acts. That honour,  
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,  
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out.

*Sams.* Boast not of what thou would'st have done, but do  
 What then thou would'st ; thou seest it in thy hand.

*Har.* To combat with a blind man I disdain,  
 And thou hast need much washing to be touched.

*Sams.* Such usage as your honourable lords  
 Afford me, assassinated and betrayed ;  
 Who durst not with their whole united powers 1110  
 In fight withstand me single and unarmed,  
 Nor in the house with chamber-ambushes  
 Close-banded durst attack me, no, not sleeping,

Till they had hired a woman with their gold,  
 Breaking her marriage-faith, to circumvent me.  
 Therefore, without feign'd shifts, let be assigned  
 Some narrow place enclosed, where sight may give thee,  
 Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;  
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy helmet  
 And brigandine of brass, thy broad habergeon, 1120  
 Vant-brace and greaves and gauntlet; add thy spear,  
 A weaver's beam, and seven-times-folded shield:  
 I only with an oaken staff will meet thee,  
 And raise such outcries on thy clattered iron,  
 Which long shall not withhold me from thy head,  
 That in a little time, while breath remains thee,  
 Thou oft shalt wish thyself at Gath, to boast  
 Again in safety what thou would'st have done  
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more.

*Har.* Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms 1130  
 Which greatest heroes have in battle worn,  
 Their ornament and safety, had not spells  
 And black enchantments, some magician's art,  
 Armed thee or charmed thee strong, which thou from Heaven  
 Feign'dst at thy birth was given thee in thy hair,  
 Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs  
 Were bristles ranged like those that ridge the back  
 Of chafed wild boars or ruffled porcupines.

*Sams.* I know no spells, use no forbidden arts;  
 My trust is in the Living God, who gave me, 1140  
 At my nativity, this strength, diffused  
 No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,  
 Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,  
 The pledge of my unviolated vow.  
 For proof hereof, if Dagon be thy god,  
 Go to his temple, invoke his aid  
 With solemnest devotion, spread before him  
 How highly it concerns his glory now  
 To frustrate and dissolve these magic spells,  
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150  
 Avow, and challenge Dagon to the test,  
 Offering to combat thee, his champion bold,  
 With the utmost of his godhead seconded:  
 Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow  
 Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.

*Har.* Presume not on thy God. Whate'er he be,  
 Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off  
 Quite from his people, and delivered up  
 Into thy enemies' hand; permitted them  
 To put out both thine eyes, and fettered send thee 1160

Into the common prison, there to grind  
 Among the slaves and asses, thy comrades,  
 As good for nothing else, no better service  
 With those thy boisterous locks; no worthy match  
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword  
 Of noble warrior, so to stain his honour,  
 But by the barber's razor best subdued.

*Sams.* All these indignities, for such they are  
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,  
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me  
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon,  
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye  
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant;  
 In confidence whereof I once again  
 Defy thee to the trial of mortal fight,  
 By combat to decide whose god is God,  
 Thine, or whom I with Israel's sons adore.

*Har.* Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting  
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,  
 A murderer, a revolter, and a robber!

*Sams.* Tongue-doughty giant, how dost thou prove me these? 1180

*Har.* Is not thy nation subject to our lords?  
 Their magistrates confessed it when they took thee  
 As a league-breaker, and delivered bound  
 Into our hands; for hadst thou not committed  
 Notorious murder on those thirty men  
 At Ascalon, who never did thee harm,  
 Then, like a robber, stripp'dst them of their robes?  
 The Philistines, when thou hadst broke the league,  
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,  
 To others did no violence nor spoil.

*Sams.* Among the daughters of the Philistines  
 I chose a wife, which argued me no foe,  
 And in your city held my nuptial feast;  
 But your ill-meaning politician lords,  
 Under pretence of bridal friends and guests,  
 Appointed to await me thirty spies,  
 Who, threatening cruel death, constrained the bride  
 To wring from me, and tell to them, my secret,  
 That solved the riddle which I had proposed.  
 When I perceived all set on enmity,  
 As on my enemies, wherever chanced,  
 I used hostility, and took their spoil,  
 To pay my underminers in their coin.  
 My nation was subjected to your lords!  
 It was the force of conquest; force with force  
 Is well ejected when the conquered can.

1190

1200

But I, a private person, whom my country  
 As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed  
 Single rebellion, and did hostile acts ! 1210  
 I was no private, but a person raised,  
 With strength sufficient, and command from Heaven,  
 To free my country. If their servile minds  
 Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,  
 But to their masters gave me up for nought,  
 The unworthier they ; whence to this day they serve.  
 I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,  
 And had performed it if my known offence  
 Had not disabled me, not all your force.  
 These shifts refuted, answer thy appellant, 1220  
 Though by his blindness maimed for high attempts,  
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight,  
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce.

*Har.* With thee, a man condemned, a slave enrolled,  
 Due by the law to capital punishment?  
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign.

*Sams.* Cam'st thou for this, vain boaster, to survey me,  
 To descant on my strength, and give thy verdict ?  
 Come nearer ; part not hence so slight informed ;  
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee. 1230

*Har.* O Baal-zebub ! can my ears unused  
 Hear these dishonours, and not render death ?

*Sams.* No man withholds thee ; nothing from thy hand  
 Fear I incurable ; bring up thy van ;  
 My heels are fettered, but my fist is free.

*Har.* This insolence other kind of answer fits.

*Sams.* Go, baffled coward, lest I run upon thee,  
 Though in these chains, bulk without spirit vast,  
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low,  
 Or swing thee in the air, then dash thee down, 1240  
 To the hazard of thy brains and shattered sides.

*Har.* By Astaroth, ere long thou shalt lament  
 These braveries, in irons loaden on thee.

*Chor.* His giantship is gone somewhat crest-fallen,  
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides,  
 And lower looks, but in a sultry chafe.

*Sams.* I dread him not, nor all his giant brood,  
 Though fame divulge him father of five sons,  
 All of gigantic size, Goliath chief.

*Chor.* He will directly to the lords, I fear, 1250  
 And with malicious counsel stir them up  
 Some way or other yet further to afflict thee.

*Sams.* He must allege some cause, and offered fight  
 Will not dare mention, lest a question rise

Whether he durst accept the offer or not;  
 And that he durst not plain enough appeared.  
 Much more affliction than already felt  
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,  
 If they intend advantage of my labours,  
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping, 1260  
 With no small profit daily to my owners.  
 But come what will; my deadliest foe will prove  
 My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence;  
 The worst that he can give to me the best.  
 Yet so it may fall out, because their end  
 Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine  
 Draw their own ruin who attempt the deed.

*Chor.* O, how comely it is, and how reviving  
 To the spirits of just men long oppressed,  
 When God into the hands of their deliverer 1270  
 Puts invincible might,  
 To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,  
 The brute and boisterous force of violent men,  
 Hardy and industrious to support  
 Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue  
 The righteous, and all such as honour truth!  
 He all their ammunition  
 And feats of war defeats,  
 With plain heroic magnitude of mind  
 And celestial vigour armed; 1280  
 Their armouries and magazines contemns,  
 Renders them useless, while  
 With winged expedition  
 Swift as the lightning glance he executes  
 His errand on the wicked, who, surprised,  
 Lose their defence, distracted and amazed.

But patience is more oft the exercise  
 Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,  
 Making them each his own deliverer,  
 And victor over all 1290  
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.  
 Either of these is in thy lot,  
 Samson, with might endued  
 Above the sons of men; but sight bereaved  
 May chance to number thee with those  
 Whom patience finally must crown.

This Idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,  
 Labouring thy mind  
 More than the working day thy hands.  
 And yet, perhaps, more trouble is behind; 1300  
 For I descry this way

Some other tending; in his hand  
A sceptre or quaint staff he bears,  
Comes on amain, speed in his look.

By his habit I discern him now  
A public officer, and now at hand.

His message will be short and voluble.

*Off.* Ebrews, the prisoner Samson here I seek.

*Chor.* His manacles remark him; there he sits.

*Off.* Samson, to thee our lords thus bid me say : 1310

This day to Dagon is a solemn feast,  
With sacrifices, triumph, pomp, and games;  
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate,  
And now some public proof thereof require  
To honour this great feast, and great assembly.  
Rise, therefore, with all speed, and come along,  
Where I will see thee heartened and fresh clad,  
To appear as fits before the illustrious lords.

*Sams.* Thou know'st I am an Ebrew; therefore tell them  
Our law forbids at their religious rites 1320

My presence; for that cause I cannot come.

*Off.* This answer, be assured, will not content them.

*Sams.* Have they not sword-players, and every sort  
Of gynnyc artists, wrestlers, riders, runners,  
Jugglers and dancers, antics, mummers, mimics,  
But they must pick me out, with shackles tired,  
And over-laboured at their public mill,  
To make them sport with blind activity?  
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels,  
On my refusal, to distress me more, 1330  
Or make a game of my calamities?

Return the way thou cam'st; I will not come.

*Off.* Regard thyself; this will offend them highly.

*Sams.* Myself! my conscience, and internal peace.  
Can they think me so broken, so debased  
With corporal servitude, that my mind ever  
Will condescend to such absurd commands?  
Although their drudge, to be their fool or jester,  
And, in my midst of sorrow and heart-grief,  
To show them feats, and play before their god— 1340  
The worst of all indignities, yet on me  
Joined with extreme contempt! I will not come.

*Off.* My message was imposed on me with speed,  
Brooks no delay: is this thy resolution?

*Sams.* So take it with what speed thy message needs.

*Off.* I am sorry what this stoutness will produce.

*Sams.* Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed.

*Chor.* Consider, Samson; matters now are strained

Up to the highth, whether to hold or break.  
 He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350  
 Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?  
 Expect another message, more imperious,  
 More loudly thundering than thou well wilt bear.

*Sams.* Shall I abuse this consecrated gift  
 Of strength, again returning with my hair  
 After my great transgression—so requite  
 Favour renewed, and add a greater sin  
 By prostituting holy things to idols,  
 A Nazarite, in place abominable,  
 Vaunting my strength in honour to their Dagon? 1360  
 Besides how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,  
 What act more execrably unclean, profane?

*Chor.* Yet with this strength thou serv'st the Philistines,  
 Idolatrous, uncircumcised, unclean.

*Sams.* Not in their idol-worship, but by labour  
 Honest and lawful to deserve my food  
 Of those who have me in their civil power.

*Chor.* Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not.

*Sams.* Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds :  
 But who constrains me to the temple of Dagon, 1370  
 Not dragging? The Philistian lords command :  
 Commands are no constraints. If I obey them,  
 I do it freely, venturing to displease  
 God for the fear of man, and man prefer,  
 Set God behind ; which, in his jealousy,  
 Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness.  
 Yet that he may dispense with me, or thee,  
 Present in temples at idolatrous rites  
 For some important cause, thou need'st not doubt.

*Chor.* How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach. 1380

*Sams.* Be of good courage ; I begin to feel  
 Some rousing motions in me, which dispose  
 To something extraordinary my thoughts.  
 I with this messenger will go along—  
 Nothing to do, be sure, that may dishonour  
 Our Law, or stain my vow of Nazarite.  
 If there be aught of presage in the mind,  
 This day will be remarkable in my life  
 By some great act, or of my days the last.

*Chor.* In time thou hast resolved : the man returns. 1390

*Off.* Samson, this second message from our lords  
 To thee I am bid say : Art thou our slave,  
 Our captive, at the public mill our drudge,  
 And dar'st thou, at our sending and command,  
 Dispute thy coming? Come without delay ;

Or we shall find such engines to assail  
And hamper thee, as thou shalt come of force,  
Though thou wert firmlier fastened than a rock.

*Sams.* I could be well content to try their art,  
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious ; 1400  
Yet, knowing their advantages too many,  
Because they shall not trail me through their streets  
Like a wild beast, I am content to go.  
Masters' commands come with a power resistless  
To such as owe them absolute subjection;  
And for a life who will not change his purpose?  
(So mutable are all the ways of men !)  
Yet this be sure, in nothing to comply  
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law.

*Off.* I praise thy resolution. Doff these links : 1410  
By this compliance thou wilt win the lords  
To favour, and perhaps to set thee free.

*Sams.* Brethren, farewell. Your company along  
I will not wish, lest it perhaps offend them  
To see me girt with friends ; and how the sight  
Of me, as of a common enemy,  
So dreaded once, may now exasperate them  
I know not. Lords are lordliest in their wine ;  
And the well-feasted priest then soonest fired  
With zeal, if aught religion seem concerned ; 1420  
No less the people, on their holy-days,  
Impetuous, insolent, unquenchable.  
Happen what may, of me expect to hear  
Nothing dishonourable, impure, unworthy  
Our God, our Law, my nation, or myself ;  
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

*Chor.* Go, and the Holy One  
Of Israel be thy guide  
To what may serve his glory best, and spread his name  
Great among the Heathen round ; 1430  
Send thee the Angel of thy birth, to stand  
Fast by thy side, who from thy father's field  
Rode up in flames after his message told  
Of thy conception, and be now a shield  
Of fire ; that Spirit that first rushed on thee  
In the camp of Dan,  
Be efficacious in thee now at need !  
For never was from Heaven imparted  
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,  
As in thy wondrous actions hath been seen. 1440  
But wherefore comes old Manoa in such haste  
With youthful steps ? Much livelier than erewhile

He seems : supposing here to find his son,  
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

*Man.* Peace with you, brethren! My inducement hither  
Was not at present here to find my son,  
By order of the lords new parted hence  
To come and play before them at their feast.  
I heard all as I came; the city rings,  
And numbers thither flock : I had no will,  
Lest I should see him forced to things unseemly. 1450  
But that which moved my coming now was chiefly  
To give ye part with me what hope I have  
With good success to work his liberty.

*Chor.* That hope would much rejoice us to partake  
With thee. Say, reverend sire ; we thirst to hear.

*Man.* I have attempted, one by one, the lords,  
Either at home, or through the high street passing,  
With supplication prone and father's tears,  
To accept of ransom for my son, their prisoner. 1460  
Some much averse I found, and wondrous harsh,  
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite ;  
That part most revered Dagon and his priests :  
Others more moderate seeming, but their aim  
Private reward, for which both God and State  
They easily would set to sale : a third  
More generous far and civil, who confessed  
They had enough revenged, having reduced  
Their foe to misery beneath their fears ;  
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470  
If some convenient ransom were proposed.  
What noise or shout was that? It tore the sky.

*Chor.* Doubtless the people shouting to behold  
Their once great dread, captive and blind before them,  
Or at some proof of strength before them shown.

*Man.* His ransom, if my whole inheritance  
May compass it, shall willingly be paid  
And numbered down. Much rather I shall choose  
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest  
And he in that calamitous prison left. 1480  
No, I am fixed not to part hence without him.  
For his redemption all my patrimony,  
If need be, I am ready to forgo  
And quit. Not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

*Chor.* Fathers are wont to lay up for their sons ;  
Thou for thy son art bent to lay out all :  
Sons wont to nurse their parents in old age ;  
Thou in old age car'st how to nurse thy son,  
Made older than thy age through eye-sight lost.

*Man.* It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,  
 And view him sitting in his house, ennobled  
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,  
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks  
 That of a nation armed the strength contained.  
 And I persuade me God hath not permitted  
 His strength again to grow up with his hair  
 Garrisoned round about him like a camp  
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose  
 To use him further yet in some great service—  
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift  
 Useless, and thence ridiculous, about him.  
 And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,  
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

1490

1500

*Chor.* Thy hopes are not ill founded, nor seem vain,  
 Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon  
 Conceived, agreeable to a father's love;  
 In both which we, as next, participate.

*Man.* I know your friendly minds, and . . . O, what noise!  
 Mercy of Heaven! what hideous noise was that?  
 Horribly loud, unlike the former shout.

1510

*Chor.* Noise call you it, or universal groan,  
 As if the whole inhabitation perished?  
 Blood, death, and deathful deeds, are in that noise,  
 Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.

*Man.* Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise.  
 Oh! it continues; they have slain my son.

*Chor.* Thy son is rather slaying them: that outcry  
 From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.

*Man.* Some dismal accident it needs must be.  
 What shall we do—stay here, or run and see?

1520

*Chor.* Best keep together here, lest, running thither,  
 We unawares run into danger's mouth.  
 This evil on the Philistines is fallen:  
 From whom could else a general cry be heard?  
 The sufferers, then, will scarce molest us here;  
 From other hands we need not much to fear.  
 What if, his eye-sight (for to Israel's God  
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restored,  
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,  
 And over heaps of slaughtered walk his way?

1530

*Man.* That were a joy presumptuous to be thought.

*Chor.* Yet God hath wrought things as incredible  
 For his people of old; what hinders now?

*Man.* He can, I know, but doubt to think he will;  
 Yet hope would fain subscribe, and tempts belief.  
 A little stay will bring some notice hither.

*Chor.* Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner;  
For evil news rides post, while good news baits.  
And to our wish I see one hither speeding—  
An Ebrew, as I guess, and of our tribe.

1540

*Messenger.* O, whither shall I run, or which way fly  
The sight of this so horrid spectacle,  
Which erst my eyes beheld, and yet behold?  
For dire imagination still pursues me.

But providence or instinct of nature seems,  
Or reason, though disturbed and scarce consulted,  
To have guided me aright, I know not how,  
To thee first, reverend Manoa, and to these  
My countrymen, whom here I knew remaining,  
As at some distance from the place of horror,  
So in the sad event too much concerned.

1550

*Man.* The accident was loud, and here before thee  
With rueful cry; yet what it was we hear not.  
No preface needs; thou seest we long to know.

*Mess.* It would burst forth; but I recover breath,  
And sense distract, to know well what I utter.

*Man.* Tell us the sum; the circumstance defer.

*Mess.* Gaza yet stands; but all her sons are fallen,  
All in a moment overwhelmed and fallen.

*Man.* Sad! but thou know'st to Israelites not saddest  
The desolation of a hostile city.

1561

*Mess.* Feed on that first; there may in grief be surfeit.

*Man.* Relate by whom.

*Mess.*

By Samson.

*Man.*

That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy.

*Mess.* Ah! Manoa, I refrain too suddenly  
To utter what will come at last too soon,  
Lest evil tidings, with too rude irruption  
Hitting thy aged ear, should pierce too deep.

*Man.* Suspense in news is torture; speak them out.

*Mess.* Then take the worst in brief: Samson is dead.

1570

*Man.* The worst indeed! O, all my hope's defeated  
To free him hence! but Death, who sets all free,  
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge.

What windy joy this day had I conceived,  
Hopeful of his delivery, which now proves  
Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring  
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost!  
Yet, ere I give the reins to grief, say first  
How died he; death to life is crown or shame.

All by him fell, thou say'st; by whom fell he?

1580

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?

*Mess.* Unwounded of his enemies he fell.

*Man.* Wearied with slaughter, then, or how? explain.

*Mess.* By his own hands.

*Man.* Self-violence! What cause

Brought him so soon at variance with himself  
Among his foes?

*Mess.* - Inevitable cause—

At once both to destroy and be destroyed.  
The edifice, where all were met to see him,  
Upon their heads and on his own he pulled.

*Man.* O lastly over-strong against thyself!

1590

A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge.  
More than enough we know; but, while things yet  
Are in confusion, give us, if thou canst,  
Eye-witness of what first or last was done,  
Relation more particular and distinct.

*Mess.* Occasions drew me early to this city;  
And, as the gates I entered with sun-rise,  
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed  
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,  
When all abroad was rumoured that this day  
Samson should be brought forth, to show the people  
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games.  
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded  
Not to be absent at that spectacle.

1600

The building was a spacious theatre,  
Half round on two main pillars vaulted high,  
With seats where all the lords, and each degree  
Of sort, might sit in order to behold;  
The other side was open, where the throng  
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand:  
I among these aloof obscurely stood.

1610

The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice  
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,  
When to their sports they turned. Immediately  
Was Samson as a public servant brought,  
In their state livery clad: before him pipes  
And timbrels; on each side went armed guards;  
Both horse and foot before him and behind,  
Archers and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.  
At sight of him the people with a shout

1620

Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,  
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.  
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,  
Came to the place; and what was set before him,  
Which without help of eye might be assayed,  
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed

All with incredible, stupendious force,  
 None daring to appear antagonist.  
 At length, for intermission sake, they led him  
 Between the pillars ; he his guide requested 1630  
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard),  
 As over-tired, to let him lean a while  
 With both his arms on those two massy pillars,  
 That to the arched roof gave main support.  
 He unsuspecting led him ; which when Samson  
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclined,  
 And eyes fast fixed, he stood, as one who prayed,  
 Or some great matter in his mind revolved :  
 At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud :—  
 “ Hitherto, Lords, what your commands imposed 1640  
 I have performed, as reason was, obeying,  
 Not without wonder or delight beheld ;  
 Now, of my own accord, such other trial  
 I mean to show you of my strength yet greater  
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold.”  
 This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed ;  
 As with the force of winds and waters pent  
 When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars  
 With horrible convulsion to and fro  
 He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew 1650  
 The whole roof after them with burst of thunder  
 Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,  
 Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests,  
 Their choice nobility and flower, not only  
 Of this, but each Philistian city round,  
 Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.  
 Samson, with these immixed, inevitably  
 Pulled down the same destruction on himself ;  
 The vulgar only scaped, who stood without.  
*Chor.* O dearly bought revenge, yet glorious ! 1660  
 Living or dying thou hast fulfilled  
 The work for which thou wast foretold  
 To Israel, and now liest victorious  
 Among thy slain self-killed ;  
 Not willingly, but tangled in the fold  
 Of dire Necessity, whose law in death conjoined  
 Thee with thy slaughtered foes, in number more  
 Than all thy life had slain before.  
*Semichor.* While their hearts were jocund and sublime,  
 Drunk with idolatry, drunk with wine 1670  
 And fat regorged of bulls and goats,  
 Chaunting their idol, and preferring  
 Before our living Dread, who dwells

In Silo, his bright sanctuary,  
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzy sent,  
 Who hurt their minds,  
 And urged them on with mad desire  
 To call in haste for their destroyer.  
 They, only set on sport and play,  
 Unweetingly importuned  
 Their own destruction to come speedy upon them.  
 So fond are mortal men,  
 Fallen into wrath divine,  
 As their own ruin on themselves to invite,  
 Insensate left, or to sense reprobate,  
 And with blindness internal struck.

1680

*Semichor.* But he, though blind of sight,  
 Despised, and thought extinguished quite,  
 With inward eyes illuminated,  
 His fiery virtue roused  
 From under ashes into sudden flame,  
 And as an evening dragon came,  
 Assailant on the perched roosts  
 And nests in order ranged  
 Of tame villatic fowl, but as an eagle  
 His cloudless thunder bolted on their heads.

1690

So Virtue, given for lost,  
 Depressed and overthrown, as seemed,  
 Like that self-begotten bird  
 In the Arabian woods embost,  
 That no second knows nor third,  
 And lay erewhile a holocaust,  
 From out her ashy womb now teemed,  
 Revives, reflowerishes, then vigorous most  
 When most unactive deemed;  
 And, though her body die, her fame survives,  
 A secular bird, ages of lives.

1700

*Man.* Come, come; no time for lamentation now,  
 Nor much more cause. Samson hath quit himself  
 Like Samson, and heroically hath finished  
 A life heroic, on his enemies  
 Fully revenged—hath left them years of mourning,  
 And lamentation to the sons of Caphtor  
 Through all Philistian bounds; to Israel  
 Honour hath left and freedom, let but them  
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion;  
 To himself and father's house eternal fame;  
 And, which is best and happiest yet, all this  
 With God not parted from him, as was feared,  
 But favouring and assisting to the end.

1710

1720

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.  
Let us go find the body where it lies  
Soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the stream  
With lavers pure, and cleansing herbs, wash off  
The clotted gore. I, with what speed the while  
(Gaza is not in plight to say us nay),  
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends,  
To fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,  
With silent obsequy and funeral train,  
Home to his father's house. There will I build him  
A monument, and plant it round with shade  
Of laurel ever green and branching palm,  
With all his trophies hung, and acts enrolled  
In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.  
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,  
And from his memory inflame their breasts  
To matchless valour and adventures high ;  
The virgins also shall, on feastful days,  
Visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing  
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,  
From whence captivity and loss of eyes.

1730

1740

*Chor.* All is best, though we oft doubt  
What the unsearchable dispose  
Of Highest Wisdom brings about,  
And ever best found in the close.  
Oft He seems to hide his face,  
But unexpectedly returns,  
And to his faithful champion hath in place  
Bore witness gloriously ; whence Gaza mourns,  
And all that band them to resist  
His uncontrollable intent.  
His servants He, with new acquist  
Of true experience from this great event,  
With peace and consolation hath dismissed,  
And calm of mind, all passion spent.

1750

THE END.

INTRODUCTION  
TO THE MINOR POEMS.



## GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

UNDER the date Oct. 6, 1645, this entry occurs in the books of the London Stationers' Company: "*Mr. Moseley entered for his copie, under the hand of Sir Nath. Brent and both the Wardens, a booke called Poems in English and Latyn by Mr. John Milton, 6d.*" The meaning of the entry is that on that day Humphrey Moseley, then the most active publisher in London of poetry, old plays, and works of pure fancy, registered the forthcoming volume as his copyright, showing Brent's licence for its publication, and the signatures of the Wardens of the Company besides, and paying sixpence for the formality. The following is the complete title of the volume when it did appear:—

"Poems of Mr. John Milton, both English and Latin, compos'd at several times. Printed by his true Copies. The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick.

‘———— Baccare frontem  
Cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.'

VIRGIL, Eclog. 7.

Printed and publish'd according to Order. London, Printed by Ruth Raworth, for Humphrey Moseley, and are to be sold at the signe of the Princes Arms in Pauls Churchyard. 1645."

From a copy of this first edition of Milton's Poems among the King's Pamphlets in the British Museum, bearing a note of the precise day of its publication written on the title-page, I learn that the day was Jan. 2, 1645-6. Milton had then been some months in his new dwelling-house in Barbican; where, besides his pupils, there were now domiciled with him his reconciled wife, his aged father, and several of his wife's relations.

The volume published by Moseley is a small and rather neat octavo of more than 200 pages. The English Poems come first and fill 120 pages; after which, with a separate title-page, and filling 88 pages, separately numbered, come the Latin Poems. The poems contained in the volume, whether in the English or the Latin portion, include, with two exceptions, all those which are now known to have been written by Milton, at different periods, from his boyhood at St. Paul's School to the year 1645, in which the volume was published. The exceptions are the little elegy "On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough" (1626), and the curious little fragment, "At a Vacatio Exercise at College" (1628). Prefixed to the volume as a whole, and doubtless with Milton's sanction, was a very eulogistic Preface by Moseley, entitled "The Stationer to the Reader" (see it at the beginning of the Minor Poems). Then, before *Comus*, which begins on p. 67 of the volume, there is a separate title-page, as if to call attention to its greater length and importance—besides which,

Lawes's eulogistic dedication of this poem to Lord Brackley, in his separate edition of 1637, is reproduced (see it prefixed to *Comus* in this ed.), and the poem is farther introduced by a copy furnished by Milton of Sir Henry Wotton's remarkable letter to him in 1638 (also prefixed to *Comus* in this ed.). Finally, prefixed to the Latin Poems in the volume, after the separate title-page which distinguishes them from the English portion, are copies of the commendatory verses, &c., with which Milton had been favoured when abroad by the distinguished foreigners who had seen some of these poems, or otherwise become acquainted with him. Only in one peculiarity of the volume was there a miscarriage. It had been proposed, apparently by Moseley, that there should be a portrait of Milton prefixed to the volume; and the engraver to whom Moseley had entrusted the thing was one W. Marshall, who had executed other portraits of men of the day, and was of some respectability in his profession. But, whether Marshall worked carelessly from an oil-painting then in Milton's possession, or only concocted something out of his own head, the print which he produced bore no earthly resemblance to Milton, or indeed to any possible human being. Though entitled "*Joannis Miltoni Angli Effigies anno ætatis viges. primo,*" ("Portrait of John Milton, Englishman, in the 21st year of his age,") it exhibited a stolid, grim-looking, long-haired gentleman, of about fifty, with a background of trees and a meadow, and shepherds dancing and piping, seen through a window. What Milton thought when this engraving of himself was shown him we can only guess. But, instead of having it cancelled, he let it go forth with the volume—only taking his revenge by a practical joke at the engraver's expense. He offered him some lines of Greek verse to be engraved ornamentally under the portrait; and these lines the poor artist did innocently engrave, little thinking what they meant. An English translation of them may run thus—

That an unskilful hand had carved this print  
You'd say at once, seeing the living face;  
But, finding here no jot of me, my friends,  
Laugh at the wretched artist's mis-attempt.

Such was the First Edition of Milton's Miscellaneous Poems, published in 1645, when the author was thirty-seven years of age. The volume seems to have had no great circulation; but it sufficed to keep alive, for the next two-and-twenty years, or till the publication of *Paradise Lost* in 1667, the recollection that the man who, through this long period, was becoming more and more known for his Revolutionary principles and his connexion with the Commonwealth government, had begun life as a poet.

*Paradise Lost* having been followed, in 1671, by *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*, the popularity of these three great poems of Milton's later years seems to have re-awakened so much demand for his earlier Poems as to make a new edition of them desirable. Accordingly, in 1673, or twenty-eight years after Moseley had published the first edition, a second edition of the Minor Poems did appear, under Milton's own superintendence. This Second Edition, which, like the first, was a small octavo, bore the following title:—

"Poems, &c., upon Several Occasions. By Mr. John Milton: both English and Latin, &c. Composed at several times. With a small Tractate of Education. To Mr. Hartlib. London, Printed for Tho. Dring, at the White Lion, next Chancery Lane End, in Fleet Street. 1673." [So in copies which I have seen; but in a copy now before me, the latter part of the imprint runs thus:—"London: Printed for Thos. Dring, at the Blew Anchor next Mitre Court over against Fetter Lane in Fleet Street. 1673."] ]

In this second edition, as compared with the first, the following particulars are to be noted : (1) There were certain *additions*. The chief of these were, of course, those English and Latin pieces which had been written by Milton since the first edition was published. For obvious reasons, indeed, Milton did not think it advisable, at that date, to publish his sonnets to Fairfax, Vane, and Cromwell, nor that second one to Cyriack Skinner in which he speaks with exultation of his own services in the Republican cause. With these exceptions, however, all the pieces written since 1645 were now published by Milton himself in this second edition. But there were also included in this edition those two English pieces, which, though written long before the publication of the first edition, had not appeared in it, viz. : the elegy "On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough," written in 1626, and the fragment, "At a Vacation Exercise at College," written in 1628. Copies of these two pieces had apparently been recovered by Milton, and their insertion in the new edition was certainly a gain to that edition. (2) To some copies of this second edition of the Poems there was prefixed a new portrait of Milton, superseding the caricature by Marshall prefixed to the first edition. But the jocular Greek lines on Marshall's portrait which had appeared in the first edition were still preserved. They were printed among the *Sylvæ* in the new edition, with the title "*In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.*" (3) From the new edition were *omitted* Moseley's Preface to the first edition, and also the two pieces of English prose which had been specially inserted in the first as introductions to the *Comus*—viz. Lawes's Dedication of the *Comus* to Lord Brackley in 1637, and Sir Henry Wotton's letter of 1638. Milton probably thought that these laudatory introductions were no longer required. He still kept, however, the complimentary verses, &c., of his foreign friends, prefixed to the Latin poems.

To most of the editions of the Minor Poems that have appeared since Milton's own second edition of 1673 there have, of course, been added such scraps of verse, not inserted in that edition, as Milton would himself have included in any final edition. Thus the scraps of verse, whether in English or Latin, interspersed through his prose-writings, are now properly collected and inserted among the Poems. Those four English Sonnets, also, which Milton had, from prudential reasons, omitted in the edition of 1673, are now in their places. After the Revolution of 1688 there was no reason for withholding these interesting sonnets from the public; and, accordingly, when Milton's nephew, Edward Phillips, published, in 1694, an English edition of the "Letters of State" which had been written by his uncle as Latin Secretary during the Commonwealth, and prefixed to these Letters his Memoir of his uncle, he very properly printed the four missing sonnets as an appendix to the Memoir. From that time they have always been included in editions of the Poems.

Even had Milton not given his Minor Poems to the world in print during his lifetime, those interesting productions of his genius would not have been wholly lost. From the time when he had first begun to write poems or other things, he had carefully kept the MSS.; and it so chanced that a larger quantity of Milton's original MSS. has been preserved than of the original MSS. of most other English poets of that age. Not a few of Milton's papers, either loose, or forming a kind of large draft-book, had come into the possession of Sir Henry Newton Puckering, Bart., a scholar and book-collector of the seventeenth century; and as, on his death in 1700, he left his collection of books to the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, these papers lay about in that Library till 1736, when they were carefully put together and bound in morocco. Accordingly,

this thin morocco-bound volume of Milton MSS. is to this day one of the most precious curiosities in the Library of Trinity College. It is shown to visitors in a glass table-case, arranged so as to gratify them with the sight of a page or two of Milton's autograph. By permission of the Master and Fellows, but only in the presence of one of the Fellows, it may be removed from the case for more leisurely examination. The volume consists of fifty-four pages, all of folio size, except an interpolated leaf or two of small quarto. Eight of the pages are blank; all the other forty-six are written on, most of them very closely. The following is a list of the contents in the order in which they stand:—*Arcades* (draft in Milton's own hand); *Song, At a solemn Music* (Milton's own hand); *Sonnet on his having arrived at the age of twenty-three* (in Milton's own hand, as part of Prose Letter to a Friend, of which there are two drafts); *On Time* (Milton's own hand); *Upon the Circumcision* (Milton's own hand); *Sonnet VIII.* (in the hand of an amanuensis); *Sonnets IX. and X.* (Milton's own hand); *Comus* and *Lycidas*, entire drafts, much corrected (in Milton's own hand); *Seven pages of Jottings of Subjects for Tragedies* (Milton's own hand: see *Introd.* to *P. L.*, to *P. R.*, and to *Sams. Ag.*); *Sonnets XI.—XIV.* (in Milton's own hand, but with copies in another hand); *Sonnet XV.: To Fairfax* (in Milton's own hand); *Sonnet XVI.: To Cromwell* (in the hand of some amanuensis); *Sonnet XVII.: To Vane* (also in another hand); *Lines on the Forcers of Conscience* (also in another hand); *Sonnets XXI.—XXIII.* (also in the hands of amanuenses). It thus appears that in this precious volume at Cambridge there are preserved (mostly in Milton's own hand, but occasionally in the hands of amanuenses, who either transcribed from his original drafts before he was blind, or, after he was blind, wrote to his dictation) actual MS. copies of much the larger part of all Milton's MINOR ENGLISH POETRY.

INTRODUCTIONS TO THE POEMS  
SEVERALLY.

PART I.—THE ENGLISH POEMS.



## INTRODUCTIONS TO THE ENGLISH POEMS.

### PARAPHRASES ON PSALMS CXIV. AND CXXXVI.

THESE were done, as the author himself takes care to tell us, "at fifteen years old"—*i.e.* in 1624. They are, in fact, the only specimens now extant of Milton's muse before he went to Cambridge. They are the relics, doubtless, of a little collection of boyish performances, now lost, with which he amused himself, and perhaps pleased his father and his teachers, when he lived in his father's house in Bread Street, Cheapside, and attended the neighbouring school of St. Paul's. They prove him to have been even then a careful reader of contemporary English poetry, and, in particular, of Spenser, and of Sylvester's quaint and old-fashioned, but richly poetical, translation of the *Divine Weekes and Workes* of the French religious poet Du Bartas. This book, which had been published in 1605 by Humphrey Lownes, a well-known printer of Bread Street Hill, close to Milton's father's house, was as popular in England as the original was on the Continent. It went through several editions while Sylvester lived, and almost every pious English household of literary tastes possessed a copy.

### ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH.

Over this poem Milton has himself placed the words "*Anno ætatis 17*," implying that it was written in his 17th year. Now, as Milton entered his seventeenth year on the 9th of December, 1624, and ended it on the 9th of December, 1625, this would place the poem between these dates. But, when Milton placed Arabic figures after the phrase *anno ætatis* in these headings of his poems, it was his habit to give himself the benefit of a year by understanding the figures as noting cardinal and not ordinal numbers. "*Anno ætatis 17*" meant, with him, not strictly "in his seventeenth year," but "at seventeen years of age." The present poem, accordingly, was actually written in the winter of 1625-6, or during Milton's second academic year at Cambridge. It is the first of his preserved English pieces of the Cambridge period, but seems to have been written, not *at* Cambridge, but in the course of a brief visit made

to London between the Michaelmas Term and the Lent Term of the academic year—*i.e.* between December 16, 1625, and January 13, 1625-6. The subject of it was the death of an infant niece of the poet, the first child of his only surviving sister Anne Milton, who was several years older than himself, and had been recently married to a Mr. Edward Phillips, a native of Shrewsbury, but resident in London, where he held a situation in the Crown Office in Chancery. When in town from Cambridge, Milton had seen the "fair infant," whether in his father's house in Bread Street, or in his sister's own house, which was "in the Strand, near Charing Cross." But the life of the little creature was to be short. The autumn of 1625 was a particularly unhealthy one in London—the Plague then raging there with such violence that as many as 35,000 persons were said to have died of it during that season within the Bills of Mortality. There is an allusion to this prevalence of the Plague in the last stanza but one of the poem. Not to the Plague, however, but to the general inclemency of the succeeding winter, did the delicate little blossom fall a victim. She died "of a cough"—*i.e.* of some affection of the lungs.

#### AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE.

The heading prefixed to this piece by Milton is, more completely, as follows:—"Anno ætatis 19: *At a Vacation Exercise in the College, part Latin, part English: the Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began.*" The piece, in fact, was written in 1628, or during Milton's fourth academic year at Cambridge, and, as the title implies, was but a fragment of a much longer and more composite exercise or discourse, part of which was in Latin, written for some ceremonial at Christ's College in the vacation of that year—*i.e.* after the close of the Easter Term on the 4th of July.

Fortunately, the College Exercise to which this piece belonged still exists. It is the Sixth of those seven juvenile Latin Essays of Milton called *Prolusiones Oratoriæ* (now included in his collected prose-works) which were first published in 1674, the last year of his life, in conjunction with his *Epistolæ Familiæres*, or Latin Familiar Epistles. All the seven *Prolusiones* are interesting as throwing light on Milton's career at the University, and his success in those public debates and discussions on scholastic and philosophical topics which formed in those days so important a part of College and University training. The Sixth, however, is nearly the longest, and is perhaps the most interesting altogether. It is entitled "*In Feriis Æstivis Collegii, sed concurrente, ut solet, totâ fere Academicâ juventute, Oratio: Exercitationes nonnunquam ludicras Philosophiæ studiis non obesse;*" which may be translated thus, "*In the Summer Vacation of the College, but in the presence, as usual, of a concourse of nearly the whole youth of the University, an Oration to this effect: That occasional sportive exercises are not inconsistent with philosophical studies.*" The Essay, then, was an actual speech delivered by Milton in the hall of Christ's College, Cambridge, on an occasion of periodical revel, when not only his fellow-collegians, but a crowd of students from other colleges, were present. Milton had nearly completed his undergraduate course, and had his degree of B.A. in prospect; and he was probably chosen to lead the revels on account of his pre-eminent reputation among the undergraduates of Christ's. "The revels," we say; for, in reading the speech itself, we become aware that the circumstances were those of some annual academic saturnalia, when the college

hall was a scene of festivity, practical joking, and fun of all kinds, and when the president—styled, in academic phrase, “the Father” for the nonce—was expected to enliven the proceedings with a speech full of jests and personalities, and to submit in turn to interruptions, laughter, and outcries from his noisy “sons.” Milton, though confessing in the course of his speech that fun was hardly his element, and that his “faculty in festivities and quips” was very slight, seems to have acquitted himself in his character of “Father,” or elected master of the revels, with unusual distinction. At all events he took trouble enough. His entire discourse must have taken at least an hour and a half in the delivery. As originally delivered, it consisted of three parts—first, a serio-comic discourse, in Latin prose, on the theme “*that sportive exercises on occasion are not inconsistent with the studies of Philosophy* ;” secondly, a more expressly comic harangue, also in Latin prose, in which he assumes the character of Father of the meeting, addresses his sons jocularly, and leads off the orgy; and, thirdly, a conclusion in English, partly verse and partly prose, consisting of dramatic speeches.

In the middle part, or Latin comic harangue, we have, amid many coarse jocosities, and personal allusions to individual fellow-students not now intelligible, the following passage explanatory of what is to follow: “I turn me, therefore, as Father, to my sons, of whom I behold a goodly number; and “I see too that the mischievous little rogues acknowledge me to be their “father by secretly bobbing their heads. Do you ask what are to be their “names? I will not, by taking the names of dishes, give my sons to be “eaten by you, for that would be too much akin to the ferocity of Tantalus “and Lycaon; nor will I designate them by the names of parts of the body, “lest you should think that I had begotten so many bits of men instead of “whole men; nor is it my pleasure to call them after the kinds of wine, “lest what I should say should be not according to Bacchus. I wish them “to be named according to the number of the Predicaments, that so I may “express their distinguished birth and their liberal manner of life.” The meaning of which passage seems to be that it was the custom at such meetings for the “Father” to confer nicknames for the nonce on such of his fellow-students as were more particularly associated with him as his “sons,” and, as such, had perhaps to take a prominent part, under him, in the proceedings; and that Milton, instead of following old practice, and calling his sons by such rigmorole names as *Beef, Mutton, Pork*, &c. (names of dishes), or *Head, Neck, Breast*, &c. (names of parts of the body), or *Sack, Rhenish, Sherris*, &c. (names of wines), proposed to call them after the famous Ten Predicaments or Categories of Aristotle. These Predicaments or Categories were all regarded as subdivisions of the one supreme category of ENS or BEING. First ENS was subdivided into the two general categories of *Ens per se* or *Substance*, and *Ens per accidens* or *Accident*. By farther divisions and subdivisions, however, *Accident* was made to split itself into nine subordinate categories—Quantity, Quality, Relation, Action, Passion, Place where, Time when, Posture, and Habit. Prefix to these nine categories, developed out of *Accident*, the one unbroken category of *Substance*, and you have the Ten Aristotelian Categories or Predicaments, once so famous in the schools. What Milton said, therefore, was virtually this:—I, as Father, choose to represent myself as ENS or Being in general, undivided Being; and you, my sons, Messrs. So and So and So and So (to wit, certain students of Christ’s acting along with Milton in the farce), are to regard yourselves as respectively Substance, Quantity, Quality,

Relation, Action, Passion, Place, Time, Posture, and Habit. Thus I have assigned you your parts in what is to follow of our proceedings.

We have here then the key to the dramatic speeches in English with which Milton's address was wound up. After apologizing for having detained the audience so long with his Latin harangue, he announces that he is about to break the University statutes (which ordained that all academic discourses, &c., should be in the learned tongues) by "running across" from Latin to English. At this point, therefore, he suddenly exclaims—

"Hail ! native language, that by sinews weak  
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
And mad'st," &c.

He continues this episodic address to his native speech through a goodly number of lines, but then remembers that it is a divergence from the business in hand, and that his sons are waiting to hear him speak in the character of ENS. Accordingly, he does speak in this character, calling up the eldest of his ten sons, *Substance*, and addressing him in fit terms. Whether *Substance* made any reply we are not informed ; but the next two Predicaments, *Quantity* and *Quality*, did speak in their turn—not in verse, however, but in prose. It seems most natural to conclude that these speeches were made by the students of Christ's who represented the Predicaments in question—Milton himself only speaking in his paramount character as ENS. In this character, at all events, he finally calls "by name" on the student who represented the fourth category—*i.e.* *Relation* ; and with this speech of ENS to *Relation*, the fragment, as we now have it, abruptly ends. "The rest was prose," we are informed—*i.e.* whatever was said by *Relation*, and to or by the six remaining Predicaments, was said in prose and has not been preserved. Mr. W. G. Clark, of Cambridge, ascertained that among Milton's fellow-students at Christ's were two brothers named Rivers. This explains the words "Rivers, arise," and the sequel.

#### ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

This magnificent ode, called by Hallam "perhaps the finest in the English language," was composed, as we learn from Milton's own heading of it in the edition of 1645, in the year 1629. Milton was then twenty-one years of age, in his sixth academic year at Cambridge, and a B.A. of a year's standing. There is an interesting allusion to the ode by Milton himself, when he was in the act of composing it, in the sixth of his Latin elegies. In that elegy, addressed to his friend Charles Diodati, residing in the country, in answer to a friendly epistle which Diodati had sent to him on the 13th of December, 1629, there is a distinct description of the *Ode on the Nativity*, as then finished or nearly so, and ready to be shown to Diodati, together with the express information that it was begun on Christmas-day 1629.

#### UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Having, in the Ode on the Nativity, celebrated the birth of Christ, Milton seems to have intended his little piece "Upon the Circumcision" as a sequel. This appears from the opening lines, in which distinct allusion is made to the Nativity. We may therefore, with great probability, suppose the piece to have been written on or about the Feast of the Circumcision following the Christmas of the previous ode—*i.e.* January 1, 1629-30.

## THE PASSION.

This piece, also, as the opening stanza implies, grew out of the Ode on the Nativity, and is a kind of sequel to it. It was probably written for Easter 1630. It is but the fragment of an intended larger poem, for which, after he had proceeded so far, he thought his powers unequal.

## ON TIME.

In the draft of this little piece, in Milton's own hand, among the Cambridge MSS., the title is given more at length thus: *On Time—To be set on a Clock-case*. The piece is assigned, conjecturally, to the year 1630.

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

This piece is also assigned, conjecturally, to the year 1630. The title "At a Solemn Music" may be translated "At a Concert of Sacred Music." Milton, we know, had been a musician from his childhood, and had had unusual opportunities of hearing the best music in England. See Intro. to the Latin Poem *Ad Patrem* among the *Sylvæ*.

## SONG ON MAY MORNING.

This little piece is also assigned, but only conjecturally, to the year 1630. If this is correct, the exact date is May 1, 1630.

## ON SHAKESPEARE.

This famous little piece is sometimes spoken of as Milton's "Sonnet on Shakespeare"; but it is not even laxly a Sonnet, as it consists of sixteen lines. In its anonymous printed form among the commendatory verses prefixed to the Shakespeare Folio of 1632, it is entitled "An Epitaph on the Admirable Dramatick Poet, W. Shakespeare." That it was written two years before its publication in so distinguished a place appears from the date "1630" appended to its shorter title in the original editions of Milton's Poems. It seems to me not improbable that Milton originally wrote the lines in a copy of the First Folio Shakespeare in his possession, and furnished them thence to the publisher of the Second Folio.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER.

The two pieces on this subject are chiefly curious as specimens of Milton's muse in that facetious style in which, according to his own statement, he was hardly at home. They celebrate an incident which must have been of considerable interest to all Cambridge men of Milton's time—the death of old Thomas Hobson, the Cambridge University carrier.

Born in 1544, or twenty years before Shakespeare, Hobson had for more than sixty years been one of the most noted characters in Cambridge. Every week during this long period he had gone and come between Cambridge and

the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, London, driving his own wain and horses, and carrying letters and parcels, and sometimes stray passengers. All the Heads and Fellows of Colleges, all the students, and all the townspeople, knew him. By his business as a carrier, and also by letting out horses, he had become one of the wealthiest citizens in Cambridge—owner of houses in the town and of other property. He had also such a reputation for shrewdness and humour that, rightly or wrongly, all sorts of good sayings were fathered upon him. Till his eighty-sixth year he had persisted in driving his carrier's waggon himself. But, in April or May 1630, a stop had been put to his journeys. The Plague, after an interval of five years, was again in England; it was rife in Cambridge this time, so that the colleges had been prematurely closed and all University exercises brought to an end; and one of the precautions taken was to interdict the continued passage of Hobson, with his letters and parcels, between Cambridge and London. Though many of his neighbours among the townspeople died of the Plague, the tough old carrier escaped that distemper. But the compulsory idleness of some months was too much for him. Some time in November or December 1630, just as the Colleges had re-assembled, and, the Plague having abated, he might have resumed his journeys, he sickened and took to his bed. On the 1st of January, 1630-31, he died, aged eighty-six. Before he died he had executed a will, in which he left a large family of sons, daughters, and grandchildren (one of his daughters being the wife of a Warwickshire baronet), well provided for. Nor had he forgotten the town in which he had made his fortunes. Besides other legacies for public purposes to the town of Cambridge, he left money for the perpetual maintenance of the town-conduit; and to this day the visitor to Cambridge sees a handsome conduit, called after Hobson's name, in the centre of the town, and runnels of clear water flowing, by Hobson's munificence, along the sides of the footways in the main streets. In some respects, Hobson is still the *genius loci* of Cambridge.

Little wonder that the death of such a worthy as old Hobson made a stir among the Cambridge dons and undergraduates, and that many copies of verses were written on the occasion. Several such copies of verses have been recovered; but none so remarkable as Milton's. Milton seems to have had a fondness for the old man, whose horses he must have often hired, and by whom he must often have sent and received parcels. The title of Milton's two pieces is exact to the circumstances of the case: "*On the University Carrier, who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.*" The gist of the poems themselves, too—in which, through all their punning facetiousness, there is a vein of kindliness—is that Hobson died of *ennui*. Both pieces must have been written in or about January 1630-31.

#### AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

The date of the composition of this poem is determined by that of the event to which it refers—the death, in child-birth, of Jane, wife of John Paulet, fifth Marquis of Winchester. This lady, who was but twenty-three years of age when she died, and was much spoken of for her beauty and mental accomplishments, was a daughter of Thomas, Viscount Savage, of Rock-Savage, Cheshire, by his wife, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter and co-heir of Thomas Darcy, Earl of Rivers. Her husband, the Marquis of Winchester, who had succeeded to

the title in 1628, was a Roman Catholic; he subsequently attained great distinction by his loyalty during the civil wars; and he did not die till 1674, forty-three years after he had been made a widower by the death of this, his accomplished (first) wife. That event occurred on the 15th of April, 1631, in circumstances thus communicated in a contemporary news-letter, dated the 21st of the same month:—"The Lady Marquis of Winchester, daughter "to the Lord Viscount Savage, had an imposthume upon her cheek lanced; "the humour fell down into her throat, and quickly despatched her, being big "with child: whose death is lamented, as well in respect of other her virtues "as that she was inclining to become a Protestant." An unusual amount of public regret seems to have been caused by the lady's melancholy death. It was the subject of a long elegy by the poet-laureate, Ben Jonson, printed in his "Underwoods"; and there were verses on the occasion by Davenant and other poets. How Milton, then in his twenty-third year, and still at Cambridge, came to be so interested in the event as to make it the subject of a poem, is not known. Warton had been told that there was a Cambridge collection of verses on the occasion, among which Milton's elegiac ode first appeared; and some expressions in the ode might imply that fact; but no such volume has been found.

## L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

These were written as companion-pieces, and are to be read together. There is some doubt as to the time of their composition, there being no drafts of them among the Cambridge MSS. In the edition of 1645 they follow immediately after the pieces on Hobson, and precede the *Arcades*, with the intervention, however, of the ten Sonnets printed in that edition. With great probability they are assigned to the period immediately subsequent to Milton's student-life at Cambridge, *i.e.* to the time of his studious seclusion in his father's country house at Horton in Buckinghamshire, near Windsor. Milton retired thither in 1632, after taking his degree of M.A., and he mainly resided there till the beginning of 1638. If the pieces were written at Horton, they were probably written soon after his going there. That they were written in some peaceful country neighbourhood, amid the sights and sounds of quiet English landscape and English rural life, is rendered likely by their nature. But it is a mistaken notion of the poems, and a somewhat crude notion, to suppose that they must contain a transcript of the scenery of any one place, even the place where they were written. That place (and we incline to think it was Horton) may have shed its influence into the poems; but the purpose of the poet was not to describe actual scenery, but to represent two *moods*, and to do so by making each mood move, as it were, amid circumstances and adjuncts akin to it and nutritive of it. Hence the scenery is visionary scenery, made up of eclectic recollections from various spots blended into one ideal landscape. It is, indeed, the exquisite fitness with which circumstances are chosen or invented, in true poetic affinity with the two moods, that makes the poems so beautiful, and secures them, while the English language lasts, against the possibility of being forgotten.

The poems, we have said, are companion-pieces, and must be read together. Each describes an ideal day—a day of twelve hours. But *L'Allegro* is the ideal day of the mind of an educated youth, like Milton himself, in a mood

of light cheerfulness. And observe at what point that day begins. It begins at dawn. The first sound heard is the song of the lark ; the first sights seen round the rustic cottage, or in the walk from it, are those of new-waked nature, and of labour fresh afield. Then the light broadens on to mid-day, and we have the reapers at their dinner, or the haymakers busy in the sun. And so, through the afternoon merry-makings, we are led to the evening sports and junkets and nut-brown ale round the cottage bench ; after which, when the country folks, old and young, have retired to rest, the imaginary youth of the poem, still in his mood of cheerfulness, may protract his more educated day by fit reading indoors, varied by sweet Lydian music. Contrast with all this the day of *Il Penseroso*. It is the same youth, but in a mood more serious, thoughtful, and melancholy. The season of the year, too, may be later. At all events, the ideal day now begins with the evening. It is the song of the nightingale that is first heard ; lured by which the youth walks forth in moonlight, seeing all objects in their silver aspect, and listening to the sounds of nightfall. Such evening or nocturnal sights and sounds it is that befit the mood of melancholy. And then, indoors again we follow the thoughtful youth, to see him, in his chamber, where the embers glow on the hearth, sitting meditatively, disturbed by no sound, save (for it may be a town that he is now in) the drowsy voice of the passing bellman. Later still, or after midnight, we may fancy him in some high watch-tower, communing, over his books, with old philosophers, or with poets, of grave and tragic themes. In such solemn and weirdly phantasies let the whole night pass, and let the morning come, not gay, but sombre and cloudy, the winds rocking the trees, and the rain-drops falling heavily from the eaves. At last, when the sun is up, the watcher, who has not slept, may sally forth ; but it is to lose himself in some forest of monumental oaks or pines, where sleep may overtake him recumbent by some waterfall. And always, ere he rejoins the mixed society of men, let him pay his due visit of worship to the Gothic cathedral near, and have his mind raised to its highest by the music of the pealing organ.

The studied antithesis of the two pieces has to be kept in mind in reading them. It needs only be added that the commentators have supposed that Milton may have been aided in his conception of the two poems by some passages in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, by a song in Beaumont and Fletcher's drama of *Nice Valor*, and by recollections of other pieces of a pensive kind, in octosyllabic measure, including Marlowe's pretty poem, the *Passionate Shepherd to his Love*, and Sir Walter Raleigh's answer to the same, called *The Nymph's Reply*. The help from any such quarters, however, must have been very small, the mere suggestion of a cadence here and there.

#### ARCADES.

"*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess-Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some noble persons of her Family,*" are the words added by Milton himself to the title of the poem, to explain its nature. In other words, it is part, and only part, of a masque presented before a venerable lady at her country-seat by some members of her family who had chosen this way of showing their affection and respect for her. The rest of the masque has perished ; only this fragment of it, supplied by Milton, remains. The date is a little uncertain. Historically, the *Arcades* is connected so closely with *Comus* that any Introduction to the one must serve also as partly an Introduction to

the other; and the manner of the connexion is such that we must assume that the *Arcades* preceded *Comus*. Now, as the date of *Comus* is 1634, the immediately preceding year, 1633, has been taken as the probable year for the *Arcades*; but there are arguments which might push it as far back as 1631, or even 1630. It is chiefly necessary to bear in mind that the *Arcades* did precede *Comus*, and that the lady in whose honour it was composed was one of the same noble family for whom *Comus* was subsequently written.

That lady was Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby, who, in 1631, was about seventy years of age. The life of this lady had been one that would have made her venerable in the social and literary history of England even had there not been this association of her later years with the youth of Milton. Born, about the year 1560, one of the daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, Northamptonshire—from whom are descended the Earls Spencer and their branches—she had been married in early life to Ferdinando Stanley, Lord Strange, eldest son of the fourth Earl of Derby. One of her sisters, Elizabeth Spencer, was then, by marriage, Lady Carey, and another, Anne Spencer, was Lady Compton. The three sisters seem to have at that time been especially well known to the poet Spencer, who, indeed, claimed to be related to the Spencers of Althorpe. Spencer's earliest known publication, *Muicopotmos* (1590), was dedicated to Lady Carey; his *Mother Hubbard's Tale* (1591) was dedicated to Lady Compton; and to the youngest of the three sisters—the one with whom we are at present concerned—was dedicated in the same year (1591) his *Tears of the Muses*. In paying this honour to Alice, Lady Strange, Spencer had regard not only to her own accomplishments and his connexion with her family, but also to the reputation of her husband, Lord Strange. No nobleman of the day was of greater note in the world of letters than Lord Strange. He was himself a poet; among the dramatic companies of the time was one retained by him and known as "Lord Strange's Players;" and among his clients and panegyrists were Nash, Greene, and others of Shakespeare's seniors in the English drama. All this is recognised in Spencer's dedication of the *Tears of the Muses* to Lady Strange. "Most brave and noble "Lady," he says, "the things that make ye so much honoured of the world "as ye be are such as, without my simple lines' testimony, are throughly "known to all men: namely, your excellent beauty, your virtuous behaviour, "and your noble match with that most honourable Lord, the very pattern of "right nobility. But the causes for which ye have thus deserved of me to be "honoured (if honour it be at all) are both your particular bounties and also "some private bonds of affinity which it hath pleased your Ladyship to "acknowledge. . . . Vouchsafe, noble Lady, to accept this simple remem- "brance, though not worthy of yourself, yet such as perhaps, by good "acceptance thereof, you may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable "evidence of your own excellent deserts." Some time after this dedication—to wit, in September 1593—the lady so addressed rose still higher in the peerage by the accession of her husband to the earldom of Derby on his father's death. Ferdinando, fifth Earl of Derby, however, enjoyed his new dignity but a few months. He died on the 16th of April, 1594, in his thirty-sixth year, much regretted. From that day his widow was known as Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby. The earldom of Derby went to the next male heir; and the Countess-Dowager, with her three young daughters by her deceased husband—Lady Anne Stanley, Lady Frances Stanley, and Lady Elizabeth Stanley—lived on to form new alliances. Spencer, who had honoured

her during her husband's life, continued to honour her in her widowhood. In his pastoral of *Colin Clout's come Home again* (completed in 1595), the poet, having enumerated the chief "shepherds" or poets of the British isle, and having proceeded thence to a mention of some of the chief "shepherdesses" or "nymphs," introduces three of these ladies thus :

"Ne less praiseworthy are the sisters three,  
The honour of the noble familie  
Of which I meanest boast myself to be,  
And most that unto them I am so nie,  
Phyllis, Charillis, and sweet Amaryllis.  
Phyllis the fair is eldest of the three ;  
The next to her is beautiful Charillis ;  
But the youngest is the highest in degree."

These three ladies were the three married daughters of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, honoured some years before by dedications of Spenser's earliest poems to them respectively ; and Amaryllis, the youngest of them, and "the highest in degree," was the one to whom he had dedicated his *Tears of the Muses*—then Lady Strange, but now Countess-Dowager of Derby. Indeed, there are special allusions in *Colin Clout's come Home again* to the widowed condition of this lady :

"But Amaryllis whether fortunate  
Or else unfortunate may I aread,  
That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,  
Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread ?  
Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be  
In this or that praised diversely apart,  
In her thou mayst them all assembled see,  
And sealed up in the treasure of her heart."

The lady, however, did marry again. In 1600, when Spenser was no longer alive to approve or to regret, she contracted a second marriage with Lord Keeper Egerton—then only Sir Thomas Egerton and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to Queen Elizabeth, but afterwards (1603) Baron Ellesmere and Lord Chancellor to King James, and finally (1616) Viscount Brackley. This eminent lawyer and statesman had already been twice married, and was a man of about sixty years of age, with grown-up children, when he made his splendid match with the Countess-Dowager of Derby. The Countess—who, of course, retained that title in her new condition as the Lord Keeper's wife—was brought once again conspicuously into society by her husband's connexion with public affairs. In 1601 she and her husband jointly purchased the estate of Harefield in Middlesex—a charming property, with a fine mansion upon it, on a spot of well-wooded hill and meadow, on the river Colne, about four miles from Uxbridge. Here, or in London, the Lord Keeper and his wife mainly resided, doing the honours of their position, and receiving in return the recognitions due to persons of their rank. One very memorable incident in their life at Harefield was a visit of four days paid them there by Queen Elizabeth (July 31—August 3, 1602), when all sorts of pageants were held for her Majesty's recreation. The story that these included the first known performance of Shakespeare's *Othello* by "Burbidge's players" is now universally rejected ; but a long "avenue of elms," leading to the house, was the scene of a kind of masque of welcome at the Queen's reception, and of another of leave-taking on her departure, and

was ever afterwards known as "the Queen's Walk." Throughout the reign of James I. there were similar recognitions of the high social rank of the Chancellor and his noble wife, besides not a few of a literary character, in the shape of poems, or dedications of poems, to them. It was not only their own marriage, however—a marriage that proved childless—that now connected the pair. Not long after that marriage had taken place, the ties of family between the two had been drawn closer by the marriage of the Lord Keeper's son—then Sir John Egerton—with Lady Frances Stanley, the Countess's second daughter by her former husband the Earl of Derby. Thus, while the Countess-Dowager was the wife of the father, one of her daughters was the wife of the son. Her other two daughters made marriages of even higher promise at the time. The eldest, Lady Anne Stanley, had married Grey Bridges, fifth Lord Chandos; and the youngest, Lady Elizabeth Stanley, had married, at a very early age (1603), Henry, Lord Hastings, who, in 1605, succeeded his grandfather as Earl of Huntingdon, and possessor of the fine estate of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire.

On the 15th of March, 1616-17, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, then just created Viscount Brackley, died, and the Countess-Dowager of Derby commenced her second widowhood. She was then probably over five-and-fifty years of age, and she survived for twenty years more. These twenty years she spent chiefly in retirement at Harefield, where she endowed almshouses for poor widows, and did other acts of charity, but was surrounded all the while, or occasionally visited, by those numerous descendants and other relatives who had grown up, or were growing up, to venerate her, and whose joys and sorrows constituted the chief interest of her declining years. By the year 1630, when she was about seventy years of age, she had at least twenty of her own direct descendants alive, besides collateral relatives in the families of her sisters, *Phyllis* and *Charillis*. (1.) One group of the venerable lady's direct descendants consisted of her eldest daughter, Lady Chandos, and that daughter's surviving children by her first husband Lord Chandos, the eldest of whom was George Bridges, now Lord Chandos, a boy of about twelve years of age. Both mother and children, we chance to know, lived at Harefield, with the grandmother, in 1631; and the estate of Harefield itself, we also learn, was to descend, after the Countess-Dowager's death, to Lady Chandos, otherwise left "destitute," and so to her son, young Lord Chandos. (2.) An additional group of relatives, also sharing the affections of the venerable Lady of Harefield, consisted of the children of her youngest daughter, the Countess of Huntingdon, viz.: Ferdinando, Lord Hastings, twenty-two years of age, and heir-apparent to the earldom of Huntingdon; his younger brother Henry, afterwards Lord Loughborough; a daughter, Alice, married to Sir Gervase Clifton; and another daughter, Elizabeth. These four grandchildren would sometimes be on visits to their grandmother at Harefield from their own homes in London, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and elsewhere. (3.) There was still a third group of relatives around the venerable lady. At or near the time when she herself had married the Lord Keeper Egerton, as we have seen, her second daughter by her former husband, Lady Frances Stanley, had married the Lord Keeper's son, Sir John Egerton. When his father was raised to the peerage as Baron Ellesmere (1603), this Sir John Egerton had become "baron-expectant,"—a designation which rose to the higher one of "Lord Egerton" when his father was made Viscount Brackley (1616). On his father's death, a few months afterwards (March 1616-17), he succeeded him as Viscount. But his dignities

did not stop at that point. In May 1617, an earldom which had been intended for the father, in recognition of his long services as Lord Chancellor, was bestowed on the son; and he became Earl of Bridgewater. Thus, the Countess-Dowager of Derby saw her second daughter, as well as her youngest, take rank as a Countess. A far larger family of children had been born to this daughter than to either of her sisters. Out of fifteen children, born in all, at least ten were alive in 1630, in order of age as follows: the Lady Frances Egerton, married to Sir John Hobart, of Blickling, Norfolk; the Lady Arabella, married to Lord St. John, of Bletso, son and heir of the Earl of Bolingbroke; the Ladies Elizabeth, Mary, Penelope, Catharine, Magdalen, and Alice, yet unmarried—the last, Lady Alice, being in her tenth or eleventh year; John, Viscount Brackley, the son and heir, in his ninth year; and his brother, Mr. Thomas Egerton, about a year younger. The head-quarters of this numerous family, or of such of them as were unmarried, were—in London, the Earl of Bridgewater's town-house in the Barbican, Aldersgate Street; in the country, the Earl's mansion of Ashridge, Hertfordshire, about sixteen miles from Harefield.

We are now prepared to understand the exact circumstances of the *Arcades*. Sometime in 1630 or 1631, we are to suppose, some of the younger members of the different groups of the relatives of the Dowager-Countess of Derby determined to get up an entertainment in her honour, at her house at Harefield. The occasion may have been the aged lady's birthday, or it may have been some incidental gathering at Harefield for a family purpose. Whatever it was, the young people had resolved to amuse themselves by some kind of festivity in compliment to the venerable lady of whom they were all so proud. What could it be but a masque? Harefield, with its avenue of elms called "the Queen's Walk" in memory of Queen Elizabeth's visit, and with its fine park of grassy slopes and well-wooded knolls, was exactly the place for a masque; besides which, was not the Countess accustomed to this kind of entertainment? Would it not be in good taste to remind her of the masques and similar poetical and musical entertainments that had pleased her in her youth, when she had been the theme of Spenser's muse, and had sat by the side of her first husband, Lord Strange, beholding plays brought out under his patronage? Masques, indeed, were even more in fashion now, in the reign of Charles I., than they had been in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, and a masque in a noble family on any occasion of family-rejoicing was the most natural thing in the world.

There was, then, to be a masque, or at least a bit of a masque, at Harefield; and the actors were already provided. But for a good masque, or even a good bit of a masque, more is required than willing actors. Who was to write the words for the little masque, and who was to set the songs in it to music?

The latter question may be answered first. There can be little doubt, I think, that the person to whom the young people of the family of the Countess-Dowager of Derby trusted for all the musical requisites of the masque, if not the person who suggested it originally and entirely superintended it, was Henry Lawes, gentleman of the Chapel Royal, and one of his Majesty's private musicians. Farther particulars respecting this interesting man, one of the most celebrated musical composers of his day, will be given in the Introduction to that one of Milton's Sonnets which is addressed to him (Sonnet XIII.). What we have to attend to here is that, though Lawes had

professional connexions with not a few aristocratic families, by far the most lasting and intimate of these was with the Bridgewater branch of the Countess-Dowager of Derby's family. As early as 1630-31, the proof tends to show, Lawes, then about thirty years of age, and already of distinction in the English musical world, though with much of his reputation still to make, reckoned among his chief patrons and employers the Earl and Countess of Bridgewater; and among his most hopeful pupils at that time were several of the children of the Earl and Countess. Others of the Countess of Derby's grandchildren may have been pupils of Lawes; but those of the Bridgewater branch were the most musical in their tastes, and it was to them, in their town-house in the Barbican, or in their country-seat at Ashridge, that Lawes's visits were most frequent. Quite possibly, therefore, it was they that originated the notion of a masque in honour of the Countess. But, even if some of her relatives of the other groups were concerned in the plan, or admitted into it, the singing parts would fall to the Bridgewaters, and the arrangement of the music, and the general management, to their instructor, Lawes. Business of this kind was part of the profession of musical composers in those days, and Lawes, as we shall find (Introd. to *Comus*), was an expert in it.

An additional argument in favour of the idea that Lawes was the manager of the entertainment and arranged its music is found in the fact that the poetry for it was furnished by Milton. For Milton's intimacy with Lawes is a known fact. The friendship between the two, of which many interesting proofs remain, may have begun even in Milton's boyhood. Noted as a musician as was Milton's own father, there can have been few musical artists in London that were not occasional visitors in his house in Bread Street; and there were many things in Lawes, when once he and the younger Milton were brought together, to rivet an attachment to him. On the other hand, Milton's poetical powers must have been well known to Lawes. Accordingly, when the notion of the Entertainment at Harefield had been started, and Lawes and his Bridgewater pupils, if our idea is correct, were busy over the project, it was to Milton that Lawes applied for the necessary words or *libretto*. If, as has been argued, the date was 1630 or 1631, Milton may have been up in London on one of his vacation visits. Perhaps, however, his father was already in possession of his country-place at Horton, and in that case Milton may have been there, and so actually within about ten miles, cross-country, from Harefield. Wherever it was that the two met to consult, Lawes about thirty years of age and Milton eight years younger, we can see what happened. Lawes explained to Milton the circumstances of the proposed Entertainment and the kind of thing that was wanted; and Milton, meditating the affair for a few days, produced *Arcades* or *The Arcadians*.

Let the reader now go back in imagination to Harefield, on a spring or summer evening two hundred and forty years ago. Certain revels or pageants in the ground have perhaps preceded, and the time, we say, seems now to be evening. Harefield House is lit up; and in front of it, on a throne of state arranged so as to glitter in the light, is seated the aged Countess, with the seniors of the assembled party around her as spectators. Suddenly torches are seen flickering among the trees in the park, and out from among those trees, towards where the Countess is sitting, there bursts a band of nymphs and shepherds. They are, in fact, "*some noble persons of her family who appear on the scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state.*" When they have approached near enough, they pause, as if overcome by the splendour

of the vision before them ; and then one voice breaks out from the rest in recognition of the Countess. This is the first Song :—

“ Look, Nymphs and Shepherds, look !  
What sudden blaze of majesty  
Is that,” &c.

This song ended, the nymphs and shepherds renew their approach to the object of their wonder ; but, “ *as they come forward, the Genius of the Wood [Lawes?] appears, and turning toward them speaks.*” The speech of this Genius of the Wood is in eighty-three lines of blank verse. In it the Genius first addresses the shepherds, or male performers in the masque, and tells them he recognises them, through their disguise, as noble Arcadians ; then he addresses the nymphs in a similar strain ; then, after introducing himself as the Genius of the Wood, describing his occupations in that capacity, and descanting on his particular affection for music and his desire to do his best in that art in praise of her whom he had often admired in secret as the Queen of the place, and whom his auditory have come to gaze upon, he offers to lead them to her. Accordingly, lute or other instrument in hand, he advances, with this Song, sung probably in solo :—

“ O’er the smooth enamelled green  
Where no print of step hath been,  
Follow me,” &c.

Following him, accordingly, the masquers do obeisance to the Lady, and range themselves round her ; whereupon there is a third and concluding song, sung probably by many voices, madrigal-wise, and ending with a repetition of the final words of the previous song :—

“ Such a rural queen  
All Arcadia hath not seen.”

The entertainment was probably not yet over : but whatever more of it there was, out-of-doors or indoors, was not of Milton’s composition.

The Countess-Dowager of Derby survived the Entertainment only a few years. She died at Harefield, January 26, 1636-7. Her estate of Harefield descended to Lady Chandos, then her only remaining daughter, and so came to her grandson Lord Chandos, and *his* heirs ; but in 1675 it was purchased back by Sir Richard Newdegate, Bart., of Arbury, Warwickshire, whose family had been the original possessors of the property, but had parted with it in 1585. Accordingly, Harefield is now in possession of the Newdegates. The place is worth visiting, not only as the scene of the *Arcades*, but for other reasons. Harefield House indeed has disappeared. It was burnt down by accident in 1660. But the pedestrian on the road from Uxbridge to Rickmansworth may still identify the site of the House by one or two mounds and hollows, and a large cedar of Lebanon, on the quiet slopes behind Harefield Church ; and in the church itself he may see, besides other antiquities of interest, the tomb of the heroine of the *Arcades*. It is a richly-sculptured and heraldically emblazoned marble monument, exhibiting the effigy of the Countess in a crimson robe and gilt coronet recumbent under a canopy of pale green and gold, and, on the side, effigies of her three daughters in relief and also painted. The Countess is represented as in her youth, beautiful, and with long fair hair. The three daughters have the same long fair hair and like features.

## COMUS :

*"A Masque, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales."*

The history of this, the most important of all the minor poems of Milton, is closely connected with that of the *Arcades*, and our introduction to the *Arcades* is partly also an introduction to the *Comus*. What of more specific introduction is necessary remains to be given here.

One branch of the relatives of the venerable Countess-Dowager of Derby, the heroine of the *Arcades*, consisted, as we have seen, of the members of the noble family of Bridgewater:—to wit, John, 1st Earl of Bridgewater, the Countess's stepson, being the son of her second husband, Lord Chancellor Ellesmere; this nobleman's wife, the Countess's second daughter, Lady Frances Stanley, by her first husband, Ferdinando, 5th Earl of Derby; and the numerous children born to this pair,—two of them daughters already married and with houses of their own, but other daughters still unmarried, and residing, together with their two boy-brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr Thomas Egerton, sometimes at their father's town-house in the Barbican, and sometimes at his country-seat of Ashridge in Hertfordshire. It is with these members of the Bridgewater family that we have chiefly to do in the *Comus*.

The Earl of Bridgewater, now about fifty-four years of age (he had been born in 1579), had a place among the nobility of the Court of Charles I. for which he was probably indebted to the fame and long services of his father, the Lord Chancellor. Already a Privy Councillor, &c., he had, on the 26th of June, 1631, been nominated by Charles to the high office of the Viceroyalty of Wales, or, as it was more formally called, the office of "Lord President of the Council in the Principality of Wales and the Marches of the same." This office—including military command and civil jurisdiction, not only over the Welsh principality itself, but also over the four contiguous English counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, and Shropshire—had been filled, in Elizabeth's reign, by Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip Sidney, and after him by Henry, 2nd Earl of Pembroke; and men of scarcely inferior note had held it since. The official seat of the Lord President was the town and castle of Ludlow in Shropshire, about twenty miles south from Shrewsbury, and beautifully situated in one of those tracts of green hilly country which mark the transition from England proper into Wales. The town, which was formerly walled, is mainly on an eminence near the junction of two streams, the Teme and the Corve, whose united waters flow on to meet the Severn in Worcestershire. On the highest ground of the town, and conspicuous to a great distance over the surrounding country, is Ludlow Church, a large building of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Near it, at a point where the ascending slope on which the town is built ends in a precipitous rock overhanging a steep valley through which the river runs, is Ludlow Castle, now a romantic ruin, but once a garrisoned place of strength, separately walled in from the town, and approached by a gateway from a kind of esplanade at the top of the main street. It was this Castle, with its outer court, inner court, keep, barracks, drawbridge, &c., that was more immediately the residence of the Presidents of Wales. The older portions of the Castle dated from the Conquest, when they had been built by the Conqueror's kinsman, Roger de Montgomery; and there was hardly a part of the edifice but had its interesting

legends and associations—legends and associations connected with the old wars of race between the Welsh and the Norman-English, or with those subsequent Wars of the Roses in which the Welsh had taken so active a share. Thus there were shown in the Castle certain rooms called “the Princes’ Apartments,” where Edward, Prince of Wales, and his young brother, the sons of Edward IV., had lived from 1472 to 1483, when they left Ludlow on that fatal journey which ended in their murder in the Tower.

Although appointed Lord President of Wales in June 1631, the Earl of Bridgewater does not seem to have assumed his functions actively, or to have gone near Ludlow, till some time afterwards. On the 12th of May, 1633, his powers in his office were defined afresh by a Royal Letter of Instructions, which was also to regulate the future proceedings, judicial and administrative, of the Council over which he presided. This Council was ostensibly to consist of upwards of eighty persons named in the Letter, among whom were many bishops and the chief state-officers of England, besides a number of knights and gentlemen of the Welsh border.

In October 1633 the Earl sent his new Letter of Instructions to his Council at Ludlow, to be read and registered before his own arrival. At what time he followed in person we do not accurately know; but, when he did follow, the ceremonial of his inauguration was unusually splendid. He was attended “by a large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry”—*i.e.*, we may suppose, by all of his Council then in those parts, and by other persons of local consequence. He had brought his Countess with him, and probably his whole family, from London or Ashridge—including, as we certainly know, his youngest daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton, a beautiful young girl, fourteen or fifteen years old, and her two younger brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton. The festivities and hospitalities proper to such an occasion as the Earl’s inauguration would naturally protract themselves over a considerable time. They did protract themselves, at all events, to Michaelmas-night, the 29th of September, 1634, when all Ludlow was astir with an unusual thing in those parts—nothing less than a complete masque, or poetical and musical entertainment, performed in the great hall of Ludlow Castle, by members of the Earl’s family, before the Earl and an audience of assembled guests.

At this particular time, the English Court and aristocracy may be said to have been masque-mad. Nothing so magnificent, for example, in the shape of a pageant had ever been seen in England as that got up by the lawyers of the Four Inns of Court in February 1633-4, “as an expression of their love and duty to their Majesties,” *i.e.* to King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria. Months were spent in the preparation. Shirley was engaged to write the poetry; Mr. Simon Ivy and Mr. Henry Lawes to compose the music; Inigo Jones to construct the machinery: while some of the ablest and most eminent lawyers of the time, such as Selden, Attorney-General Noy, Bulstrode Whitelocke, and Mr. Hyde, acted zealously on the Committee of General Management. When the day came—Feb. 3—there was a gorgeous afternoon and evening procession of the masquers, with painted chariots, flaming torches, music, and wondrous grotesque accompaniments, from Holborn down Chancery Lane to Whitehall, the whole population of London having gathered along the route to see and to cheer; and, afterwards, in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, the main masque itself, Shirley’s *Triumph of Peace*, was performed before their Majesties with every possible magnificence. The whole affair cost the Four

Inns of Court 21,000*l.* ; whereof 1,000*l.* were spent on the music—Lawes and his fellow-composer receiving 100*l.* apiece for their share. The actors in this masque were chiefly handsome lawyers of the Four Inns, whose names are now unknown. But, a fortnight later, in the same Banqueting-house at Whitehall, there was another masque, of scarcely inferior magnificence, given by their Majesties themselves, and in which the actors were the King, fourteen of the chief nobles, and ten young sons of noblemen. This was Carew's *Cælum Britannicum*, performed on Shrove-Tuesday night, February 18, 1633-4. The music to this masque was by Henry Lawes; the machinery by Inigo Jones; and among the young noblemen who took juvenile parts in it were the Earl of Bridgewater's two sons, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, and their cousin Lord Chandos.

With a recollection of the *Arcades*, and probably of many other such private theatrical delights, traditional in the Bridgewater family; with the two young boys fresh from the glory of their small parts in the recent royal masque of *Cælum Britannicum*; above all, with Lawes, the musical tutor of the family, radiant from his musical success in that masque and in its more gorgeous predecessor, the masque of *The Triumph of Peace* by the Four Inns of Court;—what more natural than that it should be resolved to seize the opportunity of the Earl's entry on his Welsh Presidency for a masque on a great scale that should astonish the Welsh and all the West of England? The youngsters and Lawes probably devised the thing; and, the Earl having given his consent, all was arranged. The preparations must have been begun months before the masque actually came off—probably while the family were yet in London. Lawes, of course, was to take care of the music and was to be general manager; and the other actors and singers were to be the young people of the family. But who should write the poetry? Who but Lawes's friend, Mr. Milton, who had already in the *Arcades* given such satisfactory proofs of his fitness for the kind of composition that was wanted? In fact, whether to please himself or to oblige Lawes, or to oblige the Earl of Bridgewater and his family on account of some bond of acquaintance with the family now not recoverable, Milton did undertake to write the masque. The composition of it, we must suppose, occupied him at Horton for several weeks, or even a month or two, during the early part of 1634.

On undertaking to write the masque, Milton would think of some appropriate story, to be shaped into a dramatic pastoral of the required kind, for representation on a stage in the hall of a great Castle by young lords and ladies, and with songs interspersed, to be sung by some of these performers to airs by his friend Lawes. The nature and circumstances of the occasion would be vividly present to his imagination—the Earl entering on his office as President of the ancient Principality; his retinue, with Welsh and West-of-England gentry among them; the town and castle of Ludlow, and their neighbourhood, as conceived by him from descriptions, or perhaps seen by him (who knows?) in some tour of his own into those parts; the proximity of the place to Welsh scenery, and the connexion of the occasion with ancient British memories and legends. He would, doubtless, co-operate with Lawes, and would give or receive hints. But how the actual story of *Comus* occurred to Milton—the story of the young lady parted from her two brothers at night in the depths of a wild wood, found there by Comus and his crew of evil revellers, and lured and detained by their enchantments, until the Brothers, instructed by a good Attendant Spirit in the shape of their father's faithful shepherd, Thyrsis,

rush in and rescue her—how this story occurred to Milton we can but vaguely surmise. He may have derived the conception of such a plot from some of his readings, and may have seen its fitness for his purpose. A somewhat different theory is that he only dramatised a real incident. The popular tradition round about Ludlow still is that the Lady Alice Egerton and her two young brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, were actually benighted in Haywood Forest, near Ludlow, as they were on their way to Ludlow from a visit to the house of their relatives, the Egertons, in Herefordshire, and that the Lady Alice was for some time lost by her brothers in the forest. Milton, the tradition adds, had heard of this incident, and constructed his *Comus* upon it. To us, however, it appears more likely that the story of the loss of Lady Alice and her brothers in Haywood Forest grew out of the *Comus* than that the *Comus* grew out of the story. The story was current more than a hundred years ago; but it consists with our knowledge of the way in which such legends arise to suppose that by that time the parting of the lady and her brothers in the masque had been translated, by prosaic gossip on the spot, into a literal incident in the lives of those for whom the masque was written.

In whatever way suggested, the masque was written with most definite attention to the purpose for which it was required. The characters to be represented were as follows :—

THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT; *first appearing as such, but afterwards in the dress of the shepherd* THYRSIS.

COMUS, *with his crew.*

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, *the Nymph of the Severn river, with attendant Water-nymphs.*

Here, if we omit the “crew of Comus” and Sabrina’s “attendant water-nymphs”—parts of mere dumb show, which may have been assigned to supernumeraries—there were six speaking and singing parts to be filled up. How were these parts cast? As to four of the parts we have definite information from Lawes. The part of THE LADY, which is the central part in the masque, was given to the Lady Alice Egerton; and the parts of the FIRST BROTHER and the SECOND BROTHER fell to Lady Alice’s two boy-brothers, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton. The important part of THE ATTENDANT SPIRIT, *afterwards* THYRSIS, was taken by Lawes himself. This leaves but two parts unassigned—those of COMUS and SABRINA. The part of COMUS is important, and a good actor was needed for it; that of SABRINA is less important, and required chiefly a good singer. There was, we may assume, among the connexions of the Bridgewater family, some handsome gentleman who did not object to act as the disreputable Riot-god, son of Bacchus and Circe, for the opportunity of luring away the sweet Lady Alice even for a little while; and among Lady Alice’s sisters there were more than one fit for the part of the River-nymph.

Suppose Milton’s MS. of the masque finished (the draft, in his own hand, now among the Cambridge MSS.); suppose that Lawes has copies for his own use and that of his pupils (one of those copies, perhaps that now in the Bridgewater Library, which Todd believed to be in Lawes’s hand); suppose the rehearsals over; and suppose the memorable Michaelmas-night, Sept. 29, 1634, arrived. The great Hall of Ludlow Castle is filled with guests. It is a noble apartment,

sixty feet long and thirty wide, in which, according to tradition, the elder of the two Princes murdered in the Tower had been proclaimed King, with the title of Edward V., before commencing his fatal journey to London. It is the place of all great state-meetings of the Council of the Presidency. But on this evening it is converted into a theatre and brilliantly lighted. While the Earl and Countess and the rest of the seated audience occupy the main portion of the hall, one end of it is fitted up as a stage, with curtains, &c. Here the performance begins. "*The first scene discovers a wild wood: The Attendant Spirit descends or enters.*" Such is the stage-direction; the meaning of which is that, the stage having been darkened to signify that it is night, and there being paintings or other contrivances in the back-ground to represent a wood, Lawes "descends or enters." In the printed copies, and also in the Cambridge MS., he begins with a speech; but in the Bridgewater MS. this speech is preceded by a song of twenty lines, the opening lines of which are—

"From the heavens now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye  
Up in the broad fields of the sky."

There is no doubt that the Bridgewater MS., being the stage copy, here represents what did actually happen. Milton had intended the masque to begin with a speech; but Lawes, thinking it better for stage-purposes to begin with a song, had taken the liberty of transferring to this point a portion of that which now stands, and which Milton intended to stand, as the *final* song or *epilogue* of the Attendant Spirit at the end of the masque. In that final song or epilogue as we now have it, the Attendant Spirit, announcing his *departure*, when the play is over, says—

"To the ocean now I fly,  
And those happy climes that lie  
Where day never shuts his eye  
Up in the broad fields of the sky,"—

which lines, with a part of their sequel, Lawes, it will be seen, converted cleverly into a prologue, or song of *arrival*, by the change of "*To the ocean*" into "*From the heavens.*" He doubtless thought it more effective to "descend" on the stage, singing this prologue; after which, when *on* the stage, he made the speech announcing the purpose for which he had descended. In that speech, after introducing himself in his character as an attendant Spirit of Good, sent down to Earth from Jove's realms on a special errand, he thus informs the audience at the outset as to the general drift of the play they are about to witness, and connects it gracefully with the actual circumstances of the Earl of Bridgewater's presence among them, and his entering on so high a British office as the Welsh Presidency—

"Neptune, besides the sway  
Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,  
Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles  
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
The unadorned bosom of the deep;  
Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
By course commits to several government,

And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns,  
 And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-haired deities ;  
*And all this tract that fronts the falling sun*  
*A noble Peer of mickle trust and power*  
*Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide*  
*An old and haughty nation proud in arms :*  
*Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,*  
*Are coming to attend their father's state*  
*And new-entrusted sceptre.* But their way  
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril,  
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,  
 I was despatched for their defence and guard."

Prepared by these words, and by the further explanation of the Attendant Spirit that the wood is haunted by the god Comus and his crew of revellers, who waylay travellers and tempt them with an enchanted liquor which changes the countenances of those who partake into the faces of beasts, the audience see the story developed in action before them. They see Comus and his crew appear in the wood with torches, making a riotous and unruly noise—Comus, with a charming-rod in one hand and a glass in the other ; and his crew, a set of monsters, with bodies of men and women in glistening apparel, but headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts. They see the crew knit hands and dance, and the dance broken off, by the orders of Comus, at the sound of a light footstep approaching. They see the crew then disappear among the trees, leaving their master alone, who knows that the footstep is that of some benighted virgin, and who, after throwing his "dazzling spells" (*query*, some blaze of blue light?) in the direction in which she is coming, also steps aside to watch. Then they see "the Lady" enter—the sweet Lady Alice, received, of course, with rapturous applause. They hear her explain how she has lost her brothers since sunset, how it is now midnight, how the rude sounds of revelry have attracted her to the spot, and how the darkness and the silence would alarm her were it not for her trust in a higher Power, guarding virtuous minds. As she speaks there comes a gleam through the grove ; and, thinking her brothers may be near, she will guide them to her by a song. Accordingly, she sings the song beginning "*Sweet Echo*"—the first song in the masque, according to Milton's arrangement of it, but the second in Lawes's stage-arrangement. It is not her brothers that the song brings to her, but Comus, who has been listening in admiration. Appearing before her in the guise of a shepherd, he tells her he has seen her brothers, and offers to lead her to them, or to lodge her in his humble cottage till they can be found in the morning. Scarcely has she accepted the offer and left the scene with Comus, when her two brothers—the boys, Viscount Brackley and Mr. Thomas Egerton, also greatly cheered, of course—appear. They discuss with great anxiety the situation of their sister, the elder comforting the younger, till their conversation is interrupted by a far-off holloa. Lest it should be a robber, they draw their swords. But it is their father's faithful shepherd, Thyrsis ; or rather they think it is he—for, in reality, it is the good Attendant Spirit, who has been taking note of all that has befallen the Lady, and who, in meeting the brothers, has assumed the disguise of one well known to them. He explains the state of affairs, and greatly alarms the younger brother by his account of Comus and

his crew. The elder, though more steady, is for rushing at once to the haunt of the magician and dragging him to death. But the Attendant Spirit, as Thyrsis, explaining that such violence will be vain against the craft of a Sorcerer, proposes rather that they should avail themselves of the power of a certain precious plant, called *Hæmony*, of which a portion had once been given him by a certain skilful shepherd-lad of his acquaintance. He had tested the virtue of this plant to ward off enchantments, for he had already approached Comus safely by means of it; and he now proposes that they should all three confront Comus with its aid. The Brothers agree, and they and the supposed Thyrsis go off. Then the scene changes before the eyes of the audience, representing "a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness; soft music; tables spread with dainties;" the Lady in an enchanted chair, with Comus pressing her to drink out of a glass, while his rabble stand around. There is a matchless dialogue between the Lady and Comus—an argument of Purity or Abstinence against Sensuality, in which Purity overcomes and defies its enemy. The Sorcerer, awed, but still persevering, prays the Lady only to taste, when her Brothers rush in with drawn swords, wrest the glass from his hand, and dash it to pieces. Comus and his crew resist slightly, but are driven away and dispersed. Thyrsis then, coming in after the Brothers, finds that unfortunately they have not attended to his instruction to seize the enchanter's wand. The Lady is still marble-bound to her chair, from which the motion of the wand might have freed her. To effect this Thyrsis proposes a new device. It is to invoke Sabrina, the nymph of the adjacent and far-famed Severn river. Who so likely to succour distressed maidenhood as she, that daughter of Loocrine the son of Brutus, who, as ancient British legends told, had flung herself, to preserve her honour, into the stream which had since borne her name? By way of invocation of Sabrina, Thyrsis (*i.e.* Lawes) sings what is now the second song in the masque, but is the third in Lawes's arrangement—the exquisite song beginning "*Sabrina fair*." Obeying the invocation, Sabrina rises, attended by water-nymphs, and sings the song "*By the rushy-fringed bank*"—the third song in Milton's arrangement, the fourth in Lawes's. She then performs the expected office of releasing the Lady by sprinkling drops of pure water upon her, and touching thrice her lips and finger-tips. Sabrina descends, and the Lady rises from her seat. But, though she is now free from the spell of Comus in his enchanted wood, it remains to convey her and her brothers safely to their father's residence, where their arrival is waited for. Accordingly, after an ode of thanks to Sabrina for her good service, with blessings on the stream that bears her name, the supposed Thyrsis continues:—

"Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the Sorcerer us entice  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste or needless sound  
 Till we come to holier ground.  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through the gloomy covert wide;  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wished presence, and beside  
 All the swains that there abide  
 With jigs and rural dance resort.  
 We shall catch them at their sport;

And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
 Come, let us haste ! the stars grow high,  
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky."

Thyrsis, the Lady, and the two Brothers, here leave the stage, and are supposed to be gradually wending their way, through the wood, while it is still night, or very early morning, towards Ludlow Castle. While the spectators are imagining this, the journey of some furlongs is actually achieved ; for straightway "*the scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the President's Castle: then come in country-dancers ; after them the Attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*" In this stage-direction it seems to be implied that the spectators now looked on some canvas at the back of the stage, representing Ludlow Town, and the exterior of the very Castle they were sitting in, all bright on a sunshiny morning, and that, as they looked, there came in first a bevy of rustic lads and lasses, or representatives of such, dancing and making merry, till their clodhopping rounds were interrupted by the appearance among them of the guardian Thyrsis and the three graceful young ones. This is confirmed by what Thyrsis says to the dancers in the song which stands fourth in the printed masque, but must have been the fifth in the actual performance :—

"Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play  
 Till next sunshine holiday."

So dismissed, the clodhoppers vanish ; and there remain on the stage, facing the Earl and Countess and the audience, only (we may drop the disguise now, as doubtless the audience did in their cheering) the musician Lawes, the Lady Alice, and her brothers Viscount Brackley and Master Thomas Egerton. Advancing towards the Earl and Countess, Lawes presents to them his charge with this continuation of his last song :—

"Noble Lord and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight.  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own," &c.

There seems still to have been a dance at this point, to show off the courtly grace of the young people after the thumping energy of the clodhoppers ; for at the end of Lawes's song there comes this last stage-direction, "*The dances ended, the Spirit epiloguizes.*" That is to say, Lawes, relapsing into his character of the Attendant Spirit who had descended from Heaven at the beginning of the piece, and had acted so beneficially through it in the guise of the shepherd Thyrsis, winds up the whole by a final speech or song as he slowly recedes or reascends. In our printed copies the Epilogue is a longish speech ; but part of that speech, as we have seen, had been transferred, in the actual performance, to the beginning of the masque, as the Spirit's opening song. Therefore in the actual performance the closing lines of the Epilogue as we now have it served as the Spirit's song of reascent or departure, in two stanzas :—

"Now my task is smoothly done :  
 I can fly, or I can run,  
 Quickly to the green Earth's end,  
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.

"Mortals that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue ! She alone is free :  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime ;  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her."

And so, "with these sounds left on the ear, and a final glow of angelic light on the eye, the performance ends, and the audience rises and disperses through the Castle. The Castle is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls and through the dark passages of which the visitor clammers or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets in their recesses : but one can stand yet in the doorway through which the parting guests of that night descended into the inner court ; and one can see where the stage was, on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus revelled with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble by enchantment, and the swains danced in welcome of the Earl, and the Spirit ascended gloriously to his native heaven. More mystic still it is to leave the ruins, and, descending one of the winding streets of Ludlow that lead from the Castle to the valley of the Teme, to look upwards to Castle and Town seen as one picture, and, marking more expressly the three long pointed windows that gracefully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to realize that it was from that ruin and from those windows in the ruin that the verse of *Comus* was first shock into the air of England."

—So I wrote a good few years ago, when the impressions of a visit I had made to Ludlow were fresh and vivid ; and, as I copy the words now, they bring back, as it were in a dream, the pleasant memory of one bygone day. I remember my first sight of the hilly town as I walked into it early on a summer's morning, when not a soul was astir, and the clean streets were all silent and shuttered ; then my ramble at my own will for an hour or so over the Castle ruins and the green knoll they crown, undisturbed by guide or any figure of fellow-tourist ; then my descent again, past and round the great church and its tombs, into the steep town streets, now beginning their bustle for a market-day ; and, finally, the lazy circuit I made round the green outskirts of the town, through I know not what glens and up their sloping sides, the ruined Castle always finely distinct close at hand, and in the distance, wherever the eye could range unopposed, a fairy horizon of dim blue mountains.

There is no evidence that Milton himself had taken the journey of 150 miles from London or Horton in order to be present at the performance. It is possible that he had done so ; but it is just as possible that he had not, and even that the authorship of the masque was kept a secret at the time of its performance, known only to Lawes, or to Lawes and the Earl's family. But the Earl of Bridgewater's masque began to be talked of beyond Ludlow ; as time passed, and the rumour of it spread, and perhaps the songs in it were carried vocally into London society by Lawes and his pupils of the Bridgewater family, it was still more talked of ; and there came to be inquiries respecting its authorship, and requests for copies of it, and especially of the songs. All this we learn from Lawes. His loyalty to his friend Milton in the whole affair was admirable ; and he appears to have been more proud, in his own heart, of his concern with the comparatively quiet Bridgewater masque than with his more blazoned and well-paid co-operation in the London masques of the same year. There were many friends of his, it appears, who were not satisfied with copies of the songs and their music only, but wanted complete copies of the masque. To relieve himself from the trouble so occasioned, Lawes resolved at length to print the

masque. He did so in 1637 in a small, and now very rare, quarto of 40 pages, with this title-page :—

"A Maske presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, on Michaelmasse Night, before the Right Honourable John, Earle of Bridgewater, Viscount Brackley, Lord President of Wales, and one of his Majesties' most honourable Privy Counsell.

*'Eheu quid volui misero mihi! floribus Austrum  
Perditus—'*

London: Printed for Humphrey Robinson, at the signe of the Three Pidgeons in Paul's Churchyard, 1637."

The volume was dedicated by Lawes to the Earl's son and heir, young Viscount Brackley, who had acted the part of Elder Brother in the masque. The Dedication complete will be found prefixed to *Comus* in the present edition. We learn from it that the proposal of publication was Lawes's own, and that Milton still preferred the shelter of the anonymous. That Lawes had Milton's consent, however, is proved by the motto on the title-page. It is from Virgil's Second Eclogue, and must certainly have been supplied by Milton. "Alas! 'what have I chosen for my wretched self; thus on my flowers, infatuated that 'I am, letting in the rude wind!' So says the shepherd in Virgil's Eclogue; and Milton, in borrowing the words, hints his fear that he may have done ill in letting his *Comus* be published. Though he was now twenty-eight years of age, it was actually, with hardly an exception, his first public venture in print.

He had no reason to regret the venture. "*Comus*," says Hallam, "was 'sufficient to convince any one of taste and feeling that a great poet had 'arisen in England, and one partly formed in a different school from his 'contemporaries.'" Such a strong judgment is easily formed now; but there may have been some in England capable of forming it when it was a merit to form it, *i.e.* in 1637 (the year of Ben Jonson's death), when modest copies of Lawes's edition, without the author's name, were first in circulation. We know of one Englishman, at all events, who did form it and express it. This was Milton's near neighbour at Horton, Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton College. Born in 1568, mixed up with political affairs in Elizabeth's reign, and in the height of his active career through that of James—when he had been English Ambassador to various foreign Courts, but had resided, in that capacity, most continuously at Venice—Sir Henry, since Charles came to the throne, had been in veteran retirement in the quiet post of the Eton provostship, respected by all England for his past diplomatic services, but living chiefly on his memories of those services, his Italian experiences in particular, and in the delights of pictures, books, and scholarly society. Some chance introduction had brought Milton and the aged Knight together for the first time early in 1638, when Milton was preparing for his journey to Italy; and on the 6th of April in that year Milton, by way of parting acknowledgment of Sir Henry's courtesy, sent him a letter with a copy of Lawes's edition of his *Comus*. Sir Henry, it appears, had read the poem in a previous copy, without knowing who was the author; and, writing in reply to Milton on the 13th of April, just in time to overtake him before he left England, he mentioned this fact, and expressed his pleasure at finding that a poem that he had liked so singularly was by his neighbour and new acquaintance. "A dainty piece of entertainment," he calls it, "wherein I should much commend the tragical part [*i.e.* the dialogue] if the 'lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your songs and 'odes; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in

"our language." Here was praise worth having, and which did, as we know, gratify Milton. He was actually on the move towards Italy when he read Sir Henry Wotton's letter.

When, in 1645, six years after his return from Italy, Milton, then in the very midst of his pamphleteering activity, and of the ill-will which it had brought him, consented to the publication by Moseley of the first collective edition of his Poems, *Comus* was still, in respect of length and merit, his chief poetical achievement. Accordingly, he not only reprinted it in that edition, but gave it the place of honour there. It came last of the English Poems, with a separate title-page, thus :—" *A Mask of the same Author, presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales: Anno Dom. 1645.*" The title-page of Lawes's edition of 1637 was, of course, cancelled by this new one ; but Lawes's Dedication of that edition to young Viscount Brackley was retained, and there was inserted also, by way of pendant to that Dedication, Sir Henry Wotton's courteous letter of April 13, 1638. The courteous old Sir Henry was then dead ; but Milton rightly considered that his word from the grave might be important in the circumstances. And so this Second Edition of the *Comus*, thus distinguished and set off as part of the First collective Edition of the Poems, served all the demand till 1673, when the Second collective Edition of the Poems appeared. *Comus* was, of course, retained in that edition, as still the largest and chief of Milton's minor Poems ; but it was made less mechanically conspicuous than in the earlier edition. It did not come last among the English Poems, being followed by the translations of some Psalms ; and it had no separate title-page, but only the heading, "*A Mask presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634,*" &c. Lawes's Dedication of the edition of 1637 and Sir Henry Wotton's letter were likewise omitted.

In none of the three first printed editions, it will be observed (Lawes's of 1637, Milton's of 1645, and Milton's of 1673), is the poem entitled COMUS. Nor is there any such title in Milton's original draft among the Cambridge MSS., nor in that Bridgewater transcript which is supposed to have been the stage-copy. "*A Mask presented,*" &c. : such, with slight variations in the phrasing, was the somewhat vague name of the piece while Milton lived. It was really inconvenient, however, that such a poem should be without a briefer and more specific name. Accordingly, that of COMUS, from one of the chief persons of the drama, has been unanimously and very properly adopted.

Although the word *comus*, or *κῶμος*, signifying "revel" or "carousal," or sometimes "a band of revellers," is an old Greek common noun, with various cognate terms (such as *καμῶζω*, "to revel," and *κωμῳδία*, comedy), the personification or proper name COMUS appears to have been an invention of the later classic mythology. In the *Εἰκόνες*, or "Descriptions of Pictures," by Philostratus, a Greek author of the third century of our era, COMUS is represented as a winged god, seen in one picture "drunk and languid after a repast, his head sunk on his breast, slumbering in a standing attitude, and his legs crossed" (Smith's Dict. of Greek and Roman Biog. and Myth.). But, in fact, poets were left at liberty to fancy Comus, or the god Revel, very much as their own notions of what constitutes mirth or revel directed them ; and the use of this liberty might perhaps be traced in the tradition of Comus, and the allusions to him in the poetry of different modern nations, down to Milton's time.

Comus is an occasional personage among the English Elizabethan poets ;

and he figures especially in Ben Jonson's masque of "*Pleasure Reconciled to Virtue*, presented at Court before King James, 1619." There he appears riding in triumph, as "the god of Good Cheer or the Belly, his head covered "with roses and other flowers, his hair curled;" and his attendants, crowned with ivy, and bearing a large bowl before him, salute him thus:—

"Hail, hail, plump paunch! O the founder of taste  
For fresh meats, or powdered, or pickle, or paste;  
Devourer of broiled, baked, roasted, or sod;  
An emptier of cups, be they even or odd;  
All which have now made thee so wide in the waist  
As scarce with no pudding thou art to be laced;  
But, eating and drinking until thou dost nod,  
Thou break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god."

Clearly Milton did not take his idea of the character of Comus from Ben Jonson's masque. A work to which it is more likely that he was in some small degree indebted is a Latin extravaganza, called *Comus, sive Phagesiposia Cimmerica: Somnium*, by the Dutchman Erycius Puteanus. This writer, whose real name was Hendrik van der Putten, was born at Venlo in Holland in 1574, and, after having been for some time in Italy, became Professor of Eloquence and Classical Literature at Louvain, where he died in 1646. He was "the author of an infinity of books," says Bayle (Dict.: Art. Puteanus); among which was the one whose title we have given. It was first published in 1608; but there were subsequent editions, including one brought out at Oxford in 1634, the very year of Milton's masque. The subject of the piece of Erycius Puteanus, which is written mostly in prose, with a mixture of verse, is the description of a dream in which the author visits the palace of Comus, the genius of Love and Cheerfulness, beholds him and his disguised guests at a banquet and subsequent torch-lit orgies, and listens to various dialogues on the voluptuous theory of life. In this dream Comus is a decidedly more graceful being than the lumbering god of good cheer in Ben Jonson's masque. He also, like Ben Jonson's Comus, is represented with curled and rose-crowned hair, but he is "soft-gestured and youthful," and personates a more subtle notion of Revel.

After all, however, Milton's Comus is a creation of his own, for which he was as little indebted intrinsically to Puteanus as to Ben Jonson. For the purpose of his masque at Ludlow Castle he was bold enough to add a bran-new god, no less, to the classic Pantheon, and to import him into Britain, and particularly into Shropshire. Observe his parentage. Comus, the god of Sensual Pleasure, is not, with Milton, mere Gluttony, as he is in Jonson's masque; nor is he the mere modification of Feast and the Wine-god pictured by Philostratus and adopted by Puteanus. He is a son of the Wine-god certainly, but it is by the sorceress Circe; and, though he has much of his father's nature, he has more of the thrilling mercilessness and magical subtlety of his mother's. It is not for nothing that Milton, in his account of him, almost cites the description of Circe and her enchanted Island in the 10th Book of the *Odyssey*. There will be found throughout the masque more of real borrowing from Homer's picture of the experience of Ulysses and his companions on Circe's Island than from the extravaganza of Puteanus. Thus, to give but one instance, the magical root *Hamony*, by whose powers, explained to the two Brothers by the Attendant Spirit (lines 617—656), they are enabled to defy the spells of Comus and attempt the rescue of their sister,

is an avowed adaptation of the divine herb *Moly* given by Hermes to Ulysses (Odys. X. 286 *et seq.*) to enable him to withstand those drugs of Circe that had wrought such woe on his companions. Commentators, however, have found traces in the masque of Milton's acquaintance also with George Peele's comedy of *The Old Wives' Tale* (1595) and Fletcher's pastoral of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, originally produced before 1625, and revived as a Court play and acted in the London theatres in 1633-4. In neither of these pieces is COMUS a character; but in the first there is a story of two brothers wandering in search of their lost sister and releasing her from the spell of an Enchanter, and in both there are passages in which one may descry or fancy some slight resemblance to some in *Comus*.

## LYCIDAS.

On the 9th of June, 1626, when Milton had been for about sixteen months a student at Christ's College, Cambridge, there were admitted into that college, as appears from its records, two brothers, named King, sons of Sir John King, Knight, then living in Dublin, as Privy Councillor for Ireland and Secretary to the Irish Government. The family was English; but various members of it, in addition to Sir John, held offices in Ireland. Edward King, for example, Sir John's brother, was bishop of the Irish see of Elphin. Both the young men had been born in Ireland—the elder, named Roger, near Dublin; and the younger, named Edward after his uncle, at Boyle in Connaught. At the date of their admission into Christ's College, Roger was sixteen years of age, and Edward fourteen. They had previously been pupils of Mr. Thomas Farnaby, one of the most noted schoolmasters of the time, whose school then was in Goldsmith's Rents, Cripplegate, London. The tutor under whose care they were put at Christ's College was Mr. William Chappell, who was also Milton's first tutor there, and who became afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Dean of Cashel, and finally a bishop in the Irish Church.

Edward King, the younger of the two brothers, seems to have been one of the most popular young men in Christ's College during Milton's residence there. He and Milton must have seen much of each other. They must have had frequent meetings in hall, at lecture, and in each other's rooms, and frequent walks about Cambridge together. Milton, as we know, was indubitably the chief ornament of the little community, its ablest and noblest youth, supreme in everything; and, before he left college as M.A. in July 1632, aged twenty-three, this had come to be recognised. But, among those who had been his fellow-students in college, and whom he left behind him there, there were several of whom high things were expected. John Cleveland, afterwards known as a metrical Satirist, was one; and the future celebrated "Platonist," Henry More, who had joined the college just as Milton was about to leave it, was another. Probably, however, no one was more liked in the college, both by dons and by students, than Edward King. Indeed, before Milton left the college, King, by what looks now like a promotion over Milton's head, had become himself one of the dons. On June 10, 1630, a Fellowship in Christ's College being then about to fall vacant, a royal mandate was addressed to the Master and Fellows of the college in behalf of Edward King, B.A., willing and requiring them, when the Fellowship should be vacant, to "admit the said Edward King into the same, notwithstanding any statute, ordinance,

"or constitution to the contrary." Had such college honours then gone by merit, Milton, then a B.A. of two years' standing, would have had a far superior claim. As it was, however, King, though his junior by three years, and only just out of his undergraduateship, received the Fellowship, and thus took nominal precedence of Milton during Milton's last two years at Christ's. The royal mandate in King's favour was clearly owing to his family connexions and influence; but to so popular a young scholar the preferment does not appear to have been grudged. Not only was he a favourite on account of his amiable character; he really was, as the royal mandate represented him, a youth of "hopeful parts." This we learn, however, rather from tradition than from any specimens of his ability that have come down to us. The earliest of such specimens that I have found are in a volume put forth by the Cambridge University press late in 1631 under the title of *Genethliacum illustrissimorum principum, Caroli et Mariae, a Musis Cantabrigiensibus celebratum*. It consists of complimentary Latin pieces by some scores of Cambridge men, of different colleges, on the recent birth of the Princess Mary, the third child of Charles I., but with retrospective reference to the birth in the previous year (May 29, 1630) of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. Among the contributors is Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College. He contributes four short Latin pieces—one in hexameters, one in Horatian verse, and two in elegiacs. They are not very poetical or elegant, and indeed are rather prosaic. But in such customary verses of compliment to Royalty one had not much scope; and King had probably written better things, in Latin and in English, known to his fellow-collegians in Christ's, and to Milton among them. When Milton left the college, there seems to have been no one in it for whom he had a higher regard, morally at least, than Edward King.

Five years had elapsed since then, during which Milton, living chiefly at his father's country place, at Horton in Buckinghamshire, some sixty miles from Cambridge, can have seen King but occasionally. He would still hear, however, of King's progress and continued popularity in his Fellowship. In July 1633, we find King took his full degree of M.A.; and there are subsequent traces of him in the records of the college, while he was qualifying himself for the Church—the profession for which Milton also had been originally destined, but which he had abandoned. He was Tutor in the college, as well as Fellow; and in 1634-5 he was "prælector," and the admissions into the college for that year are still to be seen in his handwriting in the college-books. At least six more specimens of his Latin versification have been discovered, belonging to this period. There is a copy of Latin Iambics by him in a volume of Cambridge University verses on the King's recovery from small-pox (1633); he furnished another copy of Latin Iambics to a similar collection of academic congratulations on the King's return from his coronation-visit to Scotland (July 1633); there are some commendatory Latin Iambics of King's prefixed to *Senile Odium*, a Latin play by Peter Hausted, M.A. of Queen's College, acted at Cambridge in 1631, but not published till 1633; he has a set of Latin elegiacs in a Cambridge collection of verses on the birth of the Duke of York (Oct. 1633); he has some Horatian stanzas in a similar volume on the birth of the Princess Elizabeth (December 1635); and the latest thing of his I have seen is a copy of Latin Iambics in a collection of pieces, by no fewer than 140 Cambridge scholars, put forth on the birth of the Princess Anne (March 1636-7). Milton's hand does not appear in any of these collections, verses eulogistic of Royalty not being in his way; but he may have seen some of the collections

and read King's contributions to them. He cannot, I am pretty sure, have thought much of them, any more than of their predecessors in the volume of 1631. But, as I have said, he liked King personally, and probably knew him to be capable of better things.

Suddenly, however, this youth of golden opinions from all sorts of people, this young hope of Christ's College, was cut off. It was the Long Vacation of 1637, and he had arranged to visit his friends in Ireland. Proceeding by way of the English midland and western counties, and perhaps seeing friends in those parts, he took a passage on board a vessel sailing from Chester Bay for Dublin. The vessel had gone but a little way, was still on the Welsh coast, and not out into the open channel, when, on the 10th of August, in perfectly calm weather, she struck on a rock, not far from land, and foundered. Some seem to have escaped in a boat; but most went down with the ship, and among them Edward King. His body was never recovered.

The news caused a profound sensation among all King's friends. As it was the time of the University vacation, when his college-fellows were scattered, it must have reached them separately, and some of them circuitously. Milton, we are to fancy, heard it at Horton, late in August 1637, or in the course of the following month. It had already been a sad year in the Horton household. The Plague, which had broken out in 1636, and whose ravages in various parts of England, and especially in London, were very alarming in 1637, had caused an unusual number of deaths in the neighbourhood of Horton. In the same unhealthy season, though not by the Plague itself, Milton's mother had died. She was buried, on the 6th of April, in Horton parish church, where the inscription "*Heare lyeth the Body of Sara Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3rd of April, 1637,*" may be read to this day on a plain blue stone on the floor of the chancel. Milton was still walking about Horton with this loss in his mind, and the blue stone, with its inscription, may have just been put down over the grave, when there came the news of the shipwreck in the Irish Seas and of the drowning of Edward King with the rest.

When the Cambridge colleges reassembled in Oct. 1637 after the Long Vacation, the melancholy death of poor King of Christ's was one of the first subjects of talk. It was proposed by somebody, or it suggested itself to more than one at once, that a volume of Memorial Verses should be prepared in his honour and published from the University press. Among the contributors to this volume were to be, of course, some of King's more immediate associates of Christ's College, from whom he had parted so lately on his fatal journey; but friends of his in other colleges, and relatives and former acquaintances out of Cambridge, might be expected to co-operate. Either Milton was thought of and applied to, or he had heard of the project and volunteered his assistance. In November 1637, as appears from a dating at the head of the original draft of *Lycidas* in Milton's own hand among the Milton MSS. at Cambridge, he wrote that poem, entitling it simply "LYCIDAS." This was to be his contribution to the intended memorial volume.

The volume, probably because other contributors were not so ready as Milton, did not appear till some time in 1638. It consisted of two collections of pieces, printed by the University printers, Thomas Buck and Roger Daniel, and separately paged, so that they might be bound either separately or together. The one was a collection of twenty-three Latin and Greek pieces occupying 35 pages of small quarto, and entitled "*Iusta Edovardo King naufragio ab amicis mercen-tibus, amoris et pietas χάρις*" ("Rites to Edward King, drowned by shipwreck,

in love and remembrance by his sorrowing friends"); the other consisted of thirteen pieces of English verse, occupying 25 pages of the same size, and with this title, bordered with black, on the front page, "*Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom. 1638.*" The last piece in the English collection, and much the longest—for it spreads over six pages (pp. 20-25), while only one of the others extends over more than two—is Milton's *Lycidas*. It is signed merely "J. M.," and has no title, or other formal separation from the pieces that precede it. All the more striking must it have been for a reader who had toiled through the trash of the preceding twelve pieces (I have read them one and all, and will vouch that they *are* trash) to come at length upon this opening of a true poem :—

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
And with forced fingers rude  
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:  
Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
Compels me to disturb your season due,  
For Lycidas is dead."

This poem of Milton's, published half-anonymously in 1638 in the Cambridge volume of Memorial Verses to Edward King, was in circulation just as Milton was going abroad on his Italian journey. It, and his *Comus*, printed for him quite anonymously in the previous year by his friend Henry Lawes the musician, were all but the only poems of Milton in print till 1645, when the first edition of his collected Poems was given to the world by Moseley. In that edition, and in the subsequent edition of 1673, *Lycidas* is printed with its present complete title, thus: "*LYCIDAS. In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruine of our corrupted Clergie then in their height.*" A portion of this extended title (from "In this Monody" to the date "1637") appears in the original MS. draft of the poem at Cambridge, inserted, clearly by way of afterthought, in Milton's own hand under the heading *LYCIDAS*; the words "Novemb. 1637," which had originally accompanied that heading, being then erased as superfluous.

The poem is a Pastoral. It is the most pastoral in form of all Milton's English poems, more so considerably than the *Arcades* and *Comus*. It is not a direct lyric of lamentation by Milton for the death of King; it is a phantasy of one shepherd mourning, in the time of autumn, the death of a fellow-shepherd. The mourning shepherd, however, is Milton himself, and the shepherd mourned for is King; and, through the guise of all the pastoral circumstance and imagery of the poem, there is a studious representation of the real facts of King's brief life and his accidental death, and of Milton's regard for him and academic intimacy with him.

"Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
• What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks."

Here is the recollection, pastorally expressed, of their companionship at Cam-

bridge, their walks and talks together there, and their common exercises. In the same manner it has already been hinted to us that among those common exercises was poetry. One reason why Lycidas was now lamented in song was that he himself had known how "to sing and build the lofty rhyme." All the more inexplicable was his loss. Where had the Nymphs been when this loved votary of theirs was drowned? Not, certainly, anywhere near the scene of the disaster. Not on the steeps known to the old Bards and Druids (the mountains of North Wales), nor on the shaggy top of Mona (the Isle of Anglesey), nor by the wizard stream of the Deva (the river Dee and Chester Bay). The topographical exactness here, under the poetic language, is worthy of remark, and is one of Milton's habits. But, had the Nymphs been there, what could they have done? Had the Muse herself been able to save her son Orpheus? Dwelling a little on this thought, of the non-immunity of even the finest intellectual promise from the stroke of death, Milton works it into one of the most beautiful and most frequently quoted passages of the poem: "Alas, what boots it," &c. (lines 64-84). That strain, he says, at the end of the passage, had been "of a higher mood," rather beyond the range of the pastoral; but now he will resume his simple oaten pipe and proceed. There pass then across the visionary stage three figures in succession. First comes the Herald of the Sea, Triton, who reports, in mythological terms, which yet veil exact information, that the cause of King's death was not tempestuous weather, for the sea was as calm as glass when the ship went down, but either the unseaworthiness of the ship itself or some inherited curse in her very timbers. Next comes Camus, the local deity of the Cam, footing slowly like his own sluggish stream, and with his bonnet of sedge from its banks, staying not long, but uttering one ejaculation over the loss to Cambridge of one of her darling sons. Lastly, in still more mystic and awful guise, comes St. Peter, the guardian of that Church of Christ for the service of which King had been destined—the apostle to whom the Great Shepherd himself had given it in charge, "Feed my sheep." Not out of place even his grave figure in this peculiar pastoral. For has he not lost one of his truest under-shepherds, lost him too at a time when he could ill be spared, when false shepherds, hireling shepherds, knowing nothing of the real craft they professed, were more numerous than ever, and the flocks were perishing for lack of care or by the ravages of the stealthy wolf? It is to the singularly bold and stern passage of denunciation here put into St. Peter's mouth (lines 113-131), and especially to the last lines of the passage, prophesying speedy vengeance and reform, that Milton referred, when, in the title prefixed to the poem on its republication in 1645, he intimated that it contained a description of the state of England at the time when it was written, and foretold the ruin of the corrupted English clergy then in their height. In 1638 it had been bold enough to let the passage stand in the poem, as published in the Cambridge memorial volume, without calling attention to it in the title. But, indeed, this passage too had transcended the ordinary limits of the quiet pastoral. The poet is aware of this. Accordingly, when "the dread voice is past" that had so pealed over the landscape and caused it to shudder, he calls on Alphæus and the Sicilian Muse, as the patrons of the pastoral proper, to return, and be with him through the pensive remainder. Beautifully pensive it is, and yet with a tendency to soar. First, in strange and evidently studied contrast with the stern speech of St. Peter which has just preceded, is the exquisitely worded passage which follows (lines 143-151). For musical sweetness, and dainty richness of floral colour, it beats

perhaps anything else in all Milton. It is the call upon all valleys of the landscape, and the banks of all the secret streamlets, to yield up their choicest flowers, and those dearest to shepherds, that they may be strewn over the dead body of Lycidas. Ah! it is but a fond fancy, a momentary forgetfulness. For where, meanwhile, is that dead body? Not anywhere on land at all, to be strewed with flowers and receive a funeral, but whelmed amid the sounding seas, either sunk deep down near the spot of the shipwreck, or drifted thence northwards perhaps to the Hebrides, or perhaps southwards to Cornwall and St. Michael's Mount. But let the surviving shepherds cease their mourning. Though that body is never again to be seen on earth, Lycidas is not lost. A higher world has received him already; and there, amid other groves and other streams, laving his oozy locks with the nectar of heaven, and listening to the nuptial song, he has joined the society of the Saints, and can look down on the world and the friends he has left, and act as a power promoted for their good.—Here the Monody or Pastoral ends. The last eight lines of the poem do not belong to the Monody. They are not a part of the song sung by Milton in his imaginary character as the shepherd who is bewailing the death of Lycidas, but are distinctly a stanza of Epilogue, in which Milton speaks directly, criticises what he has just written in his imaginary character, and intimates that he has stepped out of that character, and is about to turn to other occupations:—

“Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still Morn went out with sandals grey;  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay;  
And now the Sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay:  
At last he rose and twitched his mantle blue;  
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.”

#### SONNETS AND KINDRED PIECES.

In one well-known Sonnet Wordsworth has given the very essence of the history of the Sonnet down to Milton's time:—

“Scorn not the Sonnet: Critic, you have frowned,  
Mindless of its just honours! With this key  
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camões soothed an exile's grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.”

Milton, however, is notable in the succession of chief Sonnet-writers, not only on account of the intrinsic power of the few Sonnets he did write, but also because he helped, by means of them, to establish or re-establish in

England that stricter mechanism of the Sonnet which had been in favour with the Italians.

The Sonnet may be defined, generally, as a little poem of fourteen lines, complete in itself, and containing a condensed expression of some one thought or feeling. The Italian poets, however, who had first practised the Sonnet, and from whom the Spaniards, the French, and the English had taken it, had practised it in one particular form, or rather in a certain variety of forms. Not only were the fourteen lines rhyming lines, of the norm of five Iambi each, but the rhymes interlaced each other in a peculiar manner. On the whole, the legitimate Italian Sonnet may be said to have contained either four rhymes or five rhymes altogether, of which two governed the first eight lines, and the remaining two or three the last six, the linking of the rhymes within this general provision admitting of variety, though some arrangements were preferred to others. The least common arrangement in the last six lines was that which ended the Sonnet in a rhyming couplet, so as to round it off with a kind of epigrammatic effect.

On account of the paucity of rhymes in English as compared with Italian, the first English Sonnet-writers had made pretty free with the Italian model. There was some effort indeed to keep more or less close to that model, and especially not to go beyond five rhymes in all in the building of the Sonnet. Instances will be found in Wyatt (1503—1542), and in Surrey (1515—1547). From the first, however, there was a tendency to the convenience of more numerous rhymes than the four or five allowed in Italian, and also, with or without that convenience, to the epigrammatic effect of an ending in a couplet. Hence, at length, a laxness in the English idea of the Sonnet, which permitted any little poem of fourteen lines, rhymed anyhow, to be called by that name. Perhaps, however, two forms emerged from this confusion as normal or customary forms of the English Sonnet. One of these forms, largely exemplified in Spenser (1553—1599), is a form which finds five rhymes in all still sufficient, but does so by throwing the first twelve lines into three interlinked stanzas of four lines each, and then adding a couplet. The formula, more expressly, is *A* 1, 3, *B* 2, 4, 5, 7, *C* 6, 8, 9, 11, *D* 10, 12, *E* 13, 14; where the rhymes within the three stanzas, it will be observed, are alternate, but, by the device of making the last rhyme of the first stanza begin the second, and the last of the second again begin the third, four rhymes clear all the three stanzas and prepare for the fifth of the final couplet. But a still laxer form than this common Spenserian one was one to which even Surrey had helped himself, and of which there are examples in Spenser too, and others in Samuel Daniel (1562—1619). This form dispensed altogether with the interlinking of the three stanzas by rhymes common to the first and second and the second and third, and was content that the twelve lines should be three loose stanzas of alternate rhymes, connected only by a continuous meaning, and preceding the final couplet. Thus seven rhymes in all were allowed in the Sonnet, the formula being *A* 1, 3, *B* 2, 4, *C* 5, 7, *D* 6, 8, *E* 9, 11, *F* 10, 12, *G* 13, 14. It was of this free form of the Sonnet that Shakespeare availed himself; and all his famous Sonnets, with scarce an exception, are written in it. For example:—

“No longer mourn for me when I am dead  
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled  
From this vile world, with vile worms to dwell;

Nay, if you read this line, remember not  
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so  
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,  
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.  
 O, if, I say, you look upon this verse  
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,  
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,  
 But let your love even with my life decay,  
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,  
 And mock you with me after I am gone."

To all time this type of Sonnet, though not the strict Italian, will remain, consecrated by Shakespeare's great usage, a true and sufficient English type. Even while Shakespeare was alive, however, there lingered a knowledge of the stricter Italian type, and a disposition to exhibit it also in English. The Sonnets of Donne (1573—1631), specimens though they are rather of metrical intellection than of lyrical effusion, are, most of them, more after the Italian mechanism than Spenser's, and much more than Shakespeare's. They are of five rhymes, of which two, by their interlinking, sustain the first eight lines of the Sonnet, leaving three for the other six lines. On the same principle, and with much more of softness and music in them, are the Sonnets of Drummond of Hawthornden (1585—1649), a poet imbued with Italian influences and fond of the Sonnet. But both in Donne's Sonnets and in Drummond's, no less than in Spenser's and Shakespeare's, the sounding epigrammatic couplet at the end is still a constant feature. The English ear seems to have grown so accustomed to this ending as to require it, and it was usual to print Sonnets with these two final lines coupled together for the eye by indentation from the rest.

It was reserved mainly for Milton to emancipate the English Sonnet from this peculiarity of the final rhyming couplet, by reasserting the Italian rule that it should be optional and occasional only, while at the same time he reverted to the Italian construction in other respects. An early student of the Italian poets, he had learnt the true music of the Sonnet from Petrarch most of all, so that, when he first ventured on trials of the Sonnet-form in English, he thought of it as the "Petrarchian Stanza." These first trials were made while he was still a Cambridge student, long before that "damp" fell round his path of which Wordsworth speaks as being already round it when he seized the Sonnet, and the thing in his hands became a trumpet. The series of his Sonnets, however, though beginning about 1630, extends to 1658; and most of them were those "soul-animating strains" which he blew at intervals from this instrument when other poetry was in forced abeyance from him, and he was engrossed in prose polemics. Milton's last sixteen Sonnets, indeed, with a verse or two besides, are the few occasional strains that connect, as by intermitted trumpet-blasts through twenty years, the rich minor poetry of his youth and early manhood with the greater poetry of his declining age in blindness after the Restoration.

#### SONNET I.: TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

There is no means of dating this Sonnet precisely; but it is placed first by Milton himself, and must be referred either to the close of the Cambridge period, or to some time in the Horton period. It is the Sonnet of a youth to whom the return of May brings the thought of his youth passing companionless

and a sense of love-longing. There is a recollection of the superstition that he who hears the nightingale before he hears the cuckoo will woo fortunately before the year is over.

SONNET II.: ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

Milton wrote this Sonnet at or about the moment when Time had "stolen on his wing" the "three-and-twentieth year" of his life; and that was on the 9th of December, 1631. He was then at Cambridge, a B.A. of three years' standing, and was looking forward to his degree of M.A., and the close of his Cambridge career, in a few months. But the occurrence of the draft of the Sonnet among the Cambridge MSS. adds other illustrative particulars. It occurs there as an insertion into the first of two drafts, in Milton's hand, of a prose letter, of some length, which he sent, or meant to send, to a friend. This friend, whose name we do not know, had remonstrated with Milton on the aimless course of merely studious life he was then leading, and on the impropriety of his continuing it instead of dedicating his talents to the Church or some other active profession. Milton's reply is a courteous acknowledgment of the interest shown by the friend in his behalf, with a defence of his conduct, and a statement of his reasons for being in no hurry to enter the Church. Though all ordinary motives conspired to urge him into that or some other profession, yet a "sacred reverence and religious advisement," a principle of "not taking thought of being *late*, so it gave advantage to be more *fit*," had hitherto held him back. "That you may see," he adds, "that I am something suspicious of myself, and do take notice of a certain *belatedness* in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts some little while ago, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of." Here, accordingly, follows the Sonnet.

SONNETS III.—VII.: FIVE ITALIAN SONNETS, WITH AN ACCOMPANYING CANZONE.

These Italian pieces, which precede Sonnet II. in Milton's own editions, form a little group by themselves. They relate the story of Milton's love for some Italian lady, beautiful, black-eyed, dark-haired, accomplished, and fascinating by her grace and her powers of singing. Altogether there is an Italian air about the Sonnets; they breathe of Italy. They have been referred therefore, by common consent, to the time of Milton's Italian journey (1638-9). Some time and some where during that journey, it is supposed, he met the foreign beauty who captivated him. Warton imagines that she may have been the celebrated singer Leonora, whom Milton heard at Rome, and to whom he addressed three pieces of complimentary Latin verse (see them among the Latin Poems, and the Introduction to them). There is no real ground for the fancy. The lady, whoever she was, is described, in the first Sonnet, as a native of the Vale of the Reno, in the north of the Papal States, between Bologna and Ferrara. Now Milton visited this part of Italy in 1639, or towards the end of his tour, when, after having returned from Naples, and paid second visits, of two months each, to Rome and Florence, he passed through Bologna and Ferrara on his way to Venice and homewards. But the lady, though a Bolognese, may have been met in Venice, or perhaps even in Florence or Rome, before Milton had

passed through Bologna. Nay, after all, may not the Italian Sonnets and Canzone have been written in England *before* the Italian journey, and even a good while before it? May not Milton, some time after he had left Cambridge, have met, in English society, the Bolognese beauty who charmed him? May not his attempts in Italian have been a tribute to her foreign loveliness, and to the sweetness of the language as heard from her lips? In the second of the Sonnets and in the Canzone there are expressions which might be construed in favour of this hypothesis. On the whole, however, it is not so likely as the former. Either way, it has to be added, Italian critics do not find the Italian idiom of the pieces quite perfect.

SONNET VIII.: "WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY."

This Sonnet, the first of those which refer to English public affairs, was written in November 1642, and probably on Saturday the 12th of that month. The Civil War had then begun; and Milton, already known as a vehement Anti-Episcopal pamphleteer and Parliamentarian, was living, with two young nephews whom he was educating, in his house in Aldersgate Street, a suburban thoroughfare just beyond one of the city gates of London. After some of the first actions of the war, including the indecisive Battle of Edgehill (Oct. 23), the King's army, advancing out of the Midlands, with the King and Prince Rupert present in it, had come as near to London as Hounslow and Brentford, and was threatening a farther march to crush the Londoners and the Parliament at once. They were at their nearest on Saturday the 12th of November; and all that day and the next there was immense excitement in London in expectation of an assault—chains put up across streets, houses barred, &c. It was not till the evening of the 13th that the citizens were reassured by the retreat of the King's army, which had been checked from a closer advance by a rapid march-out of the Trained Bands under Essex and Skippon. Milton, we are to fancy, had shared the common alarm. His was one of the houses which, if the Cavaliers had been let loose, it would have given them particular pleasure to sack. Knowing this, the only precaution he takes is, half in jest, and yet perhaps with some anxiety, to write a Sonnet addressed to the imaginary Royalist Captain, Colonel, or Knight, who may command the Aldersgate Street sacking-party. "*On his dore when ye city expected an assault*" is the original heading of the Sonnet in the copy of it, by an amanuensis, among the Cambridge MSS., as if the Sonnet had actually been pasted or nailed up on the outside of Milton's door. This title was afterwards deleted by Milton himself, and the other title substituted in his own hand; but the Sonnet appeared without any title at all in the editions of 1645 and 1673.

SONNET IX.: TO A LADY.

This Sonnet was left untitled by Milton: the title has been supplied by the editors. The date, almost certainly, was 1644; but who the lady was that is addressed is unknown.

SONNET X.: "TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY."

This Sonnet must have been written in 1644 or 1645; and the lady addressed was Lady Margaret Ley, one of the daughters of James Ley, first Earl of Marl-

borough, a nobleman of whom there still remained a respectful recollection in England. Born in 1552, he had been eminent as a lawyer before Queen Elizabeth's death; and, after a long career as Knight, Baronet, and Judge, he had been raised by James to the great office of Lord High Treasurer of England in 1624, and, at the same time, to a peerage as Baron Ley of Ley in Devonshire. The higher dignity of the Earldom of Marlborough was conferred on him by Charles in 1626-7, when he was seventy-four years of age. In 1628 he had been removed from the High Treasurership to the less laborious office of President of the Council, ostensibly on account of his old age, but really, it was thought, because he was not sufficiently compliant with the policy of Charles and Buckingham. He died in March 1628-9, immediately after the dissolution of Charles's Third Parliament; and, as the Sonnet hints, his death was believed to have been hastened by political anxiety at that crisis. He left three sons; the eldest of whom, Henry, succeeded him in the Earldom, but, dying in 1638, transmitted it to *his* son, James Ley, third Earl of Marlborough, who attained to unusual distinction by his services to the King in the Civil War, and by his various abilities. Among the surviving aunts of this young nobleman, and herself probably somewhat past her youth, was the Lady Margaret of the Sonnet. She had married a Captain Hobson, from the Isle of Wight; and both she and her husband seem to have taken the Parliamentary side. They resided in London, and Milton had become acquainted with them. His nephew and biographer Phillips expressly says that, after his desertion by his first wife in 1643, Milton "made it his chief diversion now and then of an evening to visit 'the Lady Margaret Ley,' adding, 'This lady, being a woman of great wit and ingenuity, had a particular honour for him, and took much delight in his company, as likewise Captain Hobson, her husband, a very accomplished gentleman.'" Milton's compliment to her in the Sonnet is that she was a true daughter of her liberal father. Her political and religious opinions probably agreed with Milton's. This is the latest of the Sonnets printed in the edition of 1645, and it is there printed without a heading. The heading is from the Cambridge draft.

SONNETS XI. AND XII.: "ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES," AND "ON THE SAME."

The Treatises in question were Milton's four Treatises on the subject of Divorce, written during his desertion by his first wife in 1643 and her return to him and reconciliation with him in the autumn of 1645: viz. his *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, which came first and passed through two editions, and his *Judgment of Martin Bucer*, his *Tetrachordon*, and his *Colasterion*, which followed, at intervals, in defence of the original publication. As the opinion broached by Milton in these pamphlets was a new and daring one, it shocked people greatly, and especially the Presbyterians, who were then in the ascendant in Parliament, and all-powerful in the Westminster Assembly. Milton's strange doctrine of Divorce was the subject of talk in society; it was attacked through the press; it even brought him into danger with the public authorities. Milton's two Sonnets are his comments, one half jocose, the other contemptuous and indignant, on this execration with which he found himself surrounded. They were written late in 1645 or early in 1646, when the return of his wife and his reconciliation with her had abated his practical and personal interest in the success of his doctrine. The Scotch names ridiculed in Sonnet XI. are those of the *Gordons*,

then much heard of as among the followers of the Marquis of Montrose in his Royalist enterprise in Scotland, and of a certain Highland warrior, who was Montrose's Lieutenant-General, and called in Gaelic *Alexander Macdonnel*, *Mac-Colkittoch*, *Mac-Gillespie*, i.e., Alexander Macdonnel, son of Colkittoch (the left-handed), son of Gillespie. He was *Colkitto*, *Macdonnel*, and *Galasp*, all in one.

“ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG  
PARLIAMENT.

This is, in reality, a continuation or extension of the vein of the two Divorce Sonnets, and must have been written about the same time, or hardly later than 1647. Partly on account of the outcry against Milton's Divorce Pamphlets among the Presbyterians, partly on more general grounds, he had parted company with them, and had attached himself rather to the party, or combination of parties, of which Cromwell was becoming the recognised head, and who were called by the general name of The Independents. It was the leading principle of this party, or combination of parties, to oppose the too rigorous establishment of that system of Presbyterian Church Government and Discipline, after the Scottish model, which had been decreed in England by the Long Parliament, and in part carried into effect, after the abolition of Episcopacy. It was their effort, at all events, to secure that, if this system were permanently established by the majority as the national English system, there should be room under it for freedom of conscience and worship for the dissenting minority. Gradually the notion of a Toleration of Independents and other Sects within certain limits under the established Presbyterianism was gaining ground in Parliament, chiefly in consequence of the power of the Parliamentarian Army, which was composed largely of Independents, Baptists, and more extreme Sectaries; but the rigid Presbyterians, and especially the Presbyterian Divines of the Westminster Assembly, and most especially the small group of Scottish Divines who sat in that Assembly as assessors to their English brethren, were loud in their denunciations of the arch-heresy of Toleration, as they called it, and their calls for a suppression of all Sects and the enforcement of an absolute Presbyterian uniformity by the civil power. It is against these claims of strict Presbyterian supremacy that Milton speaks out in the present piece of verse. He intended it to be what may be called an Anti-Presbyterian and Pro-Toleration Sonnet; but by going beyond fourteen lines converted it into what the Italians called a “Sonnet with a tail.”—*Classic Hierarchy* means *Presbyterian Hierarchy*, the English name for the Church-Court called “a Presbytery” in Scotland being “a Classis.” *A.S.* stands for a Scottish pamphleteer, named Adam Steuart, who wrote with his initials; *Rutherford* is the Scottish divine, Samuel Rutherford, who was of the Westminster Assembly; *Shallow Edwards* is an English Presbyterian preacher, Thomas Edwards, who had written a book of virulent personalities against Independents and Heretics, Milton included; *Scotch what d'ye call* is probably the Rev. Robert Baillie, the historian, then one of the Westminster Assembly, who had also attacked Milton in print.

SONNET XIII.: “TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS.”

One of the Cambridge drafts of this Sonnet fixes its date as Feb. 9, 1645-6. That draft is headed “To my Friend, Mr. Henry Lawes: Feb. 9, 1645,”

and signed "J. M.;" the other draft, though also in Milton's hand, bears this heading in another, "To Mr. Hen. Lawes, on the publishing of his Aires." Actually, the Sonnet first appeared in print, with Milton's name attached, as one of a few pieces of eulogistic verse prefixed to a volume published by Moseley in 1648 and entitled *Choice Psalmes, put into Musick for three Voices: composed by Henry and William Lawes, Brothers, and Servants to His Majestie.*

Milton's friendship from his boyhood with the musician Henry Lawes, and the main facts of that interesting person's life till his co-operation with Milton in the production of the *Arcades* at Harefield, and of *Comus* at Ludlow, have been recorded in the Introductions to those two poems (see *ante*, pp. 414-15, and 418-19). We have now to add that, in the intervening years, the reputation of Lawes in his art had been steadily growing, till there was perhaps no musical composer of his time more generally known and liked. Still retaining, in association with his brother William, his position as one of the King's musicians and gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and still connected by special professional engagements with the Bridgewater family, he had done much work in the way of setting to music songs by Carew, Herrick, Waller, Cartwright, and other popular poets. These songs of Lawes were favourites in English households, and the poets whose words were thus recommended by his airs could not thank him enough. There are verses by Herrick and others in which affectionate mention is made of "Harry" and his musical skill. And so the publisher Moseley, or perhaps Milton himself, in bringing out the first edition of Milton's Poems in 1645, did not forget that Lawes's name might be an advantage to the volume. "The Songs were set in Musick by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gentleman of the King's Chappel, and one of His Majesties private Musick," was the announcement on the title-page, referring to the songs in *Arcades* and *Comus*, and perhaps to others in the volume; and in the body of the volume was reprinted Lawes's Dedication of *Comus* to Lord Brackley. Clearly, therefore, Milton's intimacy with Lawes had not been interrupted even by the Civil War and the division of all Englishmen into Royalists and Parliamentarians. By his position, if not from his artistic temperament, Lawes was a Royalist; and indeed his brother William had been slain in the King's cause at the siege of Chester (1645), greatly to the King's grief, who is said to have put on private mourning for him. Not the less had Henry Lawes, who remained in London, his meetings with his old friend Milton, when they would lay politics aside and agree in music.

SONNET XIV.: "ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED 16 DECEMB. 1646."

The Sonnet itself, with its heading, which does not occur in the printed volume, but is taken from the Cambridge MS., supplies all the information we have respecting the person addressed. Phillips, indeed, mentions that, some time in 1649, Milton "lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull Head Tavern at Charing Cross, opening into the Spring Garden;" and it has been supposed that the Mrs. Catherine Thomson who died in 1646 may have been one of the Charing Cross family with whom Milton thus afterwards lodged. This is mere guess. Thomson, then as now, was a very common name in London.

## SONNET XV.: "ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX AT THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER."

The siege of Colchester in Essex lasted from the 15th of June to the 28th of August, 1648, and was one of the most memorable incidents of what is called "the Second Civil War," *i.e.* of that spasmodic new rising of the English and Scottish Royalists on behalf of Charles I., then a prisoner in the Isle of Wight, which it required all the energy of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander-in-chief, and of Cromwell, his lieutenant-general, to put down, and which led very speedily to the King's trial and doom. While Cromwell managed the Northern department of the war, meeting and beating the Duke of Hamilton and the Royalist Scots and English at Preston, Fairfax in person superintended the siege of Colchester; which town had been seized for the King, and was defended by the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, Sir George Lisle, and other Royalist chiefs. As Fairfax offered quarter only to the soldiers, but required the leaders to surrender at discretion, the defence was desperate, and both the garrison and the townspeople were reduced to the last straits of starvation, having to eat grass and the flesh of horses, cats, and dogs. When the surrender did take place, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were tried by court-martial, and immediately shot, as released prisoners of war who had broken their *parole* to the Parliament in again taking arms for the King. The Earl of Norwich and Lord Capel were left to the mercy of Parliament; and Lord Capel was afterwards executed. The taking of Colchester was heard of with triumph by the Parliamentarians throughout England, and went as an addition to the renown of Fairfax acquired by his many actions since he had been made Parliamentary commander-in-chief in December 1644. Milton, in this Sonnet, expresses the general feeling of the hour, not only about the particular victory, but also about the character of Fairfax, and England's farther hopes from him. Although Fairfax afterwards retired from his connexion with the Commonwealth, and even co-operated at last in the Restoration, this Sonnet to him savoured too much of pre-Restoration politics to be allowable in Milton's edition of his *Minor Poems* in 1673. It was first published by Phillips in 1694, at the end of his memoir of Milton.

## SONNET XVI.: "TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652: ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL."

Milton's admiration of Cromwell is attested by many proofs, and, amongst them, by a long and impassioned outburst of Latin eulogium in the *Defensio Secunda*. No two men, I believe, were more essentially like-minded, more one at heart in their thoughts about the great problems of the English nation at that time, than the two whom fate had drawn together in such different capacities—Cromwell, the supreme soldier and man of action, raised at length to be the ruler; Milton, the poet and idealist, brought beside this ruler as a scholarly official. The Sonnet under notice, however, is not, as the mere title "*To Cromwell*" sometimes given to it might lead one to imagine, Milton's estimate of Cromwell from the whole of his career, or even after Milton's Secretaryship to him singly had begun. It is an address by Milton to Cromwell at a particular moment of Cromwell's career and on a particular occasion. The

date was May 1652. Cromwell was not yet Protector, though he was the first man in the Republic, and they were proposing to make him its head. Since the execution of the King, and the establishment of the Commonwealth under the government of the Parliament with a Council of State, he had been away in Ireland, as Lord-Lieutenant of that country, trampling down its long Rebellion and reducing it to order (1649-50); he had also been in Scotland, and had fought the Battle of Dunbar (Sept. 3, 1650) there, and taken other measures which, when followed up by the crowning victory of Worcester (Sept. 3, 1651), utterly ruined the cause of Charles II. in Scotland, as well as in England, and united both parts of the island in one Commonwealth. These were the acts of Cromwell freshest in men's minds, and he had been again in London through the winter of 1651-2, when the Sonnet was written. The Sonnet breathes the feeling of many at that hour with respect to him. Now that he was at home again, would not things be better managed than they had been in his absence by the persistent Rump of the Long Parliament and the Council of State? Especially in matters of Religion was not fresh zeal necessary? Throughout England and Wales, or in many parts of them, Church matters were in chaos—Presbyterian ministers here and Independents there, mixed with the wrecks of the old parish clergy; no regular arrangement for the provision of ministers; disputes as to the method of such provision, whether by a common fund out of the tithes, or by voluntary contribution without tithes at all; many districts meanwhile in spiritual destitution for want of fit pastors and preachers. For the consideration of such questions and the remedying of such evils there had been appointed a Parliamentary "Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel;" and this Committee seems to have been in unusual activity after Cromwell's return. There was then some new form of the controversy respecting a State Church and endowments for the clergy, and the Presbyterian ministers more especially seemed to their enemies to be trying to get for themselves all the property that had belonged to the abolished Prelatic Church. It was expected that Cromwell, whose sympathies had been with the Independents and Sectaries, would have something to say to this; and Milton's Sonnet expresses that expectation. Cromwell's Protectorate (Dec. 1653—Sept. 1658), with Milton's closer connexion with him during that Protectorate, came later. Yet the Sonnet may well stand as Milton's tribute of respect to Cromwell on the whole; and little wonder that he did not dare to print it in the edition of his Poems in 1673.

#### SONNET XVII. : "TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER."

This Sonnet breathes the same spirit as the last, and may have been written at the same time, or perhaps somewhat earlier. If it was written in 1652, Vane was in his fortieth year when it was addressed to him, and was one of the Council of State; but, as his father was still alive, he was always known as the Younger Vane. It was recollected, moreover, how he had entered the Long Parliament at the age of twenty-seven, having already distinguished himself in America, and how all through the Parliament he had acted and been regarded as one of the subtlest and boldest theorists of the extreme Revolutionary party. In his style of mind he was what would now be called a *doctrinaire*, or abstract thinker, with perhaps a dash of the fanatic; and, as Milton hints, he had exercised himself very particularly on the question of the relations and mutual limits

of the Church and State, having had practical occasion to consider that question as early as 1636, when he was Governor of Massachusetts. After the Restoration he was brought to the scaffold, June 14, 1662. Milton's Sonnet to him was necessarily omitted in the volume of 1673.

SONNET XVIII. : "ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT."

This, the most powerful of Milton's Sonnets, was written in 1655, and refers to the persecution instituted, in the early part of that year, by Charles Emmanuel II., Duke of Savoy and Prince of Piedmont, against his Protestant subjects of the valleys of the Cottian Alps. This Protestant community, half French and half Italian, and known as the Waldenses or Vaudois, were believed to have kept up the tradition of a primitive Christianity from the time of the Apostles. There had been various persecutions of them since the Reformation ; but that of 1655 surpassed all. By an edict of the Duke they were required to part with their property and leave their habitations within twenty days, or else to become Roman Catholics. On their resistance, forces were sent into their valleys, and the most dreadful atrocities followed. Many were butchered, others were taken away in chains, and hundreds of families were driven for refuge to the mountains covered with snow, to live there miserably, or perish with cold and hunger. Among the Protestant nations of Europe, and especially in England, the indignation was immediate and violent. Cromwell, who was then Protector, took up the matter with his whole strength. He caused Latin letters, couched in the strongest terms, to be immediately sent, not only to the offending Duke of Savoy, but also to the chief Princes and Powers of Europe. These Letters were drawn up by Milton, and may be read among his Letters of State. An Ambassador was also sent to collect information ; a Fast Day was appointed ; a subscription of 40,000*l.* was raised for the sufferers ; and altogether Cromwell's remonstrances were such that, backed as they would have been, if necessary, by armed force, the cruel edict was withdrawn, and a convention made with the Vaudois, allowing them the exercise of their worship. Milton's Sonnet is his private and more tremendous expression in verse of the feeling he expressed publicly, in Cromwell's name, in his Latin State Letters.

SONNET XIX. : ON HIS BLINDNESS.

The last Sonnet, if not also the two preceding it, had been written by Milton after he had lost his sight. His blindness, which had been coming on slowly for ten years, and had been hastened by his labour in writing his *Defensio Prima pro Populo Anglicano* in answer to Salmasius (1651), was complete in 1653, when he was only forty-five years of age. We are to imagine therefore, that, after having been Secretary to the Council of State for a year or two with his sight failing, he continued to act as Secretary through Cromwell's Protectorate (1653-58) with his sight totally gone. The fact was pointed to with coarse exultation by his enemies, at home and abroad, as a divine judgment on him for his defences of the execution of Charles I., and for the part he had otherwise taken in the English Revolution. Again and again in Milton's later writings, in prose and in verse, there are passages of the most touching sorrow over his darkened and desolate condition, with yet a tone of the most pious resignation, and now and then an outbreak of a proud conviction that God, in blinding his bodily

eyes, had meant to enlarge and clear his inner vision, and make him one of the world's truest seers and prophets. The present Sonnet is one of the first of these confidences of Milton on the subject of his blindness. It may have been written any time between 1652 and 1655; but it follows the Sonnet on the Piedmontese Massacre in Milton's own volume of 1673.

## SONNET XX.: TO MR. LAWRENCE.

One naturally refers such a mood of cheerfulness as this Sonnet exhibits to the time of Milton's life which preceded his blindness. Accordingly it has been argued by some that the Sonnet must have been written about 1646, and ought to be placed beside the Sonnet to Henry Lawes. In that case, however, the person addressed "Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son," cannot have been, as these words have always suggested, a son of the well-known Henry Lawrence of St. Ives, who, after having been member for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, became a staunch Oliverian, and was made President of Cromwell's Council (1654) and one of his House of Lords (1657). For there is a letter of this Henry Lawrence extant which proves that in the year 1646 his eldest son was then exactly thirteen years of age (Wood's *Athenæ*, IV. 64: Note by Bliss). Milton's invitation to a neat repast and wine cannot have been to a youngster like that. Hence, still on the supposition that the Sonnet must have been written about 1646, some commentators have concluded that the person addressed was no other than Henry Lawrence himself, the future President, but then no more than M.P. for Westmoreland. But that he was only "the virtuous father" of the Sonnet, and not its recipient, is settled by Phillips in his *Life of Milton*, where, among the "particular friends" of Milton, who visited him most frequently during the eight years when he lived in his house in Petty France, Westminster (1652—1660), he mentions "Young Lawrence (the son of him that was President of Oliver's Council), to whom there is a Sonnet among the rest in his printed Poems." He does not mention which of the sons of the President was the "Young Lawrence" so often at Milton's house; but it was probably the second son, Henry Lawrence, who became heir in 1657, succeeded to the property on his father's death in 1664, and lived till 1679, or five years beyond Milton. In 1656 this "young Lawrence" was about two-and-twenty years of age. The Sonnet, then, we should say, was written about that time, and when Milton was in his condition of total blindness. And, though this may not at first seem consistent with the cheerful vein of the Sonnet, the explanation is easy. Phillips's account of his uncle's life gives us a glimpse of the household in Petty France which is not altogether one of gloom. Especially after Milton's marriage with his second wife in Nov. 1656, the house was enlivened by the little hospitalities that had to be shown to the numerous visitors that came to see him. Some of these were foreigners of distinction; others were Londoners of rank; but most assiduous of all were former pupils, and other enthusiastic young men, who accounted it a privilege to read to him, or act as his amanuenses, and to hear him talk. There was a group of such young admirers, and "young Lawrence" was one of them. Sometimes, as we are to fancy, he accompanied Milton in his walks, yielding him the attendance which a blind man required; and Milton's Sonnet is to be taken as a kindly message to the youth, in some season of bad weather, not to stop his visits on that account, but to let him have his company now and then within doors.

## SONNET XXI. : TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

This Sonnet also, like the last, might appear, on a first reading, to belong to a time before Milton's blindness. For it also is in a hospitable vein, and invites to leisure and mirth. But all that we know of Cyriack Skinner and his connexion with Milton confirms the notion that the two Sonnets were written about the same time, *i.e.* about 1655, after Milton was blind and when he was living in his house in Petty France. Phillips, in his list of the friends of Milton who visited him there, mentions, "above all, Mr. Cyriack Skinner;" words which imply that Skinner was even a more frequent visitor than young Lawrence. There is even a probability that he had been one of Milton's pupils; for Wood describes him (*Ath. Oxon.* III. 1119) as "a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to Jo: Milton," informing us farther that he became a leading member of Harrington's celebrated political debating club, called *The Rota*, which held its meetings in 1659 at "the Turk's Head in the New Palace Yard at Westminster." From the Sonnet itself we learn that, besides being thus interested in political speculations, or before being so interested, Skinner was an eager student of mathematical and physical science. Wood seems to have been wrong in calling him "a merchant's son of London;" for he is otherwise known as the third son of William Skinner, a Lincolnshire squire, who had married Bridget, second daughter of the famous lawyer and judge Sir Edward Coke. This explains the compliment of pedigree in the first line of the Sonnet. As this William Skinner died in 1627, Cyriack, his son, though described as "an ingenious young gentleman" in 1659, must have been considerably older than young Lawrence. There is extant a deed of conveyance, of the date May 7, 1660, by which Milton makes over to "Cyriack Skinner, of Lincoln's Inn, Gentleman," a Bond for 400*l.* given to Milton by the Commissioners of Excise. The transaction proves how intimate Milton was with Skinner; for it was on the eve of the Restoration, when property invested in Excise Bonds was not likely to be worth much to Milton or his representatives.

## SONNET XXII. : SECOND SONNET TO CYRIACK SKINNER.

This touching Sonnet must have been written some little time after the last; perhaps in 1655, but certainly not later than 1656. It is a Sonnet on Milton's blindness, written, as it purports, on the third anniversary of the day from which he dated the completeness of that calamity. The tenor of the closing lines prevented its publication in 1673.

## SONNET XXIII. : TO THE MEMORY OF HIS SECOND WIFE.

After some years of widowhood, Milton, still residing in Petty France, Westminster, had married, Nov. 12, 1656, at St. Mary Aldermanbury, London, his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. His wedded life with her, however, was doomed to be brief. She died in childbirth fifteen months after her marriage, and was buried at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Feb. 10, 1657-8. The infant daughter she had borne survived but about a month. Thus, in his fiftieth year, Milton was left in second widowhood, with his three young daughters by his first wife, the eldest not twelve years

of age, partly depending on his charge, and partly deputed to take charge of him. There can be no sadder picture than that of the blind, stern man, in 1658, going about his vacant house, the poor children not understanding him, and half afraid of him; and whoever visits the house now may do so with that picture in his mind. For the house still stands, and may be visited—actually the “pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore’s, and opening into St. James’s Park,” which Milton occupied from 1652 to 1660; though now not “pretty,” nor a “garden-house” any longer, but sorely disguised, degraded, and blocked in, as “No. 19, York Street, Westminster.” Going about in that house, or seated by himself in one of its rooms, as they may still be seen, Milton thinks much of his dead wife, far more really a partner of his heart than the first wife had been, but remembers also that first wife, the mother of his children, and wonders what may become of these children, left now with neither mother nor substitute. From his despondency, as we know, he roused himself to resume that poem of *Paradise Lost* which he had schemed eighteen years before. But the sense of his loss recurs, and intrudes itself into his dreams. One night his dream is strangely happy. He sees his lately dead wife, not dead, but alive, and returned to him clad all in white like one of the Saints, her face veiled, and stooping to embrace him. He wakes from his dream to find it but a dream, and his night brought back; but he commemorates the dream in a Sonnet. The reader ought to notice the full significance of the words of the Sonnet. It seems to be implied that Milton had never actually beheld his second wife with his bodily eyes, but had married her after he was blind, and with no acquaintance with her dating from before his blindness. Hence, though in his dream he *sees* her, it is as a radiant figure with a veiled face. He had not carried into sleep the recollection out of which the face could be formed, and could only know that love, sweetness, and goodness must have dwelt in one who had that saint-like figure.

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## TRANSLATIONS.

### “THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, *Lib. I.*, ENGLISHED.”

The particular Ode of Horace on the translation of which Milton bestowed so much pains is one on which many translators have since tried their hands; but it may be doubted whether any of them has beaten Milton. On the whole, however, the thing is a trifle. It must have been written after 1645, as it does not appear in the edition of that year.

“NINE OF THE PSALMS DONE INTO METRE, WHEREIN ALL BUT WHAT IS IN A DIFFERENT CHARACTER ARE THE VERY WORDS OF THE TEXT, TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.”

The Psalms grouped together under this heading are Psalms LXXX.—LXXXVIII.; and the group is ushered in with the dating “*April* 1648:

*ſ. M.*," showing at what time they were translated. There can be no doubt, I think, that Milton was moved to his experiment by the interest which was then felt, both in England and Scotland, and had been felt for some years, in the project of a complete new Version of the Psalms, which should supersede, for public worship, the old English Version of Sternhold and Hopkins and others, first published complete in 1562, and the Version, partly the same, that had been in use in Scotland since 1565, and was known as *Lekprevik's*, from the name of the printer who had published it that year in Edinburgh. In spite of competing Versions of the Psalms, or of some of them, these had remained substantially the authorized Psalters in the two countries till the meeting of the Long Parliament. But, after the meeting of that body, and especially after the Westminster Assembly had been convoked to aid it in religious matters (July 1643), a revision or renovation of the Psalter had been much discussed. It was one of those matters on which the Westminster Assembly were especially required to deliberate, and report to the Parliament. Hence a considerable activity in urging the claims of versions already made, either in print or in manuscript, by persons recently dead or still living. Not to speak of other Versions, acknowledged or anonymous, there was one by no less public a person in England than the pious Francis Rous, member of the Long Parliament for Truro, and himself a lay-member of the Westminster Assembly (1st edit. 1641, 2nd 1643). On the whole, Rous's Version had many friends; and a revised edition of it, carefully made, was recommended by the Westminster Assembly to the Parliament (Nov. 1645). With this Version, by one of themselves, the Commons were well satisfied; and it was again printed in its revised form in 1646. But, as the Lords, or some of them, had taken up a rival Version, "close and proper to the Hebrew," by a Mr. William Barton, M.A. of Oxford (published in 1644), they were slow to acquiesce in the preference for Rous; and, notwithstanding much urging of the subject by the Commons, and also by the Assembly, it stood over unsettled, so far as England was concerned.—That Milton, in his experiment in April 1648, had some view to the controversy then going on as to the national Psalter, and the rivalry between Rous and Barton, is rendered the likelier by the form his experiment took. He adopted the ordinary Service metre of eights and sixes, only rhyming the first and third lines as well as the second and fourth; and he made it a punctilio to translate direct from the Hebrew, and to indicate every addition to the original by the use of *Italic type*. With all his pains, his Version of these nine Psalms is much inferior to what we should have expected from him. It is perhaps inferior to Rous's, and it is certainly inferior to the authorized Scottish Version of 1650 founded on Rous's.

#### PSALMS I.—VIII. : DONE INTO VERSE.

The former experiment of a close translation of Nine of the Psalms into ordinary Service metre had been made by Milton in April 1648, when he was living in High Holborn, not yet blind, and (Charles I. being still alive) not yet Latin Secretary to the Commonwealth, nor with any prospect of being such. More than five years had elapsed since then, and Milton was living in Petty France, quite blind, and occupied with the duties of his Secretaryship, when something led him to recur to Psalm-translation. On a few successive days of August 1653 he dictated metrical versions of the first Eight of the Psalms. These versions, however, were done on a new principle. They did not profess to be close to the original, nor were they in the ordinary Service metre. On the

contrary, very various metres were employed, some of them quite uncommon ; and no two of the Eight Psalms were rendered in the same metre. Perhaps the main intention was to try the effect of such a freedom of metre.

#### SCRAPS OF TRANSLATED VERSE FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

It was Milton's laudable habit, and one rather unusual in his day, not to trouble the readers of his English pamphlets and other writings with quotations in Latin and Greek, but, where he did have occasion to quote a Latin or Greek author, either to give the English sense of the passage, or to annex the English sense to the quoted bit of Latin or Greek. So with Italian. Hence, when he wanted to quote a line or two from a Latin, Greek, or Italian poet, or a passage of Latin verse occurring in a prose author, he generally took the trouble to translate it off hand himself at the moment. In such cases blank verse came easiest, and all the scraps of the kind in his prose writings are in blank verse. He did not think it worth while to collect these for either the first or the second edition of his Poems ; but they have very properly been sought out and placed in later editions.

## INTRODUCTIONS TO THE POEMS SEVERALLY.

### PART II.

#### THE LATIN POEMS.

The Latin Poems were distinctly divided by Milton himself, in both editions, into two Books or sets—an “ELEGIARUM LIBER,” or “BOOK OF ELEGIES;” and a “SYLVARUM LIBER,” or “BOOK OF SYLVÆ.” The word *Sylva* (literally “a Wood”) was the name given by the Latin authorcraft of the Empire, as we learn from Quintilian, to any rough thing written off at a heat; and hence the Miscellanies of many poets are printed in their works under the title of *Sylvæ*. The distinction made by Milton between his ELEGIÆ or ELEGIES and his SYLVÆ or MISCELLANIES seems to have been one of metrical form merely, and not of matter. Among the ELEGIES he put all pieces, of whatever kind, and whether properly “elegiac” or not in the sense of “pensive” or “mournful,” that were written in the elegiac metre, of alternate Hexameters and Pentameters, so much used by Tibullus, Propertius, and his favourite Ovid. Among the SYLVÆ or MISCELLANIES, on the other hand, he put all pieces written in other kinds of verse, whether in Hexameters only, or in such more complex Horatian measures as Alcaics and varied Iambics. Later editors, indeed, have taken the liberty of cutting off a few of the smaller pieces from the end of the Book of Elegies, and combining them with two or three scraps of Latin verse from the prose-pamphlets, so as to constitute a third brief Book, called EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER, or BOOK OF EPIGRAMS. But, though the few pieces thus thrown together are of the nature of Epigrams, and some of them like Martial’s Epigrams, the liberty seems unwarrantable. Milton made the distinction into ELEGIES and SYLVÆ suffice, and we must do the same.

#### ELEGIARUM LIBER.

##### ELEGIA PRIMA:

*Ad Carolum Diodatum.*

The person addressed in this Elegy was Charles Diodati, the dearest and most intimate friend of Milton in his boyhood, and through his youth and early manhood, and for whose memory he entertained a singular affection in still later

life, after he had lost him by death. He will be mentioned again in the course of these Introductions. At present we shall trace what is known of him as far as to the date of this *Elegy*, *i.e.* to the year 1626.

The family of Diodati (pronounce it Diodăti) was Italian, belonging originally to Lucca in the Tuscan States, but driven thence, apparently, on account of the Protestant opinions of its members. Of two brothers of the family, thus exiled from Italy by their Protestantism, one, named Giovanni Diodati, born in 1576, had become very eminent in Geneva, as a scholar and theologian, and was Professor of Hebrew and one of the ministers of that city. He was the author of various Calvinistic writings, much esteemed in their day by foreign Protestants and by the Puritans of England; he took a leading part in the famous Synod of Dort in 1618-19; and he would be yet remembered, if for nothing else, at all events for his Italian Version of the Scriptures, published in 1607, and known as "Diodati's Version." An elder brother of his, named Theodore Diodati, born in 1574, and educated for the medical profession, had made England his home, and, having married an English lady of some means, acquired a good practice and some celebrity as a physician, first at Brentford, and afterwards in London, where he resided in the parish of Little St. Bartholomew, not far from St. Paul's and Milton's native Bread Street. Of two sons of this naturalized London physician, by his English wife, one was called Charles and the other John. Milton knew both, but Charles was his especial friend. He was almost exactly of Milton's own age, or but a little older. He had been sent at a very early age to St. Paul's School, and it was there that Milton had become acquainted with him. He was probably somewhat in advance of Milton in the classes, for he left school for Trinity College, Oxford, in Feb. 1621-2, three years before Milton left the same school for Cambridge. The separation was no interruption of their friendship. The young Oxonian and the young Cantab corresponded with each other; and in the University vacations they were much together in London, or in excursions in its neighbourhood. Probably because Diodati was destined for his father's profession of medicine, and was preparing for it, we do not hear much of his career at Oxford; but he was well liked in his College there, and there is a copy of Latin *Alcaics* by him in a volume of Oxford Verses put forth in 1624 on the death of the great scholar Camden. He seems, however, to have been fond of writing his letters in Greek; and two Greek letters of his to Milton have been strangely preserved, and are now in the British Museum. In the second of these he writes from some place in the country, saying he is leading a most pleasant life on the whole, though he rather misses intellectual companionship, and he advises Milton not to "tie himself night and day to his books," but to take some relaxation. "I in all things else your inferior," he concludes, "am superior to you in this, that I know a measure in my labours."

It seems possible that in this Greek missive, now in the British Museum, we have that very letter of Diodati to which Milton's Latin *Elegy* is an avowed reply. It is, at all events, a reply to *some* letter of Diodati's sent from near Chester, and which reached Milton in London. The interest of Milton's *Elegy* in reply is, to a large extent, autobiographical; and there is one passage of particular moment to the commentators. It is that beginning line 9 and ending line 24. Milton is supposed to refer here (and the supposition seems inevitable) to a fact in his life of which there is other evidence—viz. a quarrel he had, in his undergraduateship, with the authorities of Christ's College, Cambridge, and his temporary retirement or rustication from the College in consequence. It is

positively known that Milton, while he was an undergraduate at Christ's, had some disagreement with the tutor under whose charge he had been put at the time of his first admission : viz. William Chappell, afterwards Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and Bishop of Cloyne and Ross ; and it is farther known that, in consequence of this disagreement—in the course of which Dr. Thomas Bainbrigge, the Master of the College, may have been called in, or may have interfered—Milton was transferred from the tutorship of Chappell to that of another of the Fellows of the College : viz. Nathaniel Tovey, afterwards parson of Lutterworth in Leicestershire. The probable date of this incident was the Lent or Easter term of Milton's second academic year, *i.e.* of the year 1625-6. The present Elegy was probably written during Milton's absence or rustication from College that summer ; and in the passage indicated he speaks of this absence or rustication (*exilium* is the word he uses) as not such a bad thing after all. Nevertheless, as he says in the end of the Elegy, it *is* arranged that he shall return to Cambridge. Actually, as we know, he did return, to finish his undergraduate course, under Tovey's tutorship. His temporary absence, we also know, counted for nothing against him ; for he did not lose a term, but took his B.A. degree at exactly the proper time.

## ELEGIA SECUNDA.

Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.*

Richard Ridding, M.A. of St. John's College, was Senior Esquire Bedel of the University when Milton went to Cambridge. Through two University sessions Milton had been familiar with his venerable figure ; but about the beginning of Milton's third University session (1626-7) Ridding died. I have not ascertained the exact day, but the probate of his will is dated Nov. 8, 1626. The death of a University personage so conspicuous naturally gave occasion for versifying ; and Milton's Elegy was one of the results. It ought to be noted that Milton's own dating of the Elegy "*Anno ætatis 17*" is either wrong by a year, or must be translated laxly as meaning "at seventeen years of age."

## ELEGIA TERTIA.

Anno ætatis 17.

*In obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.*

On the 21st of September 1626, just before the beginning of Milton's third academic year at Cambridge, there died, at Winchester House, Southwark, the learned and eloquent Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, at the age of seventy-one. Milton's ecclesiastical opinions in his later life led him to be rather critical in his estimate of this famous Bishop, and indeed of Bishops generally ; but in his Cambridge undergraduateship his anti-prelatic feelings were less pronounced, and he willingly joined in the chorus of regret over the loss of one of the brightest intellects in the English Church. The reader ought to note the historical allusions which the Elegy contains. The year of Bishop Andrewes's death had been one of great mortality by the Plague in England and of the deaths of several men of note abroad.

## ELEGIA QUARTA.

Anno ætatis 18.

*Ad Thomam Junium, præceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos  
Hamburgæ agentes Pastoris munere fungentem.*

Thomas Young, Milton's first preceptor, was a Scotchman. He was born at Luncarty in Perthshire in or about 1588, was educated at the University of St Andrews, and took his M.A. degree there. Perhaps because the accession of James to the English throne in 1603 had opened up for many Scots prospects of a better livelihood in England than their own country afforded, Young had migrated thither while still a young man; and there are indistinct traces of him in the capacity of curate or assistant to Puritan parish-ministers in London and its neighbourhood before 1618. He seems, however, to have employed himself chiefly in teaching; and, in the course of that employment, it was his good fortune to happen upon one pupil who was to be immortal. It is just possible that Milton had been boarded under Young's charge somewhere near London before he went to St. Paul's School; but it is more likely that Young had only been his first domestic preceptor, and continued to be his private preceptor while he was at St. Paul's School, adding to the education which he was receiving publicly from Mr. Alexander Gill, the head-master of the School, and his son and assistant, Mr. Alexander Gill the younger. In that case, however, Young's tutorship of Milton did not extend over the whole period of his training under the two Gills. Milton, so far as is known, went to St. Paul's School in 1620, when he was eleven years of age, and he remained there till the winter or spring of 1624-5, when he left for Cambridge at the age of sixteen. But Young had left England for his chaplaincy to the English merchants at Hamburg at least as early as 1622. He was then a married man, with children, and matters had not been so prosperous with him in England but that a foreign chaplaincy was acceptable.

Milton, it appears, had cherished a warm recollection of Young in his exile, and occasional communications had passed between them. The first of Milton's Latin *Familiar Epistles* is addressed to Young (*Thomæ Junio, præceptori suo*). It is dated "London, March 26, 1625," and was written, therefore, after Milton had been admitted at Christ's College, Cambridge, but before his residence at Cambridge had fairly commenced. It is expressed in terms of the most ardent affection and gratitude, with apologies for having been remiss in his correspondence, and especially for having allowed three years to elapse since his last letter; and there is an acknowledgment also of the gift of a Hebrew Bible which Young had sent to him. Two years more had passed since that Epistle was written, and Milton had again been remiss. The present Elegy is his atonement. He has been moved to write it by ominous news from the Continent. The great Continental war, known afterwards as *The Thirty Years' War*, was then in its second stage, when Christian IV. of Denmark was the leader of the Protestant Alliance against the Imperialists under Tilly and Wallenstein. Saxony, to which Hamburg was attached, was inextricably involved; and actually, while Milton wrote, the rumour was that the Imperialist soldiery were all round Hamburg and threatening it with siege. What might befall poor Young and his family? On this cause of alarm

Milton dilates, not without a touch of anger at the stupidity and cold-heartedness of Britain, which had driven such a man as Young abroad for bare subsistence, to live poorly and obscurely amid strangers, when he might have been a noted minister of the Gospel at home. But he bids Young take courage. God will protect him through all the dangers of war; nay more (and with this prediction the Elegy closes), better times are in store for him, and he will not remain much longer in exile.

Milton's prediction was very speedily fulfilled. Not many months after Young had received the Elegy, he returned to England; and on the 27th of March 1628, being then about forty years of age, he was inducted into the united Vicarages of St. Peter and St. Mary in Stowmarket, Suffolk. He had not been four months in his Vicarage at the date of a second letter to him from Milton, preserved among the Latin *Familiar Epistles*. It is dated "Cambridge, July 21, 1628," and shows that Milton and he must again have come together since his return to England. Young had invited Milton to come and see him at Stowmarket, and Milton accepts the invitation and promises to come soon. Accordingly, the tradition at Stowmarket is that Milton was a frequent visitor to Young during his incumbency.

Young's incumbency at Stowmarket lasted all the rest of his life. But he was destined to a wider celebrity than attached merely to that incumbency. As he was of strict Puritan principles, it is difficult to imagine how he contrived to tide through the time of the Laudian supremacy in the Church and State (1628—1640), during which Laud and his subordinate diocesans were so zealous in calling to account parish ministers of too Calvinistic doctrine, or too Puritanical in their dislike of vestments and ceremonies. Luck or prudence did carry him through, however; so that, at the close of Laud's supremacy, and the beginning of a new era for England with the Long Parliament (Nov. 1640), he was still Vicar of Stowmarket. During the two preceding years he had been sympathising with his fellow-countrymen, the Scots, in their Covenant, and their struggles against Laud and Charles; and in 1639 he had published a treatise in Latin entitled *Dies Dominica*, and consisting of a defence of the Puritan idea of the Sabbath-day and its proper observance. After the meeting of the Long Parliament, he is found coming decidedly to the front among the advocates of a radical Church Reform. In conjunction with four other parish ministers of noted Puritan principles—viz. Stephen Marshal, Edmund Calamy, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstow—he wrote the famous Smectymnuean Pamphlet, or Treatise by S<sup>M</sup>E<sup>C</sup>T<sup>Y</sup>M<sup>N</sup>U<sup>U</sup>S (a grotesque fancy-name composed of the initials of the five writers), in reply to Bishop Joseph Hall's defences of Episcopacy and of the English Liturgy. Of this Smectymnuean treatise, which was published in 1641, and was the first loud manifesto of Anti-Episcopal opinions within the Church itself, Young, it is now known, was the principal author. As Hall replied, and the Smectymnuans replied again, the controversy prolonged itself through a series of pamphlets, all now regarded as belonging to the Smectymnuean set, and two of which ("*Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*," and "*An Apology against a Pamphlet called a Modest Confutation of the Animadversions*") were from Milton's own pen. He had been in Young's confidence from the beginning of the controversy, and thought it right at last to plunge in personally to the rescue of Young and his brother Smectymnuans.

It is doubtful whether the cordial intimacy between Milton and Young which this co-operation indicates lasted much beyond those years, 1641-42, when the

Smectymnuean controversy raged. Milton's subsequent Divorce Speculations, and his rupture with the Presbyterians, may have interfered with their intimacy, though not with their mutual regard. For Young was one of the divines of the Westminster Assembly, and went wholly with the great majority of that body in their aims towards the establishment in England of a strict Presbyterian system like that of Scotland. By this time he was so conspicuous a person that the Scots remembered he was their countryman, and would fain have induced him to return to Scotland by the offer of some suitable post. But England could outbid Scotland for him, and retained him to the end. In 1644, when the University of Cambridge was visited by Parliamentary authority and refractory Heads of Houses and Fellows were turned out, and their places filled with new men, Young was appointed to the Mastership of Jesus College, in place of the ultra-Royalist and Laudian Dr. Richard Sterne. On the 12th of April in that year he was incorporated in the University *ad eundem*,—i.e. to the same degree of M.A. which he had taken at St. Andrews nearly forty years before. On the 28th of February 1644-5 he preached a Fast-day Sermon before the House of Commons, which was published under the title of *Hope's Encouragement*. He lived for ten years longer, holding his Mastership of Jesus College in conjunction with his Vicarship of Stowmarket, and honoured as D.D. and otherwise. He died in 1655 at Stowmarket, at the age of about sixty-seven, and was there buried. A portrait of him, which was kept in the Vicarage, is still extant; and a print from it, after a photograph, is prefixed to "*Biographical Notices of Thomas Young, S.T.D., Vicar of Stowmarket, Suffolk*," privately printed in 1870 by Mr. David Laing, of Edinburgh. It exhibits, through the blur of age that had come over the original, a really powerful, calm, and well-featured face.

## ELEGIA QUINTA.

Anno ætatis 20.

*In Adventum Veris.*

This Elegy may be referred to the early part of 1629, when Milton had just taken his B.A. degree at Cambridge. Bachelor-like, he exults in the arrival of Spring, hailing the glad season of Nature's renewal in a poem which may be described as a laborious Latin amplification of the sentiment of Tennyson's lines:—

"In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;  
In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

## ELEGIA SEXTA.

*Ad Carolum Diodatum, ruri commorantem.*

The life of Diodati, and the history of Milton's friendship with him, as far as to the year 1626, have been sketched in the Introduction to the *Elegia Prima*. Three years had elapsed since then, and the two friends had been pursuing their separate courses—Diodati with the medical profession in prospect, but retaining his connexion with Oxford, where he graduated M.A. in July

1628, and Milton persevering at Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in January 1628-9. But their friendship was firm as ever, and they may have had meetings in the interval. One such meeting, of more than ordinary interest to both, may have been at Cambridge in July 1629; for Diodati, though then an Oxford M.A. of but one year's standing, was incorporated *ad eundem* at Cambridge in the July Commencement of that year. So early an incorporation in the sister University was unusual, and I seem to see in the fact an arrangement between the two friends.

The heading of the Elegy tells the rest. The sprightly, quick-witted Italian had gone again into the country in 1629, either to the neighbourhood of Chester, as on the occasion of the First Elegy, or to some other part of England. There, in some pleasant country mansion, and among pleasant and hospitable friends, he is having a delightful winter holiday. It is but the 13th of December, but they are making Christmas of it already—good cheer, blazing fires, wine, music, dancing, games of forfeits, &c. So Diodati informs Milton, pleading these festivities in excuse for neglect of Poetry. The reply is very characteristic. After messages of affection, Milton playfully objects to Diodati's excuse, and maintains that festivity and poetry, Bacchus and Song, Venus and Song, are naturally kin and always have gone together. Suddenly, however, in this vein he checks himself. What he has said is true, he explains, only of certain kinds of poetry and certain orders of poets. For the greatest poetry there must be a different regimen. For those who would speak of high matters, the deeds of heroes and the counsels of the gods, for those whose poetry would rise to the prophetic strain, not wine and conviviality were fitted, but spare Pythagorean diet, the beechen bowl of pure water, a life even ascetic in its abstinence, and scrupulously pure. This is an eminently Miltonic idea, perhaps *pre-eminently* the Miltonic idea; and it occurs again and again in Milton's writings. Nowhere, however, is it more finely expressed than in the passage in this Elegy beginning "*At qui bella refert*" and ending "*ora Jovem*" (lines 55—78). These twenty-four lines are about Milton's noblest in Latin, and deserve to be learnt by heart with reference to himself, or to be written under his portrait. They give a value to the whole Elegy. The lines that follow them, however (79—90), have also a peculiar interest. They inform us that, at the very time when Milton was writing this Elegy to Diodati, he was engaged on his English Ode "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." He had begun it, he says, on Christmas-day, and he promises to show it to Diodati. As the Ode, in its place among the English Poems in Milton's First Edition, is dated "1629," this fixes the date of the Elegy.

#### ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

Anno ætatis undevigesimo.

This Elegy, which is the last of any length in the Book, and the last to which Milton attached a number, is out of its proper chronological place. "*Anno ætatis undevigesimo*" ("in his nineteenth year") is the dating; and, as Milton here uses the numeral adjective, and not, as in other cases, the Arabic figures for the number, it is perhaps to be understood exactly—*i.e.* as implying that the Elegy was written between Dec. 9, 1626, and Dec. 9, 1627. Possibly, however, even with the use of the numeral adjective, Milton gives himself the

benefit of a year, and means "at nineteen years of age," or between Dec. 9, 1627, and Dec. 9, 1628. In either case, the precise month is fixed by the Elegy itself as May. The date therefore is either May 1627 or May 1628.

The Elegy is more decidedly and thoroughly a love-poem than any of the others. In the First Elegy, *Ad Carolum Diodatum*, there is a gallant mention of the London beauties to be seen in the parks and public gardens; and in a part of the Fifth, *In Adventum Veris*, there is a poetical recognition of Cupid's activity as one of the phenomena of Spring. But the present Elegy is a love-confession throughout, and quite precise and personal. It was May time, we are told, and Cupid had sworn to be revenged on Milton for his contempt of love and his boasts of being heart-whole. Fifty lines are taken up in telling this and describing the little love-god and his threats. Then, at line 51, the real story begins. Forgetting all about the love-god, he takes his walks, as usual, now in those parts of London where the citizens promenade, and now in the neighbouring country, with its hamlets and villas. He observes, in the streets more especially, the crowd of beauties, perfect goddesses, that pass and repass. He indulges in the sight, as often before, pleased, but little thinking what was to come of it this time. For alas! one fair one, supereminent among all, caught his glance, and the wound was fatal. It was but the sight of a moment, for she was gone, never again to be seen on earth; but her face and her form were to remain with him a vision for ever. No longer now is he heart-whole, for he goes about sweetly miserable. Cupid has had his revenge, and he acknowledges now that little god's power. Oh, if ever he and such a fair one should meet again, might one arrow transfix both their hearts!

A peculiar circumstance about this Elegy is that it is followed by a Postscript. For the ten lines, beginning "*Hæc ego*" and ending "*ipsa Venus*," which I have caused to be printed in italics in the present edition, are not, as might be supposed at first sight, and has been generally assumed, an epilogue to the whole series of Seven Elegies preceding them. If the Epilogue is carefully read, it will be seen that in no mood of sternness could it be applicable to all the seven numbered Elegies, or to most of them. There were some of them of which, juvenile though they were, Milton could still approve in his manhood. But, in 1645, when he looked over those pieces before giving them to the printer for Moseley's volume, that love-confession of the Seventh Elegy delayed him. He thought it maudlin: perhaps he remembered the exact incident and its circumstantialia with half a blush. Ought he to print the thing? His hesitation to do so accounts perhaps for its coming out of its proper chronological place; but at last he lets it go, only adding the Postscript of recantation. That Postscript, therefore, has to be dated 1645, or eighteen years after the Elegy to which it is attached.

## EPIGRAMS.

"IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM and IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ."—The anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot seems to have been a regular occasion for versifying in English Schools and Colleges in Milton's time. Among the *Sylvæ* there is a long poem in Hexameters by Milton on this subject, entitled *In Quintum Novembris*; and the four little pieces on the same subject among the Elegies may have been Milton's easier tributes to University custom on some one, or on several, of the Fifts of November of his Cambridge undergraduate-

ship. They express rather wittily the popular Protestant horror of Guy Fawkes and his attempt. The fifth piece, not on the Gunpowder Treason, but on the Inventor of Gunpowder, is but a variation of the general theme : and the five together may be called the Gunpowder Group.

"AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM."—These three pieces of compliment must have been written at Rome in one or other of Milton's two terms of residence in that city during his memorable Italian tour. His first visit, in October and November 1638, is the more likely time. An incident of that visit, recorded by Milton himself in one of his Familiar Epistles (*Luca Holstenio, Romæ, in Vaticano*), was his presence at a magnificent musical entertainment given by Cardinal Francesco Barberini in his palace. All the *élite* of Rome were present at this concert ; but the courteous cardinal, receiving the crowding guests at the doors, had singled out the English stranger, and welcomed him with special attention. To Milton, with his love of music, this concert may have been an unusual pleasure, especially if it was there that he heard the singer Leonora to whom the present pieces are addressed. There or elsewhere in Rome he did hear that paragon of voices. For, throughout the world, or at all events the musical and Italian world, there was no singer then so renowned as Leonora Baroni. There is an article on her in Bayle's Dictionary, the substance of which, apart from minuter information in the notes, runs thus : "BARONI, LEONORA, "an Italian lady, one of the finest voices of the world, flourished in the seven-  
"teenth century. She was the daughter of the beautiful ADRIANA, a Mantuan,  
"and was so admired that an infinity of *beaux esprits* made verses in her praise.  
"There is a volume of excellent pieces, in Latin, Greek, French, Italian, and  
"Spanish, printed at Rome under the title of '*Applausi Poetici alle glorie della*  
"*Signora Leonora Baroni*.'" Leonora went about usually with her mother, the beautiful Adriana Baroni, and a sister called Katarina. Though Bayle makes the family Mantuan, it was originally Neapolitan, and had migrated from Naples to Mantua. From 1637 onwards, however, Rome was the head-quarters of the fascinating three.

"APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO."—There is nothing to date this Apologue, except that its non-appearance in the edition of 1645 suggests that it was written after that year.

DE MORO.—So we may entitle the lampoon on Milton's antagonist *Morus*, or Alexander More, which appeared in Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano* (1654), and was reproduced in his *Pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum* (1655). More was a Frenchman, of Scottish parentage, born in 1616, who, after a varied career of celebrity as a Protestant preacher and Professor of Greek and of Theology in various parts of the Continent—at Geneva, in Holland, and again in France—died in Paris in 1670, four years before Milton. His collision with Milton dates from the year 1652, when he caused to be printed, at the Hague, a treatise against the English Commonwealth entitled "*Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cælum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*" ("Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides"). In this treatise Milton was attacked for his Defences of the Regicide ; and, though it was anonymous, and was really not by More, but by Peter du Moulin the younger, Milton made More responsible. In his *Defensio Secunda* and in his *Pro se Defensio* he dragged More through a perfect ditch of invective, publishing all sorts of scandals against More's private character, which had come to him from correspondents in Geneva and elsewhere. The present distich, though now printed as Milton's, because used by him twice, was really by some Dutch wit.

AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.—The lines printed with this title in most modern editions of Milton's poems are supposed to have been written for Cromwell in 1654, the first year of his Protectorate, to accompany a portrait of himself which he then sent to the eccentric, and then famous Christina, Queen of Sweden. Being in elegiac verse, they have their proper place here in the *Elegiarum Liber*, if they are Milton's. But, almost certainly, they are Andrew Marvell's. They appeared as his, with only slight verbal variations, in his *Miscellaneous Poems*, published by his widow in 1681, three years after his death.

## SYLVARUM LIBER.

## IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

Anno ætatis 17.

In both Milton's editions this piece is dated "*Anno ætatis 16.*" This date is a blunder. For, even if we allow Milton his ordinary liberty of dating, according to which the phrase must be translated "at the age of 16 years" and not "in the 16th year of his age" (see Introductions to Elegies Second and Third), the dating will not correspond with the incident of the Poem. That incident was the death of John Gostlin, M.D., Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, from 1618, and Vice-Chancellor of the University for the second time in the year 1625-6. His Vice-Chancellorship would have expired Nov. 3, 1626; but he died some days before that date, and still holding the office: viz. on the 21st of October, 1626. The Michaelmas Term of Milton's third academic year had just begun, and Milton was full seventeen years of age, and, in fact, verging on eighteen. This dating "*anno ætatis 16*" was, therefore, a slip of memory.—The Dr. Gostlin, whose death is lamented in the poem, in very pretty mythological language and in good Horatian verse, was a Norwich man by birth, educated at Caius College, admitted M.D. in 1602, and afterwards Regius Professor of Physic in the University. When his turn came round to be Vice-Chancellor, it was something of a rarity in the University to see an M.D. rather than the customary D.D. in that office. "Here comes our medical Vice-Chancellor," one may fancy the Cantabs of 1625-6 saying to each other when they saw Gostlin in the streets. His death, just at the close of his year of office, and when the Colleges had reassembled for a new session, naturally occasioned versifying.

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

This is a Gunpowder Plot poem, written by Milton for Guy Fawkes's Day, or the Fifth of November, 1626. There are four Latin trifles on the same subject among the Elegies, but the present piece, in sustained Hexameters, is a much more elaborate performance. It is, indeed, one of the very best of Milton's things in Latin. The spirit, it is true, is that of the common popular Protestantism of England in Milton's time, which firmly believed in all the traditional details of the Plot of 1605, and regarded it as a wide-spread conspiracy of the Roman Catholics, characteristic of their principles and prompted by the Papacy itself. Naturally, such a poem (and there are minuter ferocities

against the Papacy in the filling-up) will be read in different humours by different persons. But the execution of the poem, the power of imagination and of language shown in it, cannot fail to strike even the reader who is least satisfied with its spirit. I would instance particularly the description of Satan flying through the air and beholding Britain (lines 7—47), that of the den of Murder and Treason (lines 139—156), and that of the Temple of Fame (lines 170—193). The ending of the poem is rather abrupt.

#### IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the 5th of October, 1626, or only a fortnight after the death of Dr. Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, there died another prelate, Dr. Nicholas Felton, Bishop of Ely. Like Andrewes, he was a Cambridge man, of Pembroke Hall, and he had, like Andrewes, been for some time Master of that Hall before he was made a bishop. Milton, who had just written his Elegy on Andrewes's death (*Elegia Tertia*), paid a similar honour to his brother-bishop, but employed Iambic verse of alternate Trimeters and Dimeters instead of Elegiacs. Hence this piece on Felton comes among the *Sylve*.

#### NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

From one of Milton's *Epistolæ Familiares*, dated "Cambridge, July 2, 1628," and addressed to his former master at St. Paul's School, Alexander Gill the younger, it appears that these Latin Hexameters were one of the pieces of verse printed copies of which were distributed, according to custom, by the University Bedels at the Cambridge Commencement ceremonial, or annual meeting for the conferring of degrees, held in St. Mary's Church on Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1628.

The ceremonial, though held at the end of the academic year, was called the "Commencement," because those who graduated in Divinity, Arts, Law, Physic, and Music were then said to "commence" in their respective faculties, and were designated *Inceptores*. Part of the business in the graduation in each faculty consisted of what was called an Act or Disputation in that faculty, carried on in Latin between one appointed debater-in-chief called the Respondent (in the Divinity Act there were generally two Respondents) and other debaters who attacked him successively and were called Opponents. First, early in the morning, as soon as all had assembled in St. Mary's Church, the Vice-Chancellor presiding, there began the Divinity Act, or Debate, accompanied by a distribution of copies of verses, and ending in the ceremonious conferring of the degree of D.D. on all the candidates of the year for that degree. Next, and usually about mid-day, came on the Philosophical Act and Graduation in Arts. This was a richer and more diversified affair than the Divinity Graduation which had preceded it, not only because the candidates for the M.A. degree each year were a very numerous body, consisting of young men from all the Colleges, but also because custom tolerated a great deal of liberty and even of fun in the philosophical discussion. Here also, however, the backbone of the business was the Latin logomachy between the appointed representative of the Arts faculty, called the Respondent, and the Opponents who successively

attacked him; and here also the logomachy began with the reading of the Respondent's thesis, and the distribution of his verses, while he was reading it, by the University Bedels. After the Act was over, there was a specimen only of the actual graduation in Arts within the church, in the persons of the ten or twelve Commencers from King's College; and the rest were marched off to receive their M.A. degree in the Public School. For by this time it was growing late, and the Law Act, the Physic Act, and the Music Act, with their accompanying graduations, had still to come.

Milton may have been present already at three Commencements; but that of 1628 had a peculiar interest for him. Bainbrige, Master of his own College of Christ's, was Vice-Chancellor of the University for the year 1627-8, and there was a relish for the undergraduates of Christ's in this fact, and in the prospect of his presidency in the Comitia of July 1628. Nor was that all. One of the Senior Fellows of Christ's, it appears, had been selected for the important post of Respondent in the Philosophical Act for that year; and he had found the bit of verse expected from him quite out of his habits, or had broken down over it at the last moment, and had asked Milton to help him out. With some pains, from the shortness of the time, Milton had furbished up what he thought would pass; and so the Christ's College people might congratulate themselves triply on the representation of their College at the Commencement of 1628. Not only would their Master preside as Vice-Chancellor, and not only would a Fellow of their College be Respondent in the Philosophical Act, but the Latin verses which the University Bedels would distribute in connexion with that Act would be (but perhaps it was a secret) by an undergraduate of Christ's. Actually the verses were put into print and distributed by the Bedels; and on the 2nd of July, or the day after the Commencement, Milton was able to send a copy, or some copies, of them to Gill in London.

One would like now to know which of the thirteen Fellows of Christ's it was that begged Milton's poetical help, and what was the subject of the thesis which the verses were to illustrate. We have light only on the last point from Milton's lines. "*That Nature is not subject to old age*" is the proposition they maintain. They are, in fact, a powerful, and very eloquent and poetical, protest against the notion of a gradual decadence or deterioration of the physical Universe or visible frame of things. The verses being in this strain, we are led to think that the Philosophical Thesis which they were written to illustrate must have been some form of the same proposition. It is certainly known, at all events, that a question much debated in the speculative world of England about 1628 was the question whether there were signs of decay in Nature, whether the Present were necessarily inferior to the Past, or whether endurance, or even general progressiveness and improvement, might not be the rule. Bacon's influence, opposed as it was to that abject reverence for antiquity which had prevailed since the Revival of Letters, had given an impulse to what was still perhaps the heterodox sentiment, namely faith in the present and in the future.

#### DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

This is, clearly, also an academic exercise; but in which year of Milton's residence at Cambridge it was written, and for what occasion, I cannot determine. It answers exactly to its title, "*On the Platonic Idea as understood by*

*Aristotle.*" That is to say, with an evident admiration of Plato, and an imaginative sympathy with his doctrine of an eternal Idea or Archetype, one and universal, according to which Man was formed, and which reproduces itself in men's minds and thoughts, it yet shows how, by a too physical or too coldly rational construction of this doctrine, it may be turned into burlesque.

#### AD PATREM.

These Hexameters are undated, but their date is hinted by their meaning. They are an affectionate address to the poet's father, apparently in reply to some mild remarks of the father on the subject of the son's dedication of himself to a life of mere Poetry and Literature, and not, as had been hoped, to one of the professions. They were written, therefore, after Milton had left Cambridge, and had begun his secluded life of study at his father's country-place at Horton in Buckinghamshire. In lines 73—76 the reference to Horton seems to be distinct.

Milton's father was himself an excellent and interesting man. He was from the neighbourhood of Oxford, where a Roman Catholic family of Miltons, the poet's ancestors, are found living, in the rank of yeomen, from about 1550 onwards. One of the family, Richard Milton, of Stanton St. John's, yeoman, was very resolute in his adherence to the old Religion, and is mentioned twice in the Recusant Rolls for Oxfordshire as among those who were heavily fined towards the end of Elizabeth's reign (1601) for obstinate non-attendance at their parish churches. He was the poet's grandfather, one of his sons, John Milton, being the poet's father. This John Milton, who became a Protestant, and is said to have been cast off by his father on that account, had settled in London, and was in business there as a scrivener, before the above-mentioned date of his father's fines for recusancy. The business of a scrivener in Old London was an important, and sometimes a lucrative, one. It consisted in the drawing up of wills, marriage settlements, and other deeds, the lending out of money for clients, and much else now done partly by attorneys and partly by law-stationers. The house of the new scrivener, John Milton, which was also his place of business, was the Spread Eagle in Bread Street, Cheapside, in the very heart of London.

There the scrivener married, probably in 1600, and there his children were born. They were six in all; of whom only three survived to maturity—the eldest, a daughter Anne, afterwards Mrs. Phillips, and again, by a second marriage, Mrs. Agar; John Milton, the poet, born Dec. 9, 1608; and Christopher Milton, afterwards Sir Christopher Milton and a judge, born Dec. 3, 1615. The household in Bread Street seems to have been a peculiarly peaceful and happy one, with a tone of pious Puritanism prevailing in it, but with the liberal cheerfulness belonging to prosperous circumstances and to ingenious and cultivated tastes. For one thing, music was perpetual in it. The scrivener was not only passionately fond of music, but even of such note as a composer that, apart altogether from the great fame of his son, some memory of him might have lingered among us to this day. Madrigals, songs, and psalm-tunes of his composition are to be seen yet in music-books published before his son was born, or while he was but in his boyhood, and not in mere inferior music-books, but in collections in which Morley, Wilbye, Bull, Dowland, Ellis Gibbons, Orlando Gibbons, and others of the best artists of the day, were his fellow-contributors. There must have been frequent musical

evenings, with one or more musical acquaintances present, in the house in Bread Street; books of music and musical instruments were parts of its furniture; and the young poet was taught by his father both to sing and to play the organ. But the scrivener's designs for his children went beyond their mere training in his own art. It was his care to give them the best education possible, and to grudge nothing of his means towards that end. From the first there is proof that his heart was bound up in his son John, and that he had conceived the highest expectations of what that son would turn out to be. A portrait of the poet, as a sweet, serious, round-headed boy, at the age of ten, still exists, which his father caused to be done by the foreign painter then most in fashion, and which hung on the wall of one of the rooms in the house in Bread Street. Both father and mother doted on the boy and were proud of his promise. And so, after the most careful tuition of the boy at home, by his Scottish preceptor Young (see *anté*, p. 453), and his farther training by the two Gills at St. Paul's School, close to Bread Street (see *anté*, p. 453), he was sent to Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1625, whither his younger brother, Christopher, followed him in Feb. 1630-31. The expense of maintaining two sons at Cambridge was considerable, and proves that the scrivener must have succeeded well in his business.

That the scrivener's business had been a flourishing one is farther proved by the fact that he was able to retire from it, in whole or in part, in or about 1632, to the country-house at Horton, which he either took then, or had already been in possession of for some time. Thither, in that year, his son, having completed his seven years at the University and taken his M.A. degree, went to reside with him. So far all his highest hopes of that son had been fulfilled. He was then twenty-three years of age; and what youth comparable to him had the University sent out—what youth of such fair grace of form, of such genius and accomplishments, of character so manly and noble? A second portrait of Milton, done in the time of his Cambridge studentship, when he was about twenty-one years of age, attests the continued pride in him of his father and mother. Only one thing a little troubled the elderly people, and particularly the father. This son of theirs, whom they had destined for the Church, had clearly and resolutely abjured that destination of himself as against his conscience; the profession of the Law, thought of for a moment, had also been set aside; and here he was back on their hands, with no clear line of life before him, such as other young men of his age had, but buried in books and lost in Poetry. Some remonstrances to this effect may have been expressed by the father; but, if so, they must have been in the mildest and most hesitating terms (for Milton, I fancy, had learnt to be master and more in his father's house). Or, without any such remonstrances, Milton may have divined what was passing in the minds of his parents and in their colloquies concerning him. And so, on some occasion when the subject had been broached, or it was strong in Milton's musings, he writes this grateful and affectionate poem *Ad Patrem*.

"Well, John, I have faith in you: take your own way, whatever it is; God has given me enough of means, my son, for all immediate needs; and, while I live, what I have is yours." As surely as if we had heard these words spoken, they were the response of Milton's father to the pleading of this poem. They were his response not in words only, but in fact. Until Milton was thirty-two years of age, if even then, he did not earn a penny for himself.

## GREEK VERSES.

Milton, though an assiduous and enthusiastic reader of the Greek classics, did not give much time to the practice of Greek composition. He has left but three pieces of Greek verse; and the verdict upon *them* by the critic of subsequent times who has published the minutest examination of them (Dr. Charles Burney, 1757—1817), is that they show imperfect Greek scholarship. He finds lax construction in them, questionable usages of words, and even false quantities.

PSALM CXIV.—This seems to have been a favourite Psalm with Milton, for it is one of the two which he had paraphrased in English when he was fifteen years of age (see *antè*, p. 403). The present version of it in Greek Hexameters was done in 1634, as appears by a Latin letter of Milton to Gill the younger, of date Dec. 4 in that year.

PHILOSOPHUS AD REGEM QUENDAM, ETC.—As these Hexameters appear in the Edition of 1645, and as their tenor suggests that they were done after the Civil War had begun, we may date them between 1642 and 1645.

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.—These satirical Iambics were engraved by way of practical joke under Marshall's portrait of Milton in the 1645 Edition of his Poems (see *antè*, p. 398); in the Edition of 1673, which did not contain that portrait, they were put into the text.

## AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM.—SCAZONTES.

This was written at Rome, either in 1638 or in 1639, in one of Milton's two visits to that city. The person addressed is Joannes Salsillus, or Giovanni Salzilli, a Roman Poet, whose acquaintance Milton had made in these visits. He must have been of considerable note in Roman society in his day; for I find him a leading contributor to a volume published at Rome in 1637 and dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini under the title of "*Poesie de' Signori Accademici Fantastici*," i.e. Poems by members of the Academy of the Fantastics. Apparently he was a young man and habitually an invalid. He was in bad health, at all events, when Milton addressed to him these *Scazontes*, i.e. verses written in the "limping measure" employed by the Greek poet Hipponax, the peculiarity of which is that the verse is regular Iambic trimeter until the last foot, where, by the substitution of a spondee or trochee for the expected Iambus, an effect is given as of coming to the last step of a stair with the wrong emphasis. To bring out this effect fully, the fifth or penultimate foot ought always to be an Iambus; but Milton has not attended strictly to this rule. In the verses Milton expresses his wishes for Salzilli's recovery, pays him a compliment on his poetry, and refers to the four lines of Latin elegiac verse in which Salzilli had, with Italian politeness, so hyperbolically praised Milton, on slight acquaintance, extolling him above Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. See the lines among the Testimonies to Milton by Italians, prefixed to the Latin Poems.

## MANSUS.

This is a poem of remarkable interest, addressed to the most distinguished, in some respects, of all the Italians with whom Milton became personally acquainted during his Italian journey, viz. the Neapolitan, Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, and Lord of Bisaccio and Panca.

Manso was born in 1561, three years before Shakespeare; and his long life had been spent chiefly in such occupations as the political condition of Naples and Southern Italy, then subject to the Spaniards and governed by Viceroyes from Madrid, permitted to a wealthy and high-minded native of those parts. The cultivation of philosophy, art, and poetry for himself, and the encouragement of these pursuits in others, and of a life of at least pleasant sociability where political independence was denied, had been his business and delight. His life had been identified with the history of Italian Literature for half a century. No Italian of note during that period but Manso had known; few but had known and been indebted to Manso. Above all, he had been the friend, the bosom friend, of the two greatest poets of Italy in his generation, Tasso and Marini. —Tasso, in the strange madness that came over him in his manhood, clouding his beautiful mind, but leaving it still capable of the noblest poetry, had been led, in his wanderings over Italy, to Manso's door at Naples (1588). Manso, then in his twenty-eighth year, while Tasso was in his forty-fifth, had received the illustrious unfortunate, had kept him in his splendid villa at Naples and in his country-house at Bisaccio, had tended him in his fits of gloom, and soothed him in those moments when the frenzy was at its strongest, and the air around him was full of visions and voices, and he would call on Manso to look and listen. Thus had grown up a friendship which lasted with Tasso's life. Twice again he had been Manso's guest; it was in Manso's house, in one of these visits, that he completed his *Gerusalemme Conquistata*, in one of the books of which he introduces Manso's name; in his Dialogue on Friendship Manso is one of the speakers, and it is dedicated to Manso and entitled *Il Manso*; and there are other recognitions of their intimacy in sonnets of Tasso addressed to Manso. On Tasso's death-bed in Rome (1595) he spoke of Manso; a picture of Tasso which Manso had painted was bequeathed back to him; and it was Manso that, some years afterwards, caused the well-known inscription "*Torquati Tassi Ossa*" to be cut on Tasso's tomb. In 1619 there had been published at Naples a Life of Tasso, without Manso's name, but known to be his, and containing an affectionate collection of personal details respecting the poet. It was a popular book in Italy, and had been several times reprinted.

—Hardly less intimate than Manso's friendship with his illustrious senior, Tasso, had been his friendship with his junior, Marini (born 1569), Tasso's most celebrated successor in Poetry, though a corruption of Italian taste in Poetry is traced now to his sweet and sensuous genius. Marini, a Neapolitan by birth, but, like Tasso, much of a wanderer, had also been a frequent guest at Manso's villa, had been protected by him and served in many ways; and, when Marini died, in 1625, two years after the publication of his *Adone*, the charge of his burial and of erecting his monument was left to Manso. It was understood that Manso was preparing a biography of Marini similar to that he had written of Tasso. —And now, with all these recollections of the past circling round him, the Marquis Manso, verging on eighty years of age, was living on at Naples, the most venerable man in the city, and indeed the most conspicuous private patron of Art and Literature in all Italy. In the society of Naples he was supreme. He had founded there a club or academy, called the *Oziiosi* ("The Idlers") of which he was president, and the meetings of which were held in his house; and there was another institution of his foundation, called the College *Dei Nobili*, the purpose of which was the education of the young Neapolitan nobles in manly arts and exercises. In the meetings of these institutions the old nobleman would be gay as the youngest present, joining even in their

frolics. A certain high moral chivalry, however, for which he had been known from his youth, regulated his behaviour, and gave a dignity even to his humours in company. Also he was punctiliously scrupulous in matters of religion, and a most pious and orthodox son of the Church.

Milton's introduction to Manso, as he tells us himself (*Defensio Secunda*), was through a certain Eremite Friar, who was his companion in his journey from Rome to Naples in November 1638. The Marquis appears to have taken a great liking to the young Englishman, and to have been particularly gracious to him. "As long as I staid at Naples," says Milton, "I found him truly most friendly to me, he himself acting as my guide through the different parts of the city and the palace of the Viceroy, and coming himself more than once to my inn to visit me; and at my going away he seriously excused himself to me in that, though he wished extremely to have shown me much greater attention, he had not been able to do so in that city, because I would not be more close in the matter of Religion." In the two Latin lines of compliment given by Manso to Milton, and included by Milton among the Testimonies prefixed to his Latin Poems, there is a hint at this Protestantism of Milton as the only fault he had in the old man's eyes. "Were but your creed like your mind, form, grace, face, and morals, then you would not be Anglic only, but, in faith, Angelic," says the old man, reviving in Milton's favour the play upon the words *Anglus* and *Angelus* attributed in the legend to Pope Gregory when he beheld the English youths in the Roman slave-market and grieved that such comely youths should be Pagans. But Milton carried away with him another token of Manso's regard. He describes distinctly in his *Epitaphium Damonis* (lines 181—197) two cups which Manso had given him as a keepsake, carved round or painted by Manso himself with two designs, the one of an oriental subject, the other of a subject from classic mythology.

In return for Manso's distich and his cups, or possibly before receiving them, and in mere acknowledgment of Manso's great courtesy generally, Milton, before leaving Naples (Jan. 1638-9), sent to Manso the hundred hexameter lines now under notice. They are a very graceful acknowledgment indeed. There is one passage, of information and compliment finely blended, which may have told Manso more about the stranger than he already knew, and roused his curiosity. It is the passage beginning "*O mihi si mea sors*" at line 78, and containing the first published hint by Milton of his contemplated Arthurian Epic, or poem from British legendary History. The passage is worth reading, not only on this account, but also for its pathos and eloquence. Manso must have admired it, and may have thought of the young Englishman sometimes through the next few years, and wondered what he was doing in his native land. Much news of Milton, however, in Poetry at least, can hardly have reached Manso before his death. He died at Naples, at the age of eighty-four, in 1645, the very year when Milton's first edition of his Poems was published.

#### EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

In the Introductions to the *Elegia Prima* and the *Elegia Sexta*, the story of Milton's friendship with the half-Italian youth Charles Diodati has been brought down to the end of the year 1629. Since then there had been no interruption of the friendship, but rather a strengthening of it by new ties as the two friends grew older. Two Latin letters of Milton to Diodati, both written in September 1637, and now printed among Milton's *Epistolæ Familiares*, are the best informa-

tion we have as to the mutual position of the two friends at that date, when Milton was in his thirtieth year and Diodati had just passed that age. Diodati, it appears from those letters, had finished his medical education, and was in practice somewhere in the north of England; near Chester, it has been supposed, but that is only a guess from the fact that he had been in that neighbourhood in 1626, the date of the *Elegia Prima*. Milton, on the other hand, was mainly at Horton, but sometimes in London; whence, indeed, his two letters are written. They are full of gossip and affection. "How is it with you, pray?" asks Milton in the first, dated Sept. 2. "Are you in good health? Are there in those parts "any learned folks or so with whom you can willingly associate and chat, as we "were wont, together? When do you return? How long do you intend to dwell "among those hyperboreans?" Again, in the second, dated Sept. 23, Diodati having replied in the meanwhile, and there having been the usual excuses on both sides for laziness in letter-writing: "Your probity writes with me in your "stead and indites true letters on my inmost heart; your blamelessness of "morals writes to me, and your love of the good; your genius also, by no means "a common one, writes to me, and commends you to me more and more. ". . . . Know that it is impossible for me not to love men like you." There is added some talk about Milton's doings. He is thinking, he says, of taking chambers in London, in one of the Inns of Court, having begun to find Horton inconvenient. He has been engaged in a continuous course of historical reading, and has reached the mediæval period. Could Diodati lend him the History of Venice by Justiniani? And what is Diodati doing? Is he crowing over his medical dignity? Is he troubling himself too much with family matters? Unless this step-motherly war is very bad indeed, worse than Dacian or Sarmatian, may not one hope to see him soon in winter quarters? (*Nisi bellum hoc novercale vel Dacico vel Sarmatico infestius sit, debetis profecto maturare, ut ad nos saltem in hiberna concedas.*) I can only construe this passage as implying that Diodati had recently received a step-mother, and was not much pleased with the acquisition.

Seven months after Milton had written these letters to Diodati, he went abroad on his Italian journey (April 1638). It is very possible that he and Diodati may have met in the interval, and talked over the intended tour. Diodati, as half an Italian, and acquainted with the Italian traditions and connexions of his family, may have had hints to give to Milton for his use abroad, or even letters of introduction. At all events, we find Milton, while abroad, thinking much of Diodati. He mentions expressly in his *Defensio Secunda* that, in the second two months he spent at Florence (March and April 1639), he found time for an excursion of "a few days" to Lucca, about forty miles distant; and I suspect that his main motive in the excursion was to see the town whence the Diodati family had derived their origin. Then, again, in one of the Five Italian Love Sonnets, written, as is generally believed, in the north of Italy, towards the end of Milton's Italian tour, we find Diodati directly addressed, and, as it were, taken, though absent, into his friend's confidence in the sudden love-incident that had befallen him (see *Intro.* to the Italian Sonnets). I feel sure that Milton talked of Diodati, his half-Italian friend at home, to the various groups of Italian wits and literati in the midst of whom he found himself in the different Italian cities he visited, and especially to his acquaintances of the Florentine group, Gaddi, Dati, Frescobaldi, Coltellini, Chimentelli, Francini, and others. It is not a matter of fancy, but of actual information by Milton himself, that, as he parted from these groups of new friends, and took his way at length back from Italy homewards, through

Switzerland and France, it was with a kind of impatience to meet Diodati again, after so long an absence, so as to pour into his ear, in long sittings within-doors, or in walks together through English fields and country lanes, the connected story of all he had done and seen in the wondrous southern land of olives and myrtles, blue skies and soft winds, art and antiquities, poetry and beauty.

All the more terrible was the shock that awaited Milton. His friend Diodati was no longer alive. He had died soon after Milton had left England. "*Mr. Charles Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's,*" is his burial-entry, under date, August 27, 1638, recently discovered by Colonel Chester, in the Registers of the parish of St. Anne, Blackfriars, London; where also, dated the 10th of the same month, there is this previous burial-entry—"Mrs. Philadelphia Deodate, from Mr. Dollam's." The inference is that, in consequence of the second marriage of old Dr. Theodore Diodati, young Charles and a sister of his had taken lodgings together at a Mr. Dollam's in Blackfriars,—in which district, Colonel Chester has found, their brother John was then residing, as a married man,—and that here, within seventeen days of each other, they had fallen victims to some epidemic. The rumour may have reached Milton on the Continent, if only at Geneva in June 1639; but not till he was back in England did he learn all the particulars. Whatever they were, they impressed him greatly. For some time he seems to have gone about, between London and Horton, thinking of Charles Diodati's death. His reminiscences of Italy and all the delights of his tour were saddened and spoiled to him by this one irremediable loss. His musings over it take poetic form, and in the late autumn of 1639, or in the winter of 1639-40, he writes his *Epitaphium Damonis*.

The poem is, beyond all question, the finest, the deepest in feeling, of all that Milton has left us in Latin, and one of the most interesting of all his poems, whether Latin or English. It is purely the accident of its being in Latin that has prevented it from being as well known as *Lycidas*, and that has transferred to the subject of that English pastoral, Edward King of Christ's College, Cambridge, the honour of being remembered and spoken of as the pre-eminent friend of Milton's youth and early manhood. Not *Lycidas* but *Damon*, not the Irish-born Edward King, but the half-Italian Charles Diodati, was Milton's dearest, most intimate, most peculiar friend. The records prove this irresistibly, and a careful perusal of the two poems will add to the impression. Whoever will read the Latin *Epitaphium Damonis* will perceive in it a passionateness of personal grief, an evidence of bursts of tears and sobbings interrupting the act of writing, to which there is nothing equivalent in the English *Lycidas*, affectionate and exquisitely beautiful as that poem is. Yet the two poems are, in a sense, companions, and ought to be recollected in connexion. Both are pastorals; in both the form is that of a surviving shepherd bewailing the death of a dear fellow-shepherd. In the one case the dead shepherd is named *Lycidas*, while the surviving shepherd who mourns him is left unnamed, and only seen at the end as the "uncouth swain" who has been singing; in the other the dead shepherd is named *Damon*, and Milton, under the name of *Thyrsis*, is avowedly the shepherd who laments him. The reader may here refer to what has been said, in the Introduction to *Lycidas*, concerning the Pastoral form of Poetry and the objections that have been taken to it. What was said there in defence of the Pastoral form applies especially to the *Epitaphium Damonis*; for it is a pastoral of the most artificial variety. It is in Latin; and this, in itself, removes it into the realm of the artificial. But, in the Latin, the precedents of the Greek pastoralists, Theocritus, Bion,

and Moschus, as well as of the Latin Virgil, have been studied, and every device of classic pastoralism has been imitated. There are the sheep, the kids, the reedens flutes, the pastures, the shepherds and shepherdesses wondering at the mourner and coming round him to comfort him. The measure used is the Virgilian Hexameter, and the poem is broken into musical parts or bursts by a recurring phrase as in some of the Greek Idylls; the names used for the shepherds and shepherdesses are from the Greek Idyllists or from Virgil; the very title of the poem is an echo of that of the third Idyll of Moschus, *Epitaphium Bionis*. All the more strange, to those whose notion of the Pastoral has not gone beyond Dr. Johnson's in his criticism of *Lycidas*, may seem the assertion that in this Latin pastoral, the *Epitaphium Damonis*, the pastoralism of which is more subtle and artificial in every point than that of the corresponding English poem, Milton will be found, undeniably, and with an earnestness which breaks through the assumed guise and thrills the nerves of the reader, speaking his own heart. For my own part, I risk the assertion and will leave the verification to the reader. To the reader also I will leave the pleasure of finding out what is interesting in this extraordinary poem. Only let him rest a little, for special reasons, over the memorable passage beginning "*Ipse etiam*" (line 155) and extending to "*Orcades undis*" (line 178). That passage is an important shred of Milton's autobiography. It tells, more minutely, and in a more emphatic manner, what he had already hinted in his Latin poem to Manso, viz.: that at this period of his life his thoughts were full of the project of an Epic poem founded on British legendary History, and especially on the subject of King Arthur. Combined with this glimpse of what was shaping itself in Milton's mind at that time (1639-40) is the farther information that he had then also resolved to give up Latin for the purposes of poetry, and to confine himself to English.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,  
OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

*January 23, 1646-7.*

John Rous, M.A. and Fellow of Oriel College, was elected Chief Librarian of the Bodleian May 9, 1620, and he remained in that post till his death in April 1652. Milton may have become acquainted with him in some visit to Oxford during the Cambridge period of his life, or, at all events, in 1635, when, as a Cambridge M.A. of three years' standing, he was incorporated, in the same degree, at Oxford. It is almost certain that "our common friend Mr. R." mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton in his letter to Milton of April 13, 1638, as having sent to Wotton a copy of Lawes's anonymous edition of *Comus* of the previous year, bound up with a volume of inferior poetry printed at Oxford, was this John Rous, the Oxford Librarian. In any case, Milton had come to know Rous. Who in those days could avoid doing so that had dealings with books, and was drawn to the sight of such a collection of books as that in the great Bodleian? It may have been a recommendation of Rous in Milton's eyes that, Oxonian though he was, his sympathies were decidedly Parliamentary. Possibly he was a relative of Francis Rous, the Puritan member of the Long Parliament for Truro.

Milton, at Rous's request, had sent him, for the Bodleian, in 1646, a set of

his published writings complete to that date: to wit, his eleven Prose-pamphlets of 1641-4 (the five on the Episcopacy question, the four on Divorce, the *Areopagitica*, and the tract on Education); and, separately bound, the edition of his Poems in English and Latin published by Moseley in the end of 1645. Of these, however, only the Prose-pamphlets had reached their destination; the Poems had been lost or stolen on their way to Oxford, or had otherwise gone astray. Rous, accordingly, both in his own behalf and in the interest of the Library, begs for another copy, to make the set of Milton's writings complete, as had been intended. Milton complies with the request, and sends a second copy of the Poems. But, amused by the incident of the loss of the first, he composes a Latin Ode on the subject; and a transcript of this Ode, carefully written out on a sheet of paper by himself, or some one else, in an Italian hand, he causes to be inserted in the second copy, between the English and the Latin contents of the volume. Accordingly, there are now in the Bodleian *two* volumes of Milton's writings, his own gift to the Library. One is the volume of the eleven collected Prose-pamphlets, with an inscription in Milton's undoubted autograph; the other is the supplementary volume of his Poems, sent to Rous, "*ut cum aliis nostris reponeret*" ("that he might replace it beside our other things"), and containing the Ode to Rous in an inserted sheet of MS., generally supposed to be also Milton's autograph, in an unusual form of laboured elegance, but probably, I think, a transcript by some calligraphist whom he employed.

The Ode is a curious one, in respect of both its form and its matter.—The *form*, as Milton takes care to explain in a note (appended in his edition, though now more conveniently prefixed), is peculiarly arbitrary. It is a kind of experiment in Latin, after few classical precedents in that language, of the mixed verse, or verse of various metres, common in the Greek choral odes. Even within that range Milton has taken liberties at the bidding of his own ear, paying regard, as he says, rather to facility of reading than to ancient rule. Altogether, the experiment was very daring.—The *matter* of the Ode is simple enough. It is addressed not directly to Rous, but to the little volume itself. The double contents of the volume, Latin and English, are spoken of in modest terms; the loss of the first copy, mysteriously abstracted from the bundle of its brothers, when they were on their way from London to Oxford, is playfully mentioned, with wonder what had become of it and into what rough hands it may have fallen; Rous's friendly interest, both in having repeatedly applied at first for the whole set of writings and in having applied again for the missing volume, is acknowledged; and there are the due applauses of Oxford and her great Library. In this last connexion there is an amplification of what had been hinted in the inscription in the volume of the Prose-pamphlets. The time would come, he had there hoped, when even his Prose-pamphlets, now procuring him nothing but ill-will and calumny, might be better appreciated. This hope he now repeats more strongly with reference to his Poems. The following is Cowper's translation of the Epode, or closing strain:—

"Ye, then, my works, no longer vain  
And worthless deemed by me,  
Whate'er this sterile genius has produced,  
Expect at last, the rage of envy spent,  
An unmolested, happy home,  
Gift of kind Hermes, and my watchful friend,  
Where never flippant tongue profane  
Shall entrance find,

And whence the coarse unlettered multitude  
 Shall babble far remote.  
 Perhaps some future distant age,  
 Less tinged with prejudice, and better taught,  
 Shall furnish minds of power  
 To judge more equally.  
 Then, malice silenced in the tomb,  
 Cooler heads and sounder hearts,  
 Thanks to Rous, if aught of praise  
 I merit, shall with candour weigh the claim."

## EPIGRAMS ON SALMASIUS.

Salmasius is a great name in the Biography of Milton. The person called by it, according to the custom, then common in the scholarly world of Europe, of Latinizing the names of its important members, was Claude de Saumaise, a Frenchman, born in 1588, and therefore Milton's senior by about twenty years. From his earliest youth he had been a prodigious reader; and by a series of publications, partly in France and partly in Germany, some against the Papal power, but others more purely historical and antiquarian, he had acquired the fame of being perhaps the most learned European scholar of his generation. Princes and States contended for the honour of possessing and pensioning him; but, after various travels, he had taken up his residence chiefly at Leyden, in Holland. Thus brought into contact with Charles II. and the English Royalist exiles after the execution of Charles I., he had been employed or induced, in an evil hour for himself, to write a defence of the late King and an attack on the English Commonwealth. It appeared in Holland in 1649, under the title of *Defensio Regia pro Carolo I.* A book of the kind by a man of his fame was felt in England to be a serious matter; and Milton, then Latin Secretary to the Council of State, was requested to answer it. He did so in his famous *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano contra Claudii Salmasii Defensionem Regiam*, published in the end of 1650, or beginning of 1651. Soon all Europe rang from side to side with the power of this pamphlet; and the legend is that Salmasius, who had recently gone to reside at the Court of Sweden on the pressing invitation of the eccentric Queen Christina, was so chagrined at the applause with which the pamphlet was everywhere received, and especially by Christina's consequent coldness to himself, that he soon afterwards died. He did quit Sweden, and return to Holland, where he died Sept. 3, 1653, leaving an unfinished reply to Milton, and the task of continuing the controversy to other persons. Among these was the Gallo-Scot, Alexander More or Morus, already mentioned in the Introduction to the brief epigram *De Moro* among the Latin Elegies. Milton's *Defensio Secunda pro Populo Anglicano*, published in 1654, was in reply to a treatise of the same year, which More was supposed to have written, but which he had only seen through the press, entitled *Regii Sanguinis Clamor adversus Parricidas Anglicanos*. In this "Second Defence," though More was the person directly attacked, Milton went back upon his dead opponent Salmasius. Hence, while the first of the two Epigrams against Salmasius now under notice is from the original pamphlet against the living Salmasius (called now, generally, the *Defensio Prima*), the second is from the *Defensio Secunda*, in which More receives the direct attack and Salmasius is only recollected for posthumous chastisement.

IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.—This Epigram occurs in the 8th chapter of the *Defensio Prima*, and is a rough jest against Salmasius for his parade of his knowledge of a few English law-terms, or terms of public custom, such as “County Court,” and “Hundred” or “Hundreda,” in the sense of a division of a shire or an aggregation of parishes. “Where did Salmasius, that magpie, get his scraps of bad English, and especially his *Hundreda*?” asks the Epigram. “Why, he got a hundred Jacobuses, the last in the pouch of the ‘poor exiled King, for writing his pamphlet! The prospect of more cash ‘would make him write up the very Pope, and sing the Song of the Cardinals, ‘though he once demonstrated the Papacy to be Antichrist.” Such is the substance of the Epigram; a poor thing after all, and a mere momentary parody of the last seven lines of the Prologue to the Satires of Persius.

IN SALMASIUM.—This is from the *Defensio Secunda*, where it is introduced in a passage in reply to an immense eulogy on Salmasius occurring in the *Sanguinis Clamor*. The writer of that book, assumed by Milton to be Alexander More, had anticipated the tremendous castigation that would be given to Milton in the forthcoming “impression” of the Answer to the *Defensio Prima* that had been written by the divine Salmasius himself, that prodigy of erudition and of genius. Milton professes to be very easy under the expectation of this posthumous reply, which he knew Salmasius had been busy with at the time of his death. People know that he has his own opinion of the genius and erudition of the famous deceased! “You, therefore, it seems,” he says, addressing More, “are like the little client-fish in advance of Whale Salmasius, ‘who is threatening ‘impressions’ on these shores: *we* are sharpening our ‘irons so as to be ready to squeeze out whatever may be in the ‘impressions’ ‘and ‘castigations,’ whether of oil or pickle. Meanwhile we shall admire ‘the more than Pythagorean goodness of the great man, who, in his pity ‘for the animals, and especially for the fishes, which are not spared even in ‘Lent, poor things, has provided so many volumes for decently wrapping them ‘up in, and has bequeathed by will, I may say, to so many thousands of poor ‘sprats and herrings paper coats individually.” After this ponderous piece of Latin prose-fun comes the Epigram. It simply prolongs the joke, in verse which is a cross between Catullus and Martial, by calling on all the herrings and other fishes to rejoice in their prospect of abundant paper wrappages from the books of Salmasius.

POEMS :  
ENGLISH AND LATIN,  
WITH A FEW IN ITALIAN AND GREEK.  
COMPOSED AT SEVERAL TIMES.

## POEMS, ENGLISH AND LATIN, ETC.

The title-pages of the two original Editions, of 1645 and 1673, have been given in the General Introduction (p. 397 and p. 398). The Second Edition had no Preface; but the First had the following, by the publisher, Humphrey Moseley:—

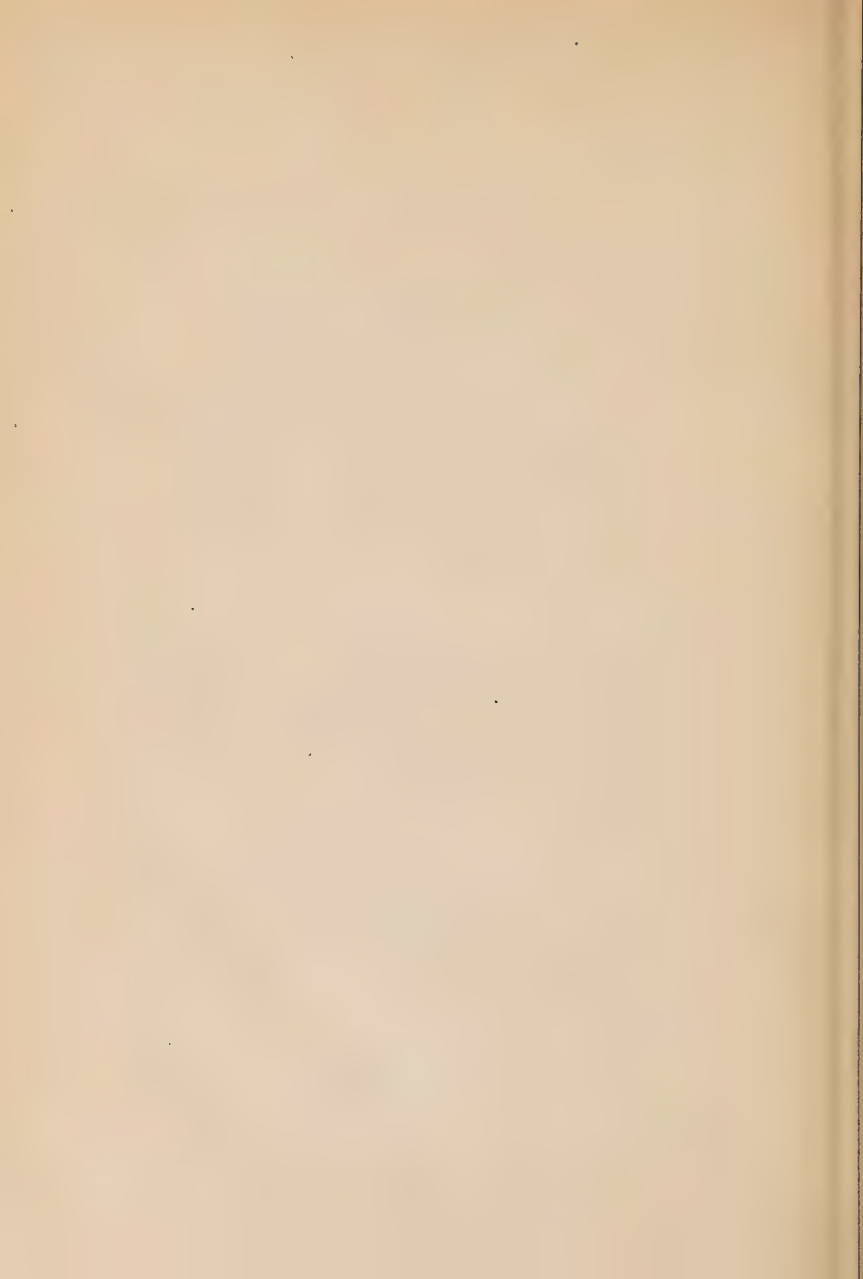
### “THE STATIONER TO THE READER.

“It is not any private respect of gain, Gentle Reader (for the slightest Pamphlet is nowadays more vendible than the works of learnedest men), but it is the love I have to our own Language, that hath made me diligent to collect and set forth such Pieces, both in Prose and Verse, as may renew the wonted honour and esteem of our English tongue; and it's the worth of these both English and Latin Poems, not the flourish of any prefixed encomions, that can invite thee to buy them—though these are not without the highest commendations and applause of the learnedest Academicks, both domestic and foreign, and, amongst those of our own country, the unparalleled attestation of that renowned Provost of Eton, SIR HENRY WOOTTON. I know not thy palate, how it relishes such dainties, nor how harmonious thy soul is: perhaps more trivial Airs may please thee better. But, howsoever thy opinion is spent upon these, that encouragement I have already received from the most ingenious men, in their clear and courteous entertainment of MR. WALLER's late choice Pieces, hath once more made me adventure into the world, presenting it with these ever-green and not to be blasted laurels. The Author's more peculiar excellency in these studies was too well known to conceal his Papers, or to keep me from attempting to solicit them from him. Let the event guide itself which way it will, I shall deserve of the age by bringing into the light as true a birth as the Muses have brought forth since our famous SPENSER wrote; whose Poems in these English ones are as rarely imitated as sweetly excelled. Reader, if thou art eagle-eyed to censure their worth, I am not fearful to expose them to thy exactest perusal.

“Thine to command,  
“HUMPH. MOSELEY.”

PART I.

THE ENGLISH POEMS.



## ENGLISH POEMS.

### A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.

*This and the following Psalm were done by the Author at fifteen years old.*

WHEN the blest seed of Terah's faithful son  
After long toil their liberty had won,  
And passed from Pharian fields to Canaan-land,  
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand,  
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,  
His praise and glory was in Israel known.  
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,  
And sought to hide his froth-becurlèd head  
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,  
As a faint host that hath received the foil.  
The high huge-bellied mountains skip like rams  
Amongst their ewes, the little hills like lambs.  
Why fled the ocean? and why skipped the mountains?  
Why turnèd Jordan toward his crystal fountains?  
Shake, Earth, and at the presence be aghast  
Of Him that ever was and aye shall last,  
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,  
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush.

10

### PSALM CXXXVI.

LET us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord for he is kind;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
For of gods he is the God ;  
For his, &c.

O let us his praises tell,  
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell ; 10  
For his, &c.

Who with his miracles doth make  
Amazed heaven and earth to shake ;  
For his, &c.

Who by his wisdom did create  
The painted heavens so full of state ; 19  
For his, &c.

Who did the solid earth ordain  
To rise above the watery plain ;  
For his, &c.

Who, by his all-commanding might,  
Did fill the new-made world with light ;  
For his, &c.

And caused the golden-tressèd sun  
All the day long his course to run ; 30  
For his, &c.

The hornèd moon to shine by night  
Amongst her spangled sisters bright ;  
For his, &c.

He, with his thunder-clasping hand,  
Smote the first-born of Egypt land ; 39  
For his, &c.

And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,  
He brought from thence his Israel ;  
For his, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain  
Of the Erythræan main ;  
For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,  
While the Hebrew bands did pass ; 50  
For his, &c.

But full soon they did devour  
The tawny king with all his power ;  
For his, &c.

His chosen people he did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness ;  
For his, &c. 59

In bloody battle he brought down  
Kings of prowess and renown ;  
For his, &c.

He foiled bold Seon and his host,  
That ruled the Amorrean coast ;  
For his, &c.

And large-limbed Og he did subdue,  
With all his over-hardy crew ; 70  
For his, &c.

And to his servant Israel  
He gave their land, therein to dwell ;  
For his, &c.

He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Beheld us in our misery ;  
For his, &c. 79

And freed us from the slavery  
Of the invading enemy ;  
For his, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,  
And with full hand supplies their need ;  
For his, &c.

Let us, therefore, warble forth  
His mighty majesty and worth ; 90  
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high,  
Above the reach of mortal eye ;  
For his mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

# ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT DYING OF A COUGH.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

## I.

O FAIREST flower, no sooner blown but blasted,  
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,  
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst outlasted  
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;  
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye  
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,  
But killed, alas! and then bewailed his fatal bliss.

## II.

For, since grim Aquilo, his charioteer,  
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,  
He thought it touched his deity full near,  
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,  
Thereby to wipe away the infâmous blot  
Of long uncoupled bed and childless eld,  
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held.

10

## III.

So, mounting up in icy-pearlèd car,  
Through middle empire of the freezing air  
He wandered long, till thee he spied from far;  
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care:  
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair,  
But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace,  
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair bidding-place.

20

## IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;  
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,  
Whilom did slay his dearly-lovèd mate,  
Young Hyacinth, born on Eurotas' strand,  
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;  
But then transformed him to a purple flower:  
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

## V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,  
 Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb, 30  
 Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed  
 Hid from the world in a low-delvèd tomb;  
 Could Heaven, for pity, thee so strictly doom?  
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine  
 Above mortality, that showed thou wast divine.

## VI.

Resolve me, then, O Soul most surely blest  
 (If so it be that thou these complaints dost hear)!  
 Tell me, bright Spirit, where'er thou hoverest,  
 Whether above that high first-moving sphere, 40  
 Or in the Elysian fields (if such there were),  
 Oh, say me true if thou wert mortal wight,  
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight.

## VII.

Wert thou some star, which from the ruined roof  
 Of shaken Olympus by mischance didst fall;  
 Which careful Jove in nature's true behoof  
 Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?  
 Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall  
 Of sheeny Heaven, and thou some goddess fled  
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectared head?

## VIII.

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50  
 Forsook the hated earth, oh! tell me sooth,  
 And camest again to visit us once more?  
 Or wert thou [Mercy], that sweet smiling Youth?  
 Or that crowned Matron, sage white-robed Truth?  
 Or any other of that heavenly brood  
 Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

## IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-wingèd host,  
 Who, having clad thyself in human weed,  
 To earth from thy prefixèd seat didst post,  
 And after short abode fly back with speed, 60  
 As if to show what creatures Heaven doth breed;  
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire  
 To scorn the sordid world, and unto Heaven aspire?

## X.

But oh ! why didst thou not stay here below  
 To bless us with thy heaven-loved innocence,  
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,  
 To turn swift-rushing black perdition hence,  
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,  
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?  
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

70

## XI.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,  
 Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,  
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild ;  
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,  
 And render him with patience what he lent :  
 This if thou do, he will an offspring give  
 That till the world's last end shall make thy name to live.

AT A VACATION EXERCISE IN THE COLLEGE, PART  
 LATIN, PART ENGLISH.

*Anno ætatis 19.*

*The Latin Speeches ended, the English thus began:—*

HAIL, Native Language, that by sinews weak  
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,  
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish trips,  
 Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips,  
 Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,  
 Where he had mutely sat two years before :  
 Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask  
 That now I use thee in my latter task !  
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee ;  
 I know my tongue but little grace can do thee.  
 Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first ;  
 Believe me, I have thither packed the worst :  
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,  
 The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.  
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aid,  
 For this same small neglect that I have made ;  
 But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,  
 And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure ;

10

Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight  
 Which takes our late fantastics with delight ; 20  
 But cull those richest robes and gayest attire,  
 Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.  
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about,  
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,  
 And, weary of their place, do only stay  
 Till thou hast decked them in thy best array ;  
 That so they may, without suspect or fears,  
 Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears.  
 Yet I had rather, if I were to choose,  
 Thy service in some graver subject use, 30  
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,  
 Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound :  
 Such where the deep transported mind may soar  
 Above the wheeling poles, and at Heaven's door  
 Look in, and see each blissful deity  
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,  
 Listening to what unshorn Apollo sings  
 To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings  
 Immortal nectar to her kingly sire ;  
 Then, passing through the spheres of watchful fire, 40  
 And misty regions of wide air next under,  
 And hills of snow and lofts of pilèd thunder,  
 May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,  
 In heaven's defiance mustering all his waves ;  
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass  
 When beldam Nature in her cradle was ;  
 And last of kings and queens and heroes old,  
 Such as the wise Demodocus once told  
 In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,  
 While sad Ulysses' soul and all the rest 50  
 Are held, with his melodious harmony,  
 In willing chains and sweet captivity.  
 But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray !  
 Expectance calls thee now another way.  
 Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent  
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament.  
 Then quick about thy purposed business come,  
 That to the next I may resign my room.

*Then ENS is represented as Father of the Predicaments, his ten Sons; whereof the eldest stood for SUBSTANCE with his Canons; which ENS, thus speaking, explains :--*

Good luck befriend thee, Son ; for at thy birth  
 The faery ladies danced upon the hearth. 60

The drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spy  
 Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie,  
 And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,  
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping head.  
 She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still  
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible.  
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear ;  
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear  
 A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,  
 That far events full wisely could presage, 70  
 And, in Time's long and dark prospective-glass,  
 Foresaw what future days should bring to pass.  
 "Your son," said she, "(nor can you it prevent,)  
 Shall subject be to many an *Accident*.  
 O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king ;  
 Yet every one shall make him underling,  
 And those that cannot live from him asunder  
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.  
 In worth and excellence he shall outgo them ;  
 Yet, being above them, he shall be below them. 80  
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,  
 Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.  
 To find a foe it shall not be his hap,  
 And peace shall lull him in her flowery lap ;  
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door  
 Devouring war shall never cease to roar ;  
 Yea, it shall be his natural property  
 To harbour those that are at enmity."  
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not  
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot ? 90

*The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose : then RELATION  
 was called by his name.*

Rivers, arise : whether thou be the son  
 Of utmost Tweed, or Ouse, or gulfy Dun,  
 Or Trent, who, like some earth-born giant, spreads  
 His thirty arms along the indented meads,  
 Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath,  
 Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death,  
 Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lea,  
 Or coaly Tyne, or ancient hallowed Dee,  
 Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name,  
 Or Medway smooth, or royal-towered Thame. 100

*The rest was prose.*

## ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

*Composed 1629.*

## I.

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,  
 Our great redemption from above did bring ;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing,  
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

## II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,  
 And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,  
 Wherewith he went at Heaven's high council-table 10  
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 He laid aside, and, here with us to be,  
 Forsook the courts of everlasting day,  
 And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

## III.

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a present to the Infant God?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome him to this his new abode,  
 Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

## IV.

See how from far upon the eastern road  
 The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet !  
 Oh ! run ; prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet ;  
 Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,  
 And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
 From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

## THE HYMN.

## I.

It was the winter wild,  
While the heaven-born child  
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ; 30  
Nature, in awe to him,  
Had doffed her gaudy trim,  
With her great Master so to sympathize :  
It was no season then for her  
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

## II.

Only with speeches fair  
She woos the gentle air  
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,  
And on her naked shame, 40  
Pollute with sinful blame,  
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;  
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes  
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

## III.

But he, her fears to cease,  
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :  
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding  
Down through the turning sphere,  
His ready harbinger,  
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ; 50  
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,  
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

## IV.

No war, or battle's sound,  
Was heard the world around ;  
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;  
The hooked chariot stood,  
Unstained with hostile blood ;  
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;  
And kings sat still with awful eye,  
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

## V.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began.  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

## VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,  
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,  
Bending one way their precious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;  
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

70

## VII.

And, though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferior flame  
The new-enlightened world no more should need :  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

80

## VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,  
Or ere the point of dawn,  
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;  
Full little thought they than  
That the mighty Pan  
Was kindly come to live with them below :  
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,  
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

90

## IX.

When such music sweet  
 Their hearts and ears did greet  
 As never was by mortal finger strook,  
 Divinely-warbled voice  
 Answering the stringed noise,  
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :  
 The air, such pleasure loth to lose, 99  
 With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

## X.

Nature, that heard such sound  
 Beneath the hollow round  
 Of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling, *not*  
 Now was almost won  
 To think her part was done,  
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :  
 She knew such harmony alone  
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

## XI.

At last surrounds their sight  
 A globe of circular light, 110  
 That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed ;  
 The helmèd cherubim  
 And sworded seraphim  
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,  
 Harping in loud and solemn quire,  
 With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

## XII.

Such music (as 'tis said)  
 Before was never made,  
 But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,  
 While the Creator great 120  
 His constellations set,  
 And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,  
 And cast the dark foundations deep,  
 And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

## XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !  
Once bless our human ears,  
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time ;  
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony. 130

## XIV.

For, if such holy song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold ;  
And speckled Vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;  
And Hell itself will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

## XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,  
Mercy will sit between,  
Throned in celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;  
And Heaven, as at some festival,  
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

## XVI.

But wisest Fate says No,  
This must not yet be so ;  
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss,  
So both himself and us to glorify :  
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep, 150

## XVII.

With such a horrid clang  
As on Mount Sinai rang,  
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :  
The aged Earth, aghast 160  
With terror of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,  
When, at the world's last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

## XVIII.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins ; for from this happy day  
The Old Dragon under ground,  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, 170  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

## XIX.

The Oracles are dumb ;  
No voice or hideous hum  
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.  
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,  
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

## XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edged with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;  
With flower-inwoven tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated earth,  
And on the holy hearth, 190  
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;  
In urns, and altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;  
And the chill marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

## XXII.

Peor and Baälim  
Forsake their temples dim,  
With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;  
And moonèd Ashtaroth, 200  
Heaven's queen and mother both,  
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine :  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;  
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

## XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,  
Hath left in shadows dread  
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with cymbals' ring  
They call the grisly king,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 210  
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian grove or green,  
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest ;  
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;  
In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,  
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshiped ark. 220

## XXV.

He feels from Juda's land  
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;  
 The rays of Bethléhem blind his dusky eyn ;  
 Nor all the gods beside  
 Longer dare abide,  
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,  
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

## XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,  
 Curtained with cloudy red,  
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,  
 The flocking shadows pale  
 Troop to the infernal jail,  
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,  
 And the yellow-skirted fays  
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

230

## XXVII.

But see ! the Virgin blest  
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.  
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :  
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star  
 Hath fixed her polished car,  
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending ;  
 And all about the courtly stable  
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

240

## UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

YE flaming Powers, and wingèd Warriors bright,  
 That erst with music, and triumphant song,  
 First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,  
 So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along,  
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,  
 Now mourn ; and, if sad share with us to bear  
 Your fiery essence can distil no tear,

Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow.  
 He who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere  
 Entered the world now bleeds to give us ease.  
 Alas! how soon our sin  
     Sore doth begin  
     His infancy to seize!

10

O more exceeding love, or law more just?  
 Just law, indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 For we, by rightful doom remediless,  
 Were lost in death, till he, that dwelt above  
 High-throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust  
 Emptied his glory, even to nakedness;  
 And that great covenant which we still transgress  
 Entirely satisfied,  
 And the full wrath beside  
 Of vengeful justice bore for our excess,  
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart  
 This day; but oh! ere long,  
     Huge pangs and strong  
     Will pierce more near his heart.

20

## THE PASSION.

## I.

EREWILE of music, and ethereal mirth,  
 Wherewith the stage of Air and Earth did ring,  
 And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,  
 My muse with Angels did divide to sing;  
 But headlong joy is ever on the wing,  
 In wintry solstice like the shortened light  
 Soon swallowed up in dark and long outliving night.

## II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,  
 And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,  
 Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,  
 Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,  
 Which he for us did freely undergo:  
 Most perfect Hero, tried in heaviest plight  
 Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

10

## III.

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,  
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,  
Poor fleshly tabernacle enterèd,  
His starry front low-roofed beneath the skies :  
Oh, what a mask was there, what a disguise!  
Yet more : the stroke of death he must abide ;  
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

20

## IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse ;  
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound.  
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,  
And former sufferings, elsewhere are found ;  
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump doth sound :  
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings  
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

## V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief !  
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,  
And work my flattered fancy to belief  
That heaven and earth are coloured with my woe ;  
My sorrows are too dark for day to know :  
The leaves should all be black whereon I write,  
And letters, where my tears have washed, a wannish white.

30

## VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,  
That whirled the prophet up at Chebar flood ;  
My spirit some transporting cherub feels  
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,  
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood.  
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,  
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatic fit.

40

## VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulchral rock  
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store,

And here, though grief my feeble hands up-lock,  
 Yet on the softened quarry would I score  
 My plaining verse as lively as before ;

For sure so well instructed are my tears  
 That they would fitly fall in ordered characters.

## VIII.

Or, should I thence, hurried on viewless wing, 50  
 Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,  
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring  
 Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild ;  
 And I (for grief is easily beguiled)

Might think the infection of my sorrows loud  
 Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

*This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had when he wrote it, and nothing  
 satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.*

## ON TIME.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race :  
 Call on the lazy leaden-stepping Hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace ;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross ;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain !

For, whenas each thing bad thou hast entombed,  
 And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed, 10  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss,  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood ;  
 When every thing that is sincerely good  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,  
 Then, all this earthy grossness quit, 20  
 Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,

Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time !

## AT A SOLEMN MUSIC.

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,  
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,  
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixed power employ,  
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;  
 And to our high-raised phantasy present  
 That undisturbed song of pure concent,  
 Aye sung before the sapphire-coloured throne  
 To Him that sits thereon,  
 With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;  
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10  
 Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,  
 And the Cherubic host in thousand quires  
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,  
 Hymns devout and holy psalms  
 Singing everlastingly :  
 That we on Earth, with undiscording voice,  
 May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din 20  
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood  
 In first obedience, and their state of good.  
 O, may we soon again renew that song,  
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long  
 To his celestial consort us unite,  
 To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light!

## SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, Day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.  
 Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long. 10

## ON SHAKESPEARE. 1630.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones  
 The labour of an age in pilèd stones?  
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.  
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,  
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make *us* marble with too much conceiving,  
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

## ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the Plague.*

HERE lies old Hobson. Death hath broke his girt,  
 And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;  
 Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one  
 He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.  
 'Twas such a shifter that, if truth were known,  
 Death was half glad when he had got him down;  
 For he had any time this ten years full  
 Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*.  
 And surely Death could never have prevailed,  
 Had not his weekly course of carriage failed; 10  
 But lately, finding him so long at home,  
 And thinking now his journey's end was come,  
 And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,  
 In the kind office of a chamberlin  
 Showed him his room where he must lodge that night,  
 Pulled off his boots, and took away the light.  
 If any ask for him, it shall be said,  
 "Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed."

## ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove  
 That he could never die while he could move;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on and keep his trot;  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time;  
 And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight. 10  
 Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hastened on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sickened,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickened.  
 "Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretched,  
 "If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetched,  
 But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 For one carrier put down to make six bearers." 20  
 Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light.  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,  
 And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't),  
 As he were pressed to death, he cried, "More weight!"  
 But, had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal, and had his fate 30  
 Linked to the mutual flowing of the seas;  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase.  
 His letters are delivered all and gone;  
 Only remains this superscription.

## AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

THIS rich marble doth inter  
 The honoured wife of Winchester,  
 A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,  
 Besides what her virtues fair  
 Added to her noble birth,  
 More than she could own from Earth.

Summers three times eight save one  
 She had told ; alas ! too soon,  
 After so short time of breath,  
 To house with darkness and with death ! 10  
 Yet, had the number of her days  
 Been as complete as was her praise,  
 Nature and Fate had had no strife  
 In giving limit to her life.  
 Her high birth and her graces sweet  
 Quickly found a lover meet ;  
 The virgin quire for her request  
 The god that sits at marriage-feast ;  
 He at their invoking came,  
 But with a scarce well-lighted flame ; 20  
 And in his garland, as he stood,  
 Ye might discern a cypress-bud.  
 Once had the early matrons run  
 To greet her of a lovely son,  
 And now with second hope she goes,  
 And calls Lucina to her throes ;  
 But, whether by mischance or blame,  
 Atropos for Lucina came,  
 And with remorseless cruelty  
 Spoiled at once both fruit and tree. 30  
 The hapless babe before his birth  
 Had burial, not yet laid in earth ;  
 And the languished mother's womb  
 Was not long a living tomb.  
 So have I seen some tender slip,  
 Saved with care from winter's nip,  
 The pride of her carnation train,  
 Plucked up by some unheedy swain,  
 Who only thought to crop the flower  
 New shot up from vernal shower ; 40  
 But the fair blossom hangs the head  
 Sideways, as on a dying bed,  
 And those pearls of dew she wears  
 Prove to be presaging tears  
 Which the sad morn had let fall  
 On her hastening funeral.  
 Gentle Lady, may thy grave  
 Peace and quiet ever have !  
 After this thy travail sore,  
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore, 50  
 That, to give the world increase,  
 Shortened hast thy own life's lease !  
 Here, besides the sorrowing

That thy noble house doth bring,  
 Here be tears of perfect moan  
 Weept for thee in Helicon ;  
 And some flowers and some bays  
 For thy hearse, to strew the ways,  
 Sent thee from the banks of Came,  
 Devoted to thy virtuous name ; 60  
 Whilst thou, bright Saint, high sitt'st in glory,  
 Next her, much like to thee in story,  
 That fair Syrian shepherdess,  
 Who, after years of barrenness,  
 The highly-favoured Joseph bore  
 To him that served for her before,  
 And at her next birth, much like thee,  
 Through pangs fled to felicity,  
 Far within the bosom bright  
 Of blazing Majesty and Light : 70  
 There with thee, new-welcome Saint,  
 Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,  
 With thee there clad in radiant sheen,  
 No Marchioness, but now a Queen.

## L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born *there he dwelt*  
 In Stygian cave forlorn *dog.*  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !  
 Find out some uncouth cell,  
 Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
 And the night-raven sings ;  
 There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,  
 As ragged as thy locks,  
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10  
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,  
 And by men heart-easing Mirth ; *Calia, &c.*  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister Graces more,  
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :  
 Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying, *passing*  
 There, on beds of violets blue, 20

And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,  
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.  
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,  
 Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek, *The cup bearer*  
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it, as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe;  
 And in thy right hand lead with thee  
 The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprieved pleasures free; 40  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And, singing, startle the dull night,  
 From his watch-tower in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good-morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine; *honey-suckle*  
 While the cock, with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin; 50  
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,  
 Stoutly struts his dames before:  
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
 From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:  
 Sometime walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate  
 Where the great Sun begins his state, 60  
 Robed in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
 While the ploughman, near at hand,  
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And every shepherd tells his tale *can* *is sleep*  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landskip round it measures : 70  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The labouring clouds do often rest ;  
Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted trees,  
Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80  
Hard by a cottage chimney smokes  
From betwixt two aged oaks,  
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met  
Are at their savoury dinner set  
Of herbs and other country messes,  
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;  
And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
Or, if the earlier season lead,  
To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90  
Sometimes, with secure delight,  
The upland hamlets will invite,  
When the merry bells ring round,  
And jocund rebecks sound  
To many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the chequered shade,  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday,  
Till the livelong daylight fail :  
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100  
With stories told of many a feat,  
How Faery Mab the junkets eat.  
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;  
And he, by Friar's lantern led,  
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-labourers could not end ;  
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend, 110  
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,  
And crop-full out of doors he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,

By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.  
 Towered cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream  
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild,  
 And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout 140  
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running,  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150  
 These delights if thou canst give,  
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Folly without father bred!  
 How little you bested,  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,  
As thick and numberless

As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,  
Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy!

Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright

To hit the sense of human sight,

And therefore to our weaker view

O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;

Black, but such as in esteem

Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,

Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove

To set her beauty's praise above

The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.

Yet thou art higher far descended:

Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore

To solitary Saturn bore;

His daughter she; in Saturn's reign

Such mixture was not held a stain.

Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades

Of woody Ida's inmost grove,

Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,

Sober, steadfast, and demure,

All in a robe of darkest grain,

Flowing with majestic train,

And sable stole of cypress lawn

Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

Come; but keep thy wonted state,

With even step, and musing gait,

And looks commercing with the skies,

Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:

There, held in holy passion still,

Forget thyself to marble, till

With a sad leaden downward cast

Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,

Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

And hears the Muses in a ring

Aye round about Jove's altar sing;

And add to these retired Leisure,

That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;

But, first and chiefest, with thee bring

Him that yon soars on golden wing,

10

20

30

40

50

Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
 The Cherub Contemplation ;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy !  
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song ;  
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering moon,  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.  
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar ;  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removèd place will fit,  
 Where glowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.  
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,  
 With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere  
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook ;  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,

Or the tale of Troy divine, 100  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.  
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower;  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,  
 And made Hell grant what love did seek;  
 Or call up him that left half-told  
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110  
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,  
 And who had Canace to wife,  
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,  
 And of the wondrous horse of brass  
 On which the Tartar king did ride;  
 And if aught else great bards beside  
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,  
 Of turneys, and of trophies hung,  
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,  
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120  
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont  
 With the Attic boy to hunt, *Lathum*  
 But kerchieft in a comely cloud,  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves,  
 With minute-drops from off the eaves. 130  
 And, when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There, in close covert, by some brook,  
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140  
 Hide me from day's garish eye,  
 While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
 That at her flowery work doth sing,  
 And the waters murmuring,  
 With such consort as they keep,  
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.

And let some strange mysterious dream  
 Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
 Of lively portraiture displayed,  
 Softly on my eyelids laid ; 150  
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
 Above, about, or underneath,  
 Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,  
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.  
 But let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high embowèd roof,  
 With antique pillars massy-proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light. 160  
 There let the pealing organ blow,  
 To the full-voiced quire below,  
 In service high and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.  
 And may at last my weary age  
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,  
 Where I may sit and rightlly spell 170  
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
 And every herb that sips the dew,  
 Till old experience do attain  
 To something like prophetic strain.  
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give ;  
 And I with thee will choose to live.

## ARCADES.

*Part of an Entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby at Harefield by some Noble Persons of her Family; who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit, moving toward the seat of state, with this song:*

## I. Song.

LOOK, Nymphs and Shepherds, look!  
 What sudden blaze of majesty  
 Is that which we from hence descry,  
 Too divine to be mistook?

This, this is she  
 To whom our vows and wishes bend:  
 Here our solemn search hath end.  
 Fame, that her high worth to raise  
 Seemed erst so lavish and profuse,  
 We may justly now accuse  
 Of detraction from her praise:  
 Less than half we find expressed;  
 Envy bid conceal the rest.

10

Mark what radiant state she spreads,  
 In circle round her shining throne  
 Shooting her beams like silver threads:  
 This, this is she alone,  
 Sitting like a goddess bright  
 In the centre of her light.

Might she the wise Latona be,  
 Or the towered Cybele,  
 Mother of a hundred gods?  
 Juno dares not give her odds:  
 Who had thought this clime had held  
 A deity so unparalleled?

20

*As they come forward, THE GENIUS OF THE WOOD appears, and, turning toward them, speaks.*

*Gen.* Stay, gentle Swains, for, though in this disguise,  
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes;  
 Of famous Arcady ye are, and sprung

Of that renownèd flood, so often sung,  
 Divine Alpheus, who, by secret sluice, 30  
 Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;  
 And ye, the breathing roses of the wood,  
 Fair silver-buskin'd Nymphs, as great and good.  
 I know this quest of yours and free intent  
 Was all in honour and devotion meant  
 To the great mistress of yon princely shrine,  
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,  
 And with all helpful service will comply  
 To further this night's glad solemnity,  
 And lead ye where ye may more near behold 40  
 What shallow-searching Fame hath left untold;  
 Which I full oft, amidst these shades alone,  
 Have sat to wonder at, and gaze upon.  
 For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power  
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,  
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove  
 With ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove;  
 And all my plants I save from nightly ill  
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill;  
 And from the boughs brush off the evil dew, 50  
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,  
 Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,  
 Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.  
 When evening grey doth rise, I fetch my round  
 Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;  
 And early, ere the odorous breath of morn  
 Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasselled horn  
 Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,  
 Number my ranks, and visit every sprout  
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless. 60  
 But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
 Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
 To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
 That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
 And turn the adamantine spindle round  
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
 Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
 To lull the daughters of Necessity,  
 And keep unsteady Nature to her law, 70  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurgèd ear.  
 And yet such music worthiest were to blaze  
 The peerless height of her immortal praise

Whose lustre leads us, and for her most fit,  
 If my inferior hand or voice could hit  
 Inimitable sounds. Yet, as we go,  
 Whate'er the skill of lesser gods can show  
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,  
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state ;  
 Where ye may all, that are of noble stem,  
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vesture's hem.

80

## II. *Song.*

O'er the smooth enamelled green,  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me, as I sing  
     And touch the warbled string :  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star-proof  
     Follow me.  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

90

## III. *Song.*

Nymphs and Shepherds, dance no more  
 By sandy Ladon's lilled banks ;  
 On old Lycæus, or Cyllene hoar,  
 Trip no more in twilight ranks ;  
 Though Erymanth your loss deplore,  
 A better soil shall give ye thanks.  
 From the stony Mænalus  
 Bring your flocks, and live with us ;  
 Here ye shall have greater grace,  
 To serve the Lady of this place.  
 Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,  
 Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.  
     Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

100

## COMUS.

"A MASQUE PRESENTED AT LUDLOW CASTLE, 1634, &c."

(For the Title-pages of the Editions of 1637 and 1645 see Introduction at p. 426 and p. 427.)

## DEDICATION OF THE ANONYMOUS EDITION OF 1637.

(Reprinted in the Edition of 1645, but omitted in that of 1673.)

*"To the Right Honourable John, Lord Brackley, son and heir-apparent to the Earl of Bridgewater, &c."*

"My Lord,

"This Poem, which received its first occasion of birth from yourself and others of your noble family, and much honour from your own person in the performance, now returns again to make a final dedication of itself to you. Although not openly acknowledged by the Author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely and so much desired that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction, and brought me to a necessity of producing it to the public view, and now to offer it up, in all rightful devotion, to those fair hopes and rare endowments of your much-promising youth, which give a full assurance to all that know you of a future excellence. Live, sweet Lord, to be the honour of your name; and receive this as your own from the hands of him who hath by many favours been long obliged to your most honoured Parents, and, as in this representation your attendant *Thyrsis*, so now in all real expression

"Your faithful and most humble Servant,

"H. LAWES."

*"The Copy of a Letter written by Sir Henry Wotton to the Author upon the following Poem."*

(In the Edition of 1645: omitted in that of 1673.)

"From the College, this 13 of April, 1638.

"Sir,

"It was a special favour when you lately bestowed upon me here the first taste of your acquaintance, though no longer than to make me know that I wanted more time to value it and to enjoy it rightly; and, in truth, if I could then have imagined your farther stay in these parts, which I understood afterwards by Mr. H., I would have been bold, in our vulgar phrase, to mend my draught (for you left me with an extreme thirst), and to have begged

your conversation again, jointly with your said learned friend, over a poor meal or two, that we might have banded together some good Authors of the ancient time; among which I observed you to have been familiar.

"Since your going, you have charged me with new obligations, both for a very kind letter from you dated the 6th of this month, and for a dainty piece of entertainment which came therewith. Wherein I should much commend the tragical part, if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in your Songs and Odes, whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language: *Ipsa mollities*. But I must not omit to tell you that I now only owe you thanks for intimating unto me (how modestly soever) the true artificer. For the work itself I had viewed some good while before with singular delight; having received it from our common friend Mr. R., in the very close of the late R.'s Poems, printed at Oxford: whereunto it was added (as I now suppose) that the accessory might help out the principal, according to the art of Stationers, and to leave the reader *con la bocca dolce*.

"Now, Sir, concerning your travels; wherein I may challenge a little more privilege of discourse with you. I suppose you will not blanch Paris in your way: therefore I have been bold to trouble you with a few lines to Mr. M. B., whom you shall easily find attending the young Lord S. as his governor; and you may surely receive from him good directions for the shaping of your farther journey into Italy where he did reside, by my choice, some time for the King, after mine own recess from Venice.

"I should think that your best line will be through the whole length of France to Marselles, and thence by sea to Genoa; whence the passage into Tuscany is as diurnal as a Gravesend barge. I hasten, as you do, to Florence or Siena, the rather to tell you a short story, from the interest you have given me in your safety.

"At Siena I was tabled in the house of one Alberto Scipioni, an old Roman courtier in dangerous times; having been steward to the Duca di Pagliano, who with all his family were strangled, save this only man that escaped by foresight of the tempest. With him I had often much chat of those affairs, into which he took pleasure to look back from his native harbour; and, at my departure toward Rome (which had been the centre of his experience), I had won his confidence enough to beg his advice how I might carry myself there without offence of others or of mine own conscience. '*Signor Arrigo mio,*' says he, '*I pensieri stretti ed il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole world.' Of which Delphian oracle (for so I have found it) your judgment doth need no commentary; and therefore, Sir, I will commit you, with it, to the best of all securities, God's dear love, remaining

"Your friend, as much to command as any of longer date,

"HENRY WOTTON."

*Postscript.*

"Sir: I have expressly sent this my footboy to prevent your departure without some acknowledgment from me of the receipt of your obliging letter; having myself through some business, I know not how, neglected the ordinary conveyance. In any part where I shall understand you fixed, I shall be glad and diligent to entertain you with home-novelities, even for some fomentation of our friendship, too soon interrupted in the cradle."

## THE PERSONS.

The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, afterwards in the habit of THYRSIS.

COMUS, with his Crew.

THE LADY.

FIRST BROTHER.

SECOND BROTHER.

SABRINA, the Nymph.

The Chief Persons which presented were:—

The Lord Brackley ;

Mr. Thomas Egerton, his Brother ;

The Lady Alice Egerton.

[This list of the Persons, &c., appeared in the Edition of 1645, but was omitted  
in that of 1673.]

## COMUS.

*The first Scene discovers a wild wood.*

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT descends or enters.*

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court  
 My mansion is, where those immortal shapes  
 Of bright aerial spirits live insphered  
 In regions mild of calm and serene air,  
 Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
 Which men call Earth, and, with low-thoughted care,  
 Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,  
 Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being,  
 Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,  
 After this mortal change, to her true servants  
 Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.  
 Yet some there be that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden key  
 That opes the palace of eternity.

10

To such my errand is; and, but for such,  
 I would not soil these pure ambrosial weeds  
 With the rank vapours of this sin-worn mould.

But to my task. Neptune, besides the sway  
 Of every salt flood and each ebbing stream,  
 Took in, by lot 'twixt high and nether Jove,  
 Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles  
 That, like to rich and various gems, inlay  
 The unadornèd bosom of the deep;  
 Which he, to grace his tributary gods,  
 By course commits to several government,  
 And gives them leave to wear their sapphire crowns  
 And wield their little tridents. But this Isle,  
 The greatest and the best of all the main,  
 He quarters to his blue-haired deities;  
 And all this tract that fronts the falling sun  
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power  
 Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide  
 An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:  
 Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,  
 Are coming to attend their father's state,

20

30

And new-intrusted sceptre. But their way  
 Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,  
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows  
 Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger ;  
 And here their tender age might suffer peril, 40  
 But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,  
 I was despatched for their defence and guard !  
 And listen why ; for I will tell you now  
 What never yet was heard in tale or song,  
 From old or modern bard, in hall or bower.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape  
 Crushed the sweet poison of misused wine,  
 After the Tuscan mariners transformed,  
 Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed,  
 On Circe's island fell. (Who knows not Circe, 50  
 The daughter of the Sun, whose charmed cup  
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape,  
 And downward fell into a grovelling swine ?)  
 This Nymph, that gazed upon his clustering locks,  
 With ivy berries wreathed, and his blithe youth,  
 Had by him, ere he parted thence, a son  
 Much like his father, but his mother more,  
 Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named :  
 Who, ripe and frolic of his full-grown age, *cellia - fine*  
 Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields, 60  
 At last betakes him to this ominous wood,  
 And, in thick shelter of black shades imbowered,  
 Excels his mother at her mighty art ;  
 Offering to every weary traveller  
 His orient liquor in a crystal glass,  
 To quench the drouth of Phœbus ; which as they taste  
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst),  
 Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,  
 The express resemblance of the gods, is changed  
 Into some brutish form of wolf or bear, 70  
 Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,  
 All other parts remaining as they were.  
 And they, so perfect is their misery,  
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,  
 But boast themselves more comely than before,  
 And all their friends and native home forget,  
 To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.  
 Therefore, when any favoured of high Jove  
 Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,  
 Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star 80  
 I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,  
 As now I do. But first I must put off

These my sky-robcs, spun out of Iris' woof,  
 And take the weeds and likeness of a swain  
 That to the service of this house belongs,  
 Who, with his soft pipe and smooth-dittied song,  
 Well knows to still the wild winds when they roar,  
 And hush the waving woods ; nor of less faith,  
 And in this office of his mountain watch  
 Likeliest, and nearest to the present aid  
 Of this occasion. But I hear the tread  
 Of hateful steps ; I must be viewless now.

90

*Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistering. They come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.*

*Comus.* The star that bids the shepherd fold  
 Now the top of heaven doth hold ;  
 And the gilded car of day  
 His glowing axle doth allay  
 In the steep Atlantic stream :  
 And the slope sun his upward beam  
 Shoots against the dusky pole,  
 Pacing toward the other goal  
 Of his chamber in the east.  
 Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,  
 Midnight shout and revelry,  
 Tipsy dance and jollity.  
 Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
 Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
 Rigour now is gone to bed ;  
 And Advice with scrupulous head,  
 Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
 We, that are of purer fire,  
 Imitate the starry quire,  
 Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
 Lead in swift round the months and years.  
 The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move ;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep :  
 What hath night to do with sleep?

100

110

120

Night hath better sweets to prove ;  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin ;  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin,  
 Which these dun shades will ne'er report.  
 Hail, goddess of nocturnal sport,  
 Dark-veiled *Cotytto*, to whom the secret flame  
 Of midnight torches burns ! mysterious dame, 130  
 That ne'er art called but when the dragon womb  
 Of Stygian darkness spets her thickest gloom,  
 And makes one blot of all the air !  
 Stay thy cloudy ebon chair,  
 Wherein thou ridest with *Hecat'*, and befriend  
 Us thy vowed priests, till utmost end  
 Of all thy dues be done, and none left out  
 Ere the blabbing eastern scout,  
 The nice Morn on the Indian steep,  
 From her cabined loop-hole peep, 140  
 And to the tell-tale Sun descry  
 Our concealed solemnity.  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

*The Measure.*

Break off, break off ! I feel the different pace  
 Of some chaste footing near about this ground.  
 Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees ;  
 Our number may affright. Some virgin sure  
 (For so I can distinguish by mine art)  
 Benighted in these woods ! Now to my charms, 150  
 And to my wily trains : I shall ere long  
 Be well stocked with as fair a herd as grazed  
 About my mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl  
 My dazling spells into the spongy air,  
 Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,  
 And give it false presentments, lest the place  
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,  
 And put the damsel to suspicious flight ;  
 Which must not be, for that's against my course.  
 I, under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160  
 And well-placed words of glozing courtesies,  
 Baited with reasons not unplausible,  
 Wind me into the easy-hearted man,  
 And hug him into snares. When once her eye  
 Hath met the virtue of this magic dust  
 I shall appear some harmless villager,

Whom thrift keeps up about his country gear.  
But here she comes ; I fairly step aside,  
And hearken, if I may her business hear.

*The LADY enters.*

*Lady.* This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound 171  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,  
When, for their teeming flocks and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loth  
To meet the rudeness and swilled insolence  
Of such late wassailers ; yet, oh ! where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet 180  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favour of these pines,  
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit  
As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
They left me then when the grey-hooded Even,  
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,  
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain. 190  
But where they are, and why they came not back,  
Is now the labour of my thoughts. 'Tis likeliest  
They had engaged their wandering steps too far ;  
And envious darkness, ere they could return,  
Had stole them from me. Else, O thievish Night,  
Why shouldst thou, but for some felonious end,  
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars  
That Nature hung in heaven, and filled their lamps  
With everlasting oil, to give due light  
To the misled and lonely traveller? 200  
This is the place, as well as I may guess,  
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth  
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;  
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.  
What might this be ? A thousand fantasies  
Begin to throng into my memory,  
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,  
And airy tongues that syllable men's names  
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound 210  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.  
 O, welcome, pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity!  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,  
 To keep my life and honour unassailed. . . . 220  
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?  
 I did not err: there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot hallo to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits  
 Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

*Song.*

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen 230  
 Within thy airy shell  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet-embroidered vale  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That liketh thy Narcissus are?  
 O, if thou have  
 Hid them in some flowery cave,  
 Tell me but where, 240  
 Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

*Comus.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 To testify his hidden residence.  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night, 250  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard

My mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,  
 Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,  
 Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause.  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense, 260  
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;  
 But such a sacred and home-felt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss,  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen.—Hail, foreign wonder!  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood. 270

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise  
 That is addressed to unattending ears.  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my severed company,  
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Comus.* What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

*Lady.* Dim darkness and this leavy labyrinth.

*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf. 280

*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

*Comus.* And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit!

*Comus.* Imports their loss, beside the present need?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips. 290

*Comus.* Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox

In his loose traces from the furrow came,  
 And the swinked hedger at his supper sat.  
 I saw them under a green mantling vine,  
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill,  
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;  
 Their port was more than human, as they stood.  
 I took it for a faery vision  
 Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live, 300  
 And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-strook,  
 And, as I passed, I worshiped. If those you seek,  
 It were a journey like the path to Heaven  
 To help you find them.

*Lady.* Gentle villager,  
 What readiest way would bring me to that place?

*Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good shepherd, I suppose,  
 In such a scant allowance of star-light,  
 Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,  
 Without the sure guess of well-practised feet. 310

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,  
 Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,  
 And every bosky bourn from side to side,  
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;  
 And, if your stray attendance be yet lodged,  
 Or shroud within these limits, I shall know  
 Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark  
 From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,  
 I can conduct you, Lady, to a low  
 But loyal cottage, where you may be safe 320  
 Till further quest.

*Lady.* Shepherd, I take thy word,  
 And trust thy honest-offered courtesy,  
 Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds,  
 With smoky rafters, than in tapestry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,  
 And yet is most pretended. In a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on. . . . 330

*The Two BROTHERS.*

*Eld. Bro.* Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,  
 That won'tst to love the traveller's benison,  
 Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,  
 And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here  
 In double night of darkness and of shades;  
 Or, if your influence be quite dammed up  
 With black usurping mists, some gentle taper,  
 Though a rush-candle from the wicker hole  
 Of some clay habitation, visit us  
 With thy long levelled rule of streaming light, 340

And thou shalt be our star of Arcady, ~~our star of~~  
Or Tyrian Cynosure.

*Sec. Bro.* Or, if our eyes  
Be barred that happiness, might we but hear  
The folded flocks, penned in their wattled cotes,  
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,  
Or whistle from the lodge, or village cock  
Count the night-watches to his feathery dames,  
'Twould be some solace yet, some little cheering,  
In this close dungeon of innumerable boughs.  
But, Oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister! 350  
Where may she wander now, whither betake her  
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?  
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,  
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm  
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with sad fears.  
What if in wild amazement and affright,  
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp  
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat!

*Eld. Bro.* Peace, brother: be not over-exquisite  
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils; 360  
For, grant they be so, while they rest unknown,  
What need a man forestall his date of grief,  
And run to meet what he would most avoid?  
Or, if they be but false alarms of fear,  
How bitter is such self-delusion!  
I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That, in the various bustle of resort,  
Were all to-ruffled, and sometimes impaired. 380  
He that has light within his own clear breast  
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

*Sec. Bro.* 'Tis most true

That musing Meditation most affects  
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell,  
 Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,  
 And sits as safe as in a senate-house ;  
 For who would rob a hermit of his weeds, 390  
 His few books, or his beads, or maple dish,  
 Or do his grey hairs any violence ?  
 But Beauty, like the fair Hesperian tree  
 Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard  
 Of dragon-watch with unenchanted eye  
 To save her blossoms, and defend her fruit,  
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence.  
 You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps  
 Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,  
 And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope 400  
 Danger will wink on Opportunity,  
 And let a single helpless maiden pass  
 Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.  
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not ;  
 I fear the dread events that dog them both,  
 Lest some ill-greeting touch attempt the person  
 Of our unowned sister.

*Eld. Bro.* I do not, brother,  
 Infer as if I thought my sister's state  
 Secure without all doubt or controversy ;  
 Yet, where an equal poise of hope and fear 410  
 Does arbitrate the event, my nature is  
 That I incline to hope rather than fear,  
 And gladly banish squint suspicion.  
 My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength,  
 Which you remember not.

*Sec. Bro.* What hidden strength,  
 Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that ?

*Eld. Bro.* I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
 Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.  
 'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity : 420  
 She that has that is clad in complete steel,  
 And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,  
 May trace huge forests, and unharboured heaths,  
 Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds ;  
 Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
 No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,  
 Will dare to soil her virgin purity.  
 Yea, there where very desolation dwells,  
 By grots and caverns shagged with horrid shades,  
 She may pass on with unblenched majesty, 430

Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
 Some say no evil thing that walks by night,  
 In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
 Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,  
 That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,  
 No goblin or swart faery of the mine,  
 Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
 Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
 Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
 To testify the arms of chastity? 440  
 Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
 Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,  
 Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness  
 And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought  
 The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
 Feared her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.  
 What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield  
 That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,  
 Wherewith she freezed her foes to congealed stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity, 450  
 And noble grace that dashed brute violence  
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
 So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity  
 That, when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream and solemn vision  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape, 460  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal. But, when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470  
 Oft seen in charnel-vaults and sepulchres,  
 Lingerin' and sitting by a new-made grave,  
 As loth to leave the body that it loved,  
 And linked itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

*Sec. Bro.* How charming is divine Philosophy!  
 Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,

But musical as is Apollo's lute,  
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,  
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

*Eld. Bro.* List! list! I hear 480  
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

*Sec. Bro.* Methought so too; what should it be?

*Eld. Bro.* For certain,  
Either some one, like us, night-founded here,  
Or else some neighbour woodman, or, at worst,  
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

*Sec. Bro.* Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!  
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

*Eld. Bro.* I'll hallo.  
If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,  
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!

*The ATTENDANT SPIRIT, habited like a shepherd.*

That hallo I should know. What are you? speak. 490  
Come not too near; you fall on iron stakes else.

*Spir.* What voice is that? my young Lord? speak again.

*Sec. Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis! whose artful strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal,  
And sweetened every musk-rose of the dale.

How camest thou here, good swain? Hath any ram  
Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,  
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?  
How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook? 500

*Spir.* O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,  
I came not here on such a trivial toy  
As a strayed ewe, or to pursue the stealth  
Of pilfering wolf; not all the fleecy wealth  
That doth enrich these downs is worth a thought  
To this my errand, and the care it brought.  
But, oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?  
How chance she is not in your company?

*Eld. Bro.* To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame  
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came. 510

*Spir.* Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

*Eld. Bro.* What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

*Spir.* I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous  
(Though so esteemed by shallow ignorance)  
What the sage poets, taught by the heavenly Muse,  
Storied of old in high immortal verse  
Of dire Chimeras and enchanted isles,

And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to Hell;  
For such there be, but unbelief is blind.

Within the navel of this hideous wood, 520  
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,  
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,  
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,  
And here to every thirsty wanderer  
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,  
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison  
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,  
And the inglorious likeness of a beast  
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage  
Charactered in the face. / This have I learnt 530  
Tending my flocks hard by i' the hilly crofts  
That brow this bottom glade; whence night by night  
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl  
Like stabled wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscurèd haunts of inmost bowers.  
Yet have they many baits and guileful spells  
To inveigle and invite the unwary sense  
Of them that pass unweeting by the way.  
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks 540  
Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb  
Of knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,  
I sat-me down to watch upon a bank  
With ivy canopied, and interwove  
With flaunting honeysuckle, and began,  
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy,  
To meditate my rural minstrelsy,  
Till fancy had her fill. But ere a close  
The wonted roar was up amidst the woods,  
And filled the air with barbarous dissonance; 550  
At which I ceased, and listened them a while,  
Till an unusual stop of sudden silence  
Gave respite to the drowsy-flighted steeds  
That draw the litter of close-curtained Sleep.  
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,  
And stole upon the air, that even Silence  
Was took ere she was ware, and wished she might  
Deny her nature, and be never more,  
Still to be so displaced. I was all ear, 560  
And took in strains that might create a soul  
Under the ribs of Death. But, oh! ere long  
Too well I did perceive it was the voice  
Of my most honoured Lady, your dear sister.

Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;  
 And 'O poor hapless nightingale,' thought I,  
 'How sweet thou sing'st, how near the deadly snare!'  
 Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,  
 Through paths and turnings often trod by day,  
 Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place  
 Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise  
 (For so by certain signs I knew), had met  
 Already, ere my best speed could prevent,  
 The aidless innocent lady, his wished prey;  
 Who gently asked if he had seen such two,  
 Supposing him some neighbour villager.  
 Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed  
 Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung  
 Into swift flight, till I had found you here;  
 But further know I not.

570

*Sec. Bro.* O night and shades,  
 How are ye joined with hell in triple knot  
 Against the unarmed weakness of one virgin,  
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence  
 You gave me, brother?

580

*Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it still;  
 Lean on it safely; not a period  
 Shall be unsaid for me. Against the threats  
 Of malice or of sorcery, or that power  
 Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm:  
 Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,  
 Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled;  
 Yea, even that which Mischief meant most harm  
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory.  
 But evil on itself shall back recoil,  
 And mix no more with goodness, when at last,  
 Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,  
 It shall be in eternal restless change  
 Self-fed and self-consumed. If this fail,  
 The pillared firmament is rottenness,  
 And earth's base built on stubble. But come, let's on!  
 Against the opposing will and arm of Heaven  
 May never this just sword be lifted up;  
 But, for that damned magician, let him be girt  
 With all the griesly legions that troop  
 Under the sooty flag of Acheron,  
 Harpies and Hydras, or all the monstrous forms  
 'Twixt Africa and Ind, I'll find him out,  
 And force him to return his purchase back,  
 Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,  
 Cursed as his life.

590

600

*Spir.* Alas! good venturous youth, - 610  
 I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;  
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead.  
 Far other arms and other weapons must  
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.  
 He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,  
 And crumble all thy sinews.

*Eld. Bro.* Why, prithee, Shepherd,  
 How durst thou then thyself approach so near  
 As to make this relation?

*Spir.* Care and utmost shifts  
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal  
 Brought to my mind a certain shepherd lad,  
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skilled 620  
 In every virtuous plant and healing herb  
 That spreads her verdant leaf to the morning ray.  
 He loved me well, and oft would beg me sing;  
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass  
 Would sit, and hearken even to ecstasy,  
 And in requital ope his leathern scrip,  
 And show me simples of a thousand names,  
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties.  
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,  
 But of divine effect, he culled me out. 630  
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,  
 But in another country, as he said,  
 Bore a bright golden flower, but not in this soil:  
 Unknown, and like esteemed, and the dull swain  
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;  
 And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly  
 That Hermes once to wise Ulysses gave.  
 He called it Hæmony, and gave it me,  
 And bade me keep it as of sovran use  
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp, 640  
 Or ghastly Furies' apparition.  
 I pursed it up, but little reckoning made,  
 Till now that this extremity compelled.  
 But now I find it true; for by this means  
 I knew the foul enchanter, though disguised,  
 Entered the very lime-twigs of his spells,  
 And yet came off. If you have this about you  
 (As I will give you when we go) you may  
 Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;  
 Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood 650  
 And brandished blade rush on him: break his glass,  
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;  
 But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew

Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,  
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,  
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

*Eld. Bro.* Thyrsis, lead on apace ; I'll follow thee ;  
And some good angel bear a shield before us !

*The Scene changes to a stately palace, set out with all manner of deliciousness : soft music, tables spread with all dainties. COMUS appears with his rabble, and THE LADY set in an enchanted chair: to whom he offers his glass; which she puts by, and goes about to rise.*

*Comus.* Nay, Lady, sit. If I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster, 660  
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,  
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

*Lady.* Fool, do not boast.  
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind  
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind  
Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good.

*Comus.* Why are you vexed, Lady? why do you frown?  
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates  
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures  
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,  
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns 670  
Brisk as the April buds in primrose season.

And first behold this cordial julep here,  
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,  
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.  
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of Thone  
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena

Is of such power to stir up joy as this,  
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.

Why should you be so cruel to yourself,  
And to those dainty limbs, which Nature lent 680  
For gentle usage and soft delicacy?

But you invert the covenants of her trust,  
And harshly deal, like an ill borrower,  
With that which you received on other terms,  
Scorning the unexempt condition

By which all mortal frailty must subsist,  
Refreshment after toil, ease after pain,  
That have been tired all day without repast,  
And timely rest have wanted. But, fair virgin,  
This will restore all soon.

*Lady.* 'Twill not, false traitor! 690  
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty  
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.  
Was this the cottage and the safe abode

Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,  
 These oughly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!  
 Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!  
 Hast thou betrayed my credulous innocence  
 With vizored falsehood and base forgery?  
 And would'st thou seek again to trap me here  
 With liquorish baits, fit to ensnare a brute?  
 Were it a draught for Juno when she banquets,  
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer. None  
 But such as are good men can give good things;  
 And that which is not good is not delicious  
 To a well-governed and wise appetite.

700

*Comus.* O foolishness of men! that lend their ears

To those budge doctors of the Stoic fur,  
 And fetch their precepts from the Cynic tub,  
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence!  
 Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth  
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,  
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,  
 Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,  
 But all to please and sate the curious taste?  
 And set to work millions of spinning worms,  
 That in their green shops weave the smooth-haired silk,  
 To deck her sons; and, that no corner might  
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loins  
 She hatched the all-worshiped ore and precious gems,  
 To store her children with. If all the world  
 Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,  
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,  
 The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised,  
 Not half his riches known, and yet despised;  
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,  
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,  
 And live like Nature's bastards, not her sons,  
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,  
 And strangled with her waste fertility:

710

720

The earth cumbered, and the winged air darked with plumes,  
 The herds would over-multitude their lords;  
 The sea o'erfraught would swell, and the unsought diamonds  
 Would so emblaze the forehead of the deep,  
 And so bestud with stars, that they below  
 Would grow inured to light, and come at last  
 To gaze upon the sun with shameless brows.  
 List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened  
 With that same vaunted name, Virginity.  
 Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,  
 But must be current; and the good thereof

740

Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,  
 Unsavoury in the enjoyment of itself.  
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose  
 It withers on the stalk with languished head.  
 Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown  
 In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities,  
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship.  
 It is for homely features to keep home ;  
 They had their name thence : coarse complexions  
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply  
 The sampler, and to tease the huswife's wool.  
 What need a vermeil-tinctured lip for that,  
 Love-darting eyes, or tresses like the morn ?  
 There was another meaning in these gifts ;  
 Think what, and be advised ; you are but young yet,

750

760

770

780

*Lady.* I had not thought to have unlocked my lips  
 In this unhallowed air, but that this juggler  
 Would think to charm my judgment, as mine eyes,  
 Obtruding false rules pranked in reason's garb.  
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments  
 And virtue has no tongue to check her pride.  
 Impostor ! do not charge most innocent Nature,  
 As if she would her children should be riotous  
 With her abundance. She, good cateress,  
 Means her provision only to the good,  
 That live according to her sober laws,  
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance.  
 If every just man that now pines with want  
 Had but a moderate and be seeming share  
 Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury  
 Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
 Nature's full blessings would be well-dispensed  
 In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
 And she no with encumbered with her store ;  
 And then the Giver would be better thanked,  
 His praise due paid : for swinish gluttony  
 Ne'er looks to Heaven amidst his gorgeous feast,  
 But with besotted base ingratitude  
 Crams, and blasphemes his Feeder. Shall I go on ?  
 Or have I said enow ? To him that dares  
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words  
 Against the sun-clad power of chastity  
 Fain would I something say ;—yet to what end ?  
 Thou hast nor ear, nor soul, to apprehend  
 The sublime notion and high mystery  
 That must be uttered to unfold the sage  
 And serious doctrine of Virginitv ;

And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know  
 More happiness than this thy present lot.  
 Enjoy your dear wit, and gay rhetoric, 790  
 That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence ;  
 Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.  
 Yet, should I try, the uncontrôled worth  
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits  
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence  
 That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,  
 Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,  
 Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

*Comus.* She fables not. I feel that I do fear 800  
 Her words set off by some superior power;  
 And, though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew  
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove  
 Speaks thunder and the chains of Erebus  
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,  
 And try her yet more strongly.—Come, no more !  
 This is mere moral babble, and direct  
 Against the canon laws of our foundation.  
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees  
 And settlings of a melancholy blood. 810  
 But this will cure all straight; one sip of this  
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight  
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste . . .

*The BROTHERS rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The ATTENDANT SPIRIT comes in.*

*Spir.* What ! have you let the false enchanter scape ?  
 O ye mistook ; ye should have snatched his wand,  
 And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,  
 And backward mutters of dissevering power,  
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here  
 In stony fetters fixed and motionless.  
 Yet stay : be not disturbed ; now I bethink me, 820  
 Some other means I have which may be used,  
 Which once of Melibœus old I learnt,  
 The soothest shepherd that e'er piped on plains.  
 There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,  
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream :  
 Sabrina is her name : a virgin pure ;  
 Whilom she was the daughter of Lochrine,  
 That had the sceptre from his father Brute.  
 She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit

Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen, 830  
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood  
 That stayed her flight with his cross-flowing course.  
 The water-nymphs, that in the bottom played,  
 Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,  
 Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;  
 Who, piteous of her woes, reared her lank head,  
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe  
 In nectared lavers strewed with asphodil,  
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense 840  
 Dropt in ambrosial oils, till she revived,  
 And underwent a quick immortal change,  
 Made Goddess of the river. Still she retains  
 Her maiden gentleness, and oft at eve  
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows,  
 Helping all urchin blasts, and ill-luck signs  
 That the shrewd meddling elf delights to make,  
 Which she with precious vial'd liquors heals:  
 For which the shepherds, at their festivals,  
 Carol her goodness loud in rustic lays,  
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850  
 Of pansies, pinks, and gaudy daffodils.  
 And, as the old swain said, she can unlock  
 The clasp'ng charm, and thaw the numbing spell,  
 If she be right invoked in warbled song;  
 For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift  
 To aid a virgin, such as was herself,  
 In hard-besetting need. This will I try,  
 And add the power of some adjuring verse,

*Song.*

Sabrina fair,  
 Listen where thou art sitting 860  
 Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,  
 In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
 The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;  
 Listen for dear honour's sake,  
 Goddess of the silver lake,  
 Listen and save!

Listen, and appear to us,  
 In name of great Oceanus,  
 By the earth-shaking Neptune's mace,  
 And Tethys' grave majestic pace; 870  
 By hoary Nereus' wrinkled look,  
 And the Carpathian wizzard's hook;

By scaly Triton's winding shell,  
 And old soothsaying Glaucus' spell;  
 By Leucothea's lovely hands,  
 And her son that rules the strands;  
 By Thetis' tinsel-slippered feet,  
 And the songs of Sirens sweet;  
 By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,  
 And fair Ligea's golden comb,  
 Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks  
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks;  
 By all the nymphs that nightly dance  
 Upon thy streams with wily glance;  
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head  
 From thy coral-paven bed,  
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,  
 Till thou our summons answered have.  
 Listen and save!

880

*SABRINA rises, attended by Water-nymphs, and sings.*

By the rushy-fringed bank,  
 Where grows the willow and the osier dank,  
 My sliding chariot stays,  
 Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen  
 Of turkis blue, and emerald green,  
 That in the channel strays:  
 Whilst from off the waters fleet  
 Thus I set my printless feet  
 O'er the cowslip's velvet head,  
 That bends not as I tread.  
 Gentle swain, at thy request  
 I am here!

890

900

*Spir.* Goddess dear,  
 We implore thy powerful hand  
 To undo the charmed band  
 Of true virgin here distressed  
 Through the force and through the wile  
 Of unblessed enchanter vile.

*Sabr.* Shepherd, 'tis my office best  
 To help ensnared chastity.  
 Brightest Lady, look on me.  
 Thus I sprinkle on thy breast  
 Drops that from my fountain pure  
 I have kept of precious cure;  
 Thrice upon thy finger's tip,  
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip:  
 Next this marble venom'd seat,

910

Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,  
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.  
 Now the spell hath lost his hold;  
 And I must haste ere morning hour  
 To wait in Amphitrite's bower. 920

SABRINA descends, and THE LADY rises out of her seat.

*Spir.* Virgin, daughter of Lochrine,  
 Sprung of old Anchises' line,  
 May thy brimmed waves for this  
 Their full tribute never miss  
 From a thousand petty rills,  
 That tumble down the snowy hills :  
 Summer drouth or singèd air  
 Never scorch thy tresses fair,  
 Nor wet October's torrent flood 930  
 Thy molten crystal fill with mud;  
 May thy billows roll ashore  
 The beryl and the golden ore;  
 May thy lofty head be crowned  
 With many a tower and terrace round,  
 And here and there thy banks upon  
 With groves of myrrh and cinnamon.

Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us grace,  
 Let us fly this cursed place,  
 Lest the sorcerer us entice 940  
 With some other new device.  
 Not a waste or needless sound  
 Till we come to holier ground.  
 I shall be your faithful guide  
 Through this gloomy covert wide;  
 And not many furlongs thence  
 Is your Father's residence,  
 Where this night are met in state  
 Many a friend to gratulate  
 His wished presence, and beside 950  
 All the swains that there abide  
 With jigs and rural dance resort.  
 We shall catch them at their sport,  
 And our sudden coming there  
 Will double all their mirth and cheer.  
 Come, let us haste; the stars grow high,  
 But Night sits monarch yet in the mid sky.

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town, and the President's Castle: then come in Country Dancers; after them the ATTENDANT SPIRIT, with the two BROTHERS and THE LADY.*

*Song.*

*Spir.* Back, shepherds, back ! Enough your play  
 Till next sun-shine holiday.  
 Here be, without duck or nod, 960  
 Other trippings to be trod  
 Of lighter toes, and such court guise  
 As Mercury did first devise  
 With the mincing *Dryades*  
 On the lawns and on the leas.

*This second Song presents them to their Father and Mother.*

Noble Lord and Lady bright,  
 I have brought ye new delight.  
 Here behold so goodly grown  
 Three fair branches of your own.  
 Heaven hath timely tried their youth, 970  
 Their faith, their patience, and their truth,  
 And sent them here through hard assays  
 With a crown of deathless praise,  
 To triumph in victorious dance  
 O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

*The dances ended, the SPIRIT epiloguizes.*

*Spir.* To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
 There I suck the liquid air, 980  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree.  
 Along the crisped shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring ;  
 The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours  
 Thither all their bounties bring.  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling 990  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew

(List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,  
 Waxing well of his deep wound, 1000  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.  
 But far above, in spangled sheen,  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced  
 Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced  
 After her wandering labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born, 1010  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done :  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.  
 Mortals, that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue ; she alone is free.  
 She can teach ye how to climb 1020  
 Higher than the sphery chime ;  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
 Compels me to disturb your season due;  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

10

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Love doth spring;  
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.  
 Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:  
 So may some gentle Muse

With lucky words favour *my* destined urn,  
 And as he passes turn,  
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

20

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;  
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
 Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,  
 We drove a-field, and both together heard  
 What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
 Oft till the star that rose at evening bright  
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;  
 Tempered to the oaten flute  
 Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
 From the glad sound would not be absent long;

30

And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,  
Now thou art gone and never must return!

Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,  
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,  
And all their echoes, mourn.

40

The willows, and the hazel copses green,  
Shall now no more be seen

Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,

When first the white-thorn blows;

Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep  
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?

50

For neither were ye playing on the steep

Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,

Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.

Ay me! I fondly dream

"Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done?

What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,

The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,

Whom universal nature did lament,

60

When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His gory visage down the stream was sent,

Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care

To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?

Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,

Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

70

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days;

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,

And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"

Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears:

"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,

Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,

80

But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;

As he pronounces lastly on each deed,  
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honoured flood,  
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crowned with vocal reeds,  
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,  
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,  
That came in Neptune's plea.

90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
And questioned every gust of rugged wings  
That blows from off each beaked promontory.

They knew not of his story;  
And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings,  
That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed:  
The air was calm, and on the level brine  
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters played.

100

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,  
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,  
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, *Camus*, reverend sire, went footing slow,  
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,  
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge  
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.  
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"

✓ Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;  
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain  
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

110

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:—  
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,  
Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,  
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!  
Of other care they little reckoning make  
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,  
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold  
A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least  
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

120

What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;  
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs  
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;  
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,  
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,  
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;  
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw  
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

But that two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more." 130

Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past  
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,  
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,  
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,  
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150  
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

For so, to interpose a little ease,  
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;  
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,  
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;  
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,  
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160  
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.  
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:  
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.  
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,  
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,  
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:  
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,  
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,  
Where, other groves and other streams along,  
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,  
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.  
There entertain him all the Saints above,  
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,  
That sing, and singing in their glory move,  
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.  
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;  
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,  
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good  
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

180

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,  
While the still morn went out with sandals grey :  
He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :  
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
And now was dropt into the western bay.  
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :  
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

190

## SONNETS.

## I.

[TO THE NIGHTINGALE.]

O NIGHTINGALE that on yon bloomy spray  
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,  
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,  
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.  
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,  
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,  
 Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will  
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,  
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate  
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh;  
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late  
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why.  
 Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,  
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

## II.

[ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.]

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,  
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!  
 My hasting days fly on with full career,  
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.  
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth  
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;  
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,  
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.  
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,  
 It shall be still in strictest measure even  
 To that same lot, however mean or high,  
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.  
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,  
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

## III.

DONNA leggiadra, il cui bel nome onora  
 L' erbosa val di Reno e il nobil varco,  
 Bene è colui d' ogni valore scarco  
 Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora,  
 Che dolcemente mostrasi di fuora,  
 De' sui atti soavi giammai parco,  
 E i don', che son d' amor saette ed arco,  
 Là onde l' alta tua virtù s' infiora.  
 Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti,  
 Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,  
 Guardi ciascun agli occhi ed agli orecchi  
 L' entrata ch' di te si truova indegno;  
 Grazia sola di sù gli vaglia, innanti  
 Che 'l disio amoroso al cuor s' invecchi.

## IV.

QUAL in colle aspro, all' imbrunir di sera,  
 L' avevazzo giovinetta pastorella  
 Va bagnando l' erbetta strana e bella  
 Che mal si spande a disusata spera  
 Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,  
 Così Amor meco insù la lingua snella  
 Desta il fior novo di strania favella,  
 Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,  
 Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,  
 E 'l bel Tamigi cangio col bell' Arno.  
 Amor lo volse, ed io all' altrui peso  
 Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.  
 Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e 'l duro seno  
 A chi pianta dal ciel sì buon terreno.

## CANZONE.

RIDONSI donne e giovani amorosi  
 M' accostandosi attorno, e 'Perchè scrivi,  
 Perchè tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana  
 Verseggiando d' amor, e come t' osi?  
 Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,  
 E de' pensieri lo miglior t' arrivi!  
 Così mi van burlando: 'altri rivi,  
 Altri lidi t' aspettan, ed altre onde,  
 Nelle cui verdi sponde  
 Spuntati ad or ad or alla tua chioma

L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi.  
 Perchè alle spalle tue soverchia soma ?'  
 Canzon, dirotti, e tu per me rispondi :  
 ' Dice mia Donna, e 'l suo dir è il mio cuore,  
 " Questa è lingua di cui si vanta Amore."'

## V.

DIODATI (e te 'l dirò con meraviglia),  
 Quel ritroso io, ch' amor spreggiar solea  
 È de' suoi lacci spesso mi ridea,  
 Già caddi, ov' uom dabben talor s' impiglia.  
 Nè treccie d' oro nè guancia vermiglia  
 M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto nova idea  
 Pellegrina bellezza che 'l cuor bea,  
 Portamenti alti onesti, e nelle ciglia  
 Quel sereno fulgor d' amabil nero,  
 Parole adorne di lingua più d'una,  
 E 'l cantar che di mezzo l' emispero  
 Traviar ben può la faticosa Luna;  
 E degli occhi suoi avventa sì gran fuoco  
 Che l' incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

## VI.

PER certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia,  
 Esser non può che non sian lo mio sole ;  
 Sì mi percuoton forte, come ei suole  
 Per l' arene di Libia chi s' invia,  
 Mentre un caldo vapor (nè senti pria)  
 Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,  
 Che forse amanti nelle lor parole  
 Chiaman sospir ; io non so che si sia.  
 Parte rinchiusa e turbida si cela  
 Scossomi il petto, e poi n' uscendo poco  
 Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia o s' ingiela ;  
 Ma quanto agli occhi giunge a trovar loco  
 Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose,  
 Finchè mia alba rivien colma di rose.

## VII.

GIOVANE, piano, e semplicetto amante,  
 Poichè fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,  
 Madonna, a voi del mio cuor l' umil dono  
 Farò divoto. Io certo a prove tante

L' ebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,  
 Di pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono.  
 Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,  
 S' arma di se, e d' intero diamante,  
 Tanto del forse e d' invidia sicuro,  
 Di timori, e speranze al popol use,  
 Quanto d' ingegno e d' alto valor vago,  
 E di cetra sonora, e delle Muse.  
 Sol troverete in tal parte men duro  
 Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago.

## VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,  
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.  
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms  
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,  
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.  
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:  
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

## IX.

[TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.]

LADY, that in the prime of earliest youth  
 Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green,  
 And with those few art eminently seen  
 That labour up the hill of heavenly Truth,  
 The better part with Mary and with Ruth  
 Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,  
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,  
 No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.  
 Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends  
 To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,  
 And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore be sure  
 Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feastful friends  
 Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,  
 Hast gained thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

## X.

## TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President  
 Of England's Council and her Treasury,  
 Who lived in both unstained with gold or fee,  
 And left them both, more in himself content,  
 Till the sad breaking of that Parliament  
 Broke him, as that dishonest victory  
 At Charonea, fatal to liberty,  
 Killed with report that old man eloquent,  
 Though later born than to have known the days  
 Wherein your father flourished, yet by you,  
 Madam, methinks I see him living yet :  
 So well your words his noble virtues praise  
 That all both judge you to relate them true  
 And to possess them, honoured Margaret.

## XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING  
CERTAIN TREATISES.

A BOOK was writ of late called *Tetrachordon*,  
 And woven close, both matter, form, and style ;  
 The subject new : it walked the town a while,  
 Numbering good intellects ; now seldom pored on.  
 Cries the stall-reader, " Bless us ! what a word on  
 A title-page is this ! " ; and some in file  
 Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-  
 End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than *Gordon*,  
*Colkitto*, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp* ?  
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek  
 That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.  
 Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,  
 Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,  
 When thou taught'st Cambridge and King Edward Greek.

## XII.

## ON THE SAME.

I DID but prompt the age to quit their clogs  
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,  
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me  
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs ;  
 As when those hinds that were transformed to frogs

Railed at Latona's twin-born progeny,  
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.  
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs,  
 That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,  
 And still revolt when Truth would set them free.  
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;  
 For who loves that must first be wise and good :  
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,  
 For all this waste of wealth and loss of blood.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG  
 PARLIAMENT.

BECAUSE you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,  
 And with stiff vows renounced his Liturgy,  
 To seize the widowed whore Plurality  
 From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorred,  
 Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword  
 To force our consciences that Christ set free,  
 And ride us with a Classic Hierarchy,  
 Taught ye by mere A. S. and Rutherford?  
 Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,  
 Would have been held in high esteem with Paul  
 Must now be named and printed heretics  
 By shallow Edwards and Scotch What-d'ye-call!  
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks,  
 Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent,  
                                     That so the Parliament  
 May with their wholesome and preventive shears  
 Clip your phylacteries, though baulk your ears,  
                                     And succour our just fears,  
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge :  
 New *Presbyter* is but old *Priest* writ large.

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES ON HIS AIRS.

HARRY, whose tuneful and well-measured song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas' ears, committing short and long,  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.

Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,  
 That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

## XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHERINE THOMSON, MY  
 CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646.

WHEN Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,  
 Had ripened thy just soul to dwell with God,  
 Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load  
 Of death, called life, which us from life doth sever.  
 Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,  
 Stayed not behind, nor in the grave were trod;  
 But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,  
 Followed thee up to joy and bliss for ever.  
 Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best  
 Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams  
 And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,  
 And speak the truth of thee on glorious themes  
 Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,  
 And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

## XV.

ON THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX, AT THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

FAIRFAX, whose name in arms through Europe rings,  
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,  
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze,  
 And rumours loud that daunt remotest kings,  
 Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings  
 Victory home, though new rebellions raise  
 Their Hydra heads, and the false North displays  
 Her broken league to imp their serpent wings.  
 O yet a nobler task awaits thy hand  
 (For what can war but endless war still breed?)  
 Till truth and right from violence be freed,  
 And public faith cleared from the shameful brand  
 Of public fraud. In vain doth Valour bleed,  
 While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

## XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652,  
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COMMITTEE FOR  
PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL.

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,  
And Worcester's laureate wreath: yet much remains  
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories  
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,  
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.  
Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

## XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.

VANE, young in years, but in sage counsel old,  
Than whom a better senator ne'er held  
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repelled  
The fierce Epirot and the African bold,  
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold  
The drift of hollow states hard to be spelled;  
Then to advise how war may best, upheld,  
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,  
In all her equipage; besides, to know  
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,  
What severs each, thou hast learned, which few have done.  
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:  
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans  
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.  
XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones  
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;  
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,

When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,  
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans  
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold  
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled  
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans  
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they  
 To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow  
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway  
 The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow  
 A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,  
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

~~XIX~~  
 XIX.

[ON HIS BLINDNESS.]

WHEN I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He returning chide,  
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best  
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state  
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

~~XX~~  
 XX.

[TO MR. LAWRENCE.]

LAWRENCE, of virtuous father virtuous son,  
 Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,  
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire  
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won  
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run  
 On smoother, till Favonius/reinspire  
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire  
 The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.  
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,  
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise  
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?  
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare  
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

## XXI.

[TO CYRIACK SKINNER.]

CYRIACK, whose grandsire on the royal bench  
 Of British Themis, with no mean applause,  
 Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,  
 Which others at their bar so often wrench,  
 To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench  
 In mirth that after no repenting draws;  
 Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,  
 And what the Swede intend, and what the French.  
 To measure life learn thou betimes, and know  
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;  
 For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,  
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,  
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,  
 And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

## XXII.

[TO THE SAME.]

CYRIACK, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,  
 To outward view, of blemish or of spot,  
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;  
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear  
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,  
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not  
 Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
 Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer  
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?  
 The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied  
 In Liberty's defence, my noble task,  
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.  
 This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask  
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

~~XXIII~~  
 XXIII.

[ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.]

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint  
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,

Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.  
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint  
Purification in the Old Law did save,  
And such as yet once more I trust to have  
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,  
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.  
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear as in no face with more delight.  
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

## [TRANSLATIONS.]

## THE FIFTH ODE OF HORACE, LIB. I.,

*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ,*

Rendered almost word for word, without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit.

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with liquid odours,  
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,  
     Pyrrha? For whom bind'st thou  
     In wreaths thy golden hair,  
 Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he  
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas  
     Rough with black winds and storms  
     Unwonted shall admire,  
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold;  
 Who always vacant, always amiable,  
     Hopes thee, of flattering gales  
     Unmindful! Hapless they  
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair! Me, in my vowed  
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung  
     My dank and dropping weeds  
     To the stern God of Sea.

[As Milton inserts the original with his translation, as if to challenge comparison, it is right that we should do so too.]

## AD PYRRHAM. ODE V.

*Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam e naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos affirmat esse miseros.*

QUIS multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
     Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

Cui flavam religas comam  
 Simplex munditie? Heu, quoties fidem  
 Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera  
     Nigris æquora ventis  
     Emirabitur insolens,  
 Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ;  
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem,  
     Sperat, nescius auræ  
     Faliacis! Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabulâ sacer  
 Votivâ paries indicat uvida  
     Suspendisse potenti  
     Vestimenta maris Deo.

*April, 1648.—J. M.*

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre; wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*,  
     Give ear *in time of need*,  
 Who leadest like a flock of sheep  
     *Thy loved Joseph's seed*,  
 That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*,  
     *Between their wings outspread*;  
 Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,  
     *And on our foes thy dread.*
- 2 In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,  
     And in Manasseh's sight,  
 Awake<sup>1</sup> thy strength, come, and *be seen*  
     *To save us by thy might.*
- 3 Turn us again; *thy grace divine*  
     *To us, O God, vouchsafe*;  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
     And then we shall be safe.
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,  
     How long wilt thou declare  
 Thy<sup>2</sup> smoking wrath, *and angry brow*,  
     Against thy people's prayer?
- 5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;  
     Their bread with tears they eat;  
 And mak'st them largely<sup>3</sup> drink the tears

10

<sup>1</sup> *Gnorera.*

<sup>2</sup> *Gnashanta.*

20

<sup>3</sup> *Shalish.*

- Wherewith their cheeks are wet.*
- 6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*  
 To every neighbour foe ;  
 Among themselves they <sup>4</sup> laugh, they <sup>4</sup> play,  
 And <sup>4</sup> flouts at us they throw. <sup>4</sup> *Filnagu.*
- 7 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe ;* 30  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.
- 8 A Vine from Egypt thou hast brought,  
*Thy free love made it thine,*  
 And drov'st out nations *proud and haut,*  
 To plant this *lovely* Vine.
- 9 Thou didst prepare for it a place,  
 And root it deep and fast,  
 That it *began to grow apace,*  
 And filled the land *at last.* 40
- 10 With her *green shade* that covered *all*  
 The hills were *overspread ;*  
 Her boughs as *high* as cedars tall  
*Advanced their lofty head.*
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*  
 Down to the sea she sent,  
 And *upward* to that river *wide*  
 Her other branches *went.*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her hedges low,  
 And broken down her fence, 50  
 That all may pluck her, as they go,  
*With rudest violence ?*
- 13 The *tusked* boar out of the wood  
 Upturns it by the roots ;  
 Wild beasts there browse, and make their food  
*Her grapes and tender shoots.*
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts ; look down  
 From Heaven, thy seat divine ;  
 Behold us, *but without a frown,*  
 And visit this *thy* Vine. 60
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand  
 Hath set, and planted *long,*  
 And the young branch, that for thyself  
 Thou hast made firm and strong.
- 16 But now it is consumed with fire,  
 And cut *with axes* down ;  
 They perish at thy dreadful ire,  
 At thy rebuke and frown.
- 17 Upon the Man of thy right hand  
 Let thy *good* hand be *laid ;* 70

- Upon the Son of Man, whom Thou  
 Strong for thyself hast made.  
 18 So shall we not go back from thee  
*To ways of sin and shame :*  
 Quicken us thou ; then *gladly* we  
 Shall call upon thy Name.  
 19 Return us, *and thy grace divine,*  
 Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe :*  
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,  
 And then we shall be safe.

8c

## PSALM LXXXI.

- 1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear ;*  
 Sing loud to God *our King ;*  
 To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*  
 Loud acclamations ring.  
 2 Prepare a hymn, prepare a song ;  
 The timbrel hither bring ;  
 The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,  
 And harp *with* pleasant *string.*  
 3 Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon,  
 With trumpets' *lofty sound,*  
 The appointed time, the day whereon  
 Our solemn feast *comes round.*  
 4 This was a statute *given of old*  
 For Israel *to observe,*  
 A law of Jacob's God *to hold,*  
 From whence they might *not swerve.*  
 5 This he a testimony ordained  
 In Joseph, *not to change,*  
 When as he passed through Egypt-land ;  
 The tongue I heard was strange.  
 6 From burden, *and from slavish toil,*  
 I set his shoulder free ;  
 His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*  
 Delivered were *by me.*  
 7 When trouble did thee sore assail,  
*On me then* didst thou call,  
 And I to free thee *did not fail,*  
 And led thee out of *thrall.*  
 I answered thee in <sup>1</sup> *thunder deep,*  
 With clouds encompassed round ;  
 I tried thee at the water *steep*  
 Of Meriba *renowned.*  
 8 Hear, O my people, *hearken well :*  
 I testify to thee,

10

20

<sup>1</sup> Be Sether  
 ragnam.

31

- Thou ancient stock of Israel,*  
 If thou wilt list to me:  
 9 Throughout the land of thy abode  
 No alien God shall be,  
 Nor shalt thou to a foreign god  
 In honour bend thy knee. 40
- 10 I am the Lord thy God, which brought  
 Thee out of Egypt-land;  
 Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,  
 Will grant thy full demand.
- 11 And yet my people would not *hear*,  
 Nor hearken to my voice;  
 And Israel, *whom I loved so dear*,  
 Misliked me for his choice.
- 12 Then did I leave them to their will,  
 And to their wandering mind; 50  
 Their own conceits they followed still  
 Their own devices blind.
- 13 Oh that my people would *be wise*,  
 To serve me *all their days*!  
 And oh that Israel would *advise*  
 To walk my *righteous ways*!
- 14 Then would I soon bring down their foes,  
 That now so *proudly rise*,  
 And turn my hand against *all those*  
 That are their enemies. 60
- 15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*  
 To bow to him and bend;  
 But *they, his people*, should remain;  
 Their time should have no end.
- 16 And he would feed them *from the shock*  
 With flour of finest wheat,  
 And satisfy them from the rock  
 With honey *for their meat*.

## PSALM LXXXII.

- <sup>1</sup> *Bagnath-el.* 1 GOD in the <sup>1</sup> great <sup>1</sup> assembly stands  
 Of kings and lordly states;  
<sup>2</sup> *Bekerev.* <sup>2</sup> Among the gods <sup>2</sup> on both his hands  
 He judges and debates.
- <sup>3</sup> *Tishphetu gnavel.* 2 How long will ye <sup>3</sup> pervert the right  
 With <sup>3</sup> judgment false and wrong,  
 Favouring the wicked *by your might*,  
 Who thence grow bold and strong?

- 3 <sup>4</sup> Regard the <sup>4</sup> weak and fatherless ;  
<sup>4</sup> Despatch the <sup>4</sup> poor man's cause ;  
 And <sup>5</sup> raise the man in deep distress  
 By <sup>6</sup> just and equal laws.
- 4 Defend the poor and desolate,  
 And rescue from the hands  
 Of wicked men the low estate  
 Of him *that help demands*.
- 5 They know not, nor will understand ;  
 In darkness they walk on ;  
 The earth's foundations all are <sup>6</sup> moved,  
 And <sup>6</sup> out of order gone.
- 6 I said that ye were gods, yea all  
 The sons of God Most High ;
- 7 But ye shall die like men, and fall  
 As other princes *die*.
- 8 Rise, God ; <sup>7</sup> judge thou the earth in might ;  
 This *wicked* earth <sup>7</sup> redress ;  
 For thou art he who shalt by right  
 The nations all possess.
- <sup>4</sup> *Shiph-tu-dal.*  
 II  
<sup>5</sup> *Hatzdiku.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Jimmotu.*  
 20  
<sup>7</sup> *Shiph-ta.*

## PSALM LXXXIII.

- 1 BE not thou silent *now at length* ;  
 O God, hold not thy peace :  
 Sit thou not still, O God *of strength* ;  
*We cry and do not cease*.
- 2 For lo ! thy *furious* foes *now* <sup>1</sup> swell,  
 And <sup>1</sup> storm outrageously ;  
 And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,  
 Exalt their heads full high.
- 3 Against thy people they <sup>2</sup> contrive  
<sup>3</sup> Their plots and counsels deep ;  
<sup>4</sup> Them to ensnare they chiefly strive  
<sup>5</sup> Whom thou dost hide and keep.
- 4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,  
 "Till they no nation be ;  
 That Israel's name for ever may  
 Be lost in memory."
- 5 For they consult <sup>6</sup> with all their might,  
 And all as one in mind  
 Themselves against thee they unite,  
 And in firm union bind.
- 6 The tents of Edom, and the brood  
 Of *scornful* Ishmael,
- <sup>1</sup> *Jehemajun.*  
 7  
<sup>2</sup> *Jagnari-mu.*  
<sup>3</sup> *Sod.*  
<sup>4</sup> *Fithjag-natsu gnal.*  
<sup>5</sup> *Tsephu-neca.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Lev jach-dau.*  
 20

- Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,  
*That in the desert dwell,*  
 7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire,*  
*And hateful Amalec,*  
*The Philistines, and they of Tyre,*  
*Whose bounds the sea doth check.*  
 8 With them *great* Ashur also bands,  
*And doth confirm the knot;*  
*All these have lent their armed hands* 30  
*To aid the sons of Lot.*  
 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold,*  
*That wasted all the coast;*  
*To Sisera, and as is told*  
*Thou didst to Jabin's host,*  
*When at the brook of Kishon old*  
*They were repulsed and slain,*  
 10 At Endor quite cut off, and rolled  
*As dung upon the plain.* 40  
 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,  
*So let their princes speed;*  
*As Zeba and Zalmunna bled,*  
*So let their princes bleed.*  
 12 *For they amidst their pride* have said,  
*"By right now shall we seize*  
*God's houses, and will now invade*  
*7 Their stately palaces."*  
 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel;  
*No quiet let them find;*  
*Giddy and restless let them reel,* 50  
*Like stubble from the wind.*  
 14 *As, when an aged wood takes fire*  
*Which on a sudden strays,*  
*The greedy flame runs higher and higher,*  
*Till all the mountains blaze;*  
 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,  
*And with thy tempest chase;*  
 16 <sup>8</sup> And till they <sup>8</sup> yield thee honour due,  
*Lord, fill with shame their face.*  
 17 Ashamed and troubled let them be,  
*Troubled and shamed for ever,*  
*Ever confounded, and so die*  
*With shame, and scape it never.*  
 18 Then shall they know that thou, whose name  
*Jehovah is, alone*  
*Art the Most High, and thou the same*  
*O'er all the earth art One.* 60

<sup>7</sup> Neoth Elo-  
 him bears  
 both.

<sup>8</sup> They seek  
 thy name:  
 Heb.

## PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are thy dwellings fair!  
 O Lord of Hosts, how dear  
 The *pleasant* tabernacles are  
*Where thou dost dwell so near!*
- 2 My soul doth long and almost die  
 Thy courts, O Lord, to see;  
 My heart and flesh aloud do cry,  
 O living God, for thee.
- 3 There even the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*  
 Hath found a house of *rest;* 10  
 The swallow there, to lay her young,  
 Hath built her *brooding* nest;  
 Even *by* thy altars, Lord of Hosts,  
*They find their safe abode;*  
*And home they fly from round the coasts*  
*Toward thee, my King, my God.*
- 4 Happy who in thy house reside,  
 Where thee they ever praise!
- 5 Happy whose strength in thee doth bide,  
 And in their hearts thy ways! 20
- 6 They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,  
*That dry and barren ground,*  
 As through a fruitful watery dale  
 Where springs and showers abound.
- 7 They journey on from strength to strength  
*With joy and gladsome cheer,*  
*Till all before our God at length*  
 In Sion do appear.
- 8 Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer,  
 O Jacob's God, give ear: 30
- 9 Thou, God, our shield, look on the face  
 Of thy anointed *dear.*
- 10 For one day in thy courts *to be*  
*Is better and more blest*  
*Than in the joys of vanity*  
*A thousand days at best.*  
 I in the temple of my God  
 Had rather keep a door  
 Than dwell in tents *and rich abode*  
*With sin for evermore.* 40
- 11 For God; the Lord, both sun and shield,  
 Gives grace and glory *bright;*  
 No good from them shall be withheld  
 Whose ways are just and right.

- 12 Lord God of Hosts *that reign'st on high,*  
 That man is *truly* blest  
 Who *only* on thee doth rely,  
 And in thee only rest.

## PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 THY land to favour graciously  
 Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;  
 Thou hast from *hard* captivity  
 Returned Jacob back.
- 2 The iniquity thou didst forgive  
*That wrought* thy people woe,  
 And all their sin *that did thee grieve*  
 Hast hid *where none shall know.*
- 3 Thine anger all thou hadst removed,  
 And *calmly* didst return 10  
 From thy <sup>1</sup> fierce wrath, which we had proved  
 Far worse than fire to burn.
- 4 God of our saving health and peace,  
 Turn us, and us restore;  
 Thine indignation cause to cease  
 Toward us, *and chide no more.*
- 5 Wilt thou be angry without end,  
 For ever angry thus?  
 Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend  
 From age to age on us? 20
- <sup>2</sup> Heb. : Turn to quicken us. 6 Wilt thou not <sup>2</sup> turn and *hear our voice,*  
 And thus again <sup>2</sup> revive,  
 That so thy people may rejoice,  
 By thee preserved alive?
- 7 Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;  
 To us thy mercy shew;  
 Thy saving health to us afford,  
*And life in us renew.*
- 8 *And now* what God the Lord will speak 30  
 I will *go straight* and hear,  
 For to his people he speaks peace,  
 And to his saints *full dear*;  
 To his dear saints he will speak peace;  
 But let them never more  
 Return to folly, *but surcease*  
*To trespass as before.*
- 9 Surely to such as do him fear  
 Salvation is at hand,  
 And glory shall *ere long appear*

- To dwell within our land.
- 10 Mercy and Truth, *that long were missed*, 40  
 Now *joyfully* are met;  
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kissed,  
*And hand in hand are set.*
- 11 Truth from the earth *like to a flower*  
 Shall bud and blossom *then*;  
 And Justice from her heavenly bower  
 Look down *on mortal men.*
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow  
 Whatever thing is good; 50  
 Our land shall forth in plenty throw  
 Her fruits *to be our food.*
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go,  
*His royal harbinger:*  
 Then<sup>3</sup> will he come, and not be slow;  
 His footsteps cannot err.

<sup>3</sup> Heb.: He  
 will set his steps  
 to the way.

## PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 THY *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;  
 O hear me, *I thee pray*;  
 For I am poor, and almost pine  
 With need *and sad decay.*
- 2 Preserve my soul; for <sup>1</sup> I have trod  
 Thy ways, and love the just;  
 Save thou thy servant, O my God,  
 Who *still* in thee doth trust.
- 3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee  
 I call; 4 Oh make rejoice 10  
 Thy servant's soul! for, Lord, to thee  
 I lift my soul *and voice.*
- 5 For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone  
 To pardon; thou to all  
 Art full of mercy, thou *alone*,  
 To them that on thee call.
- 6 Unto my supplication, Lord,  
 Give ear, and to the cry  
 Of my *incessant* prayers afford  
 Thy hearing graciously. 20
- 7 I in the day of my distress  
 Will call on thee *for aid*;  
 For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*,  
*And answer what I prayed.*
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none,  
 O Lord; nor any works

<sup>1</sup> Heb.: I am  
 good, loving, a  
 doer of good &  
 holy things.

- Of all that other gods have done*  
 Like to thy *glorious* works.
- 9 The nations all whom thou hast made  
 Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30  
 To bow them low before thee, Lord,  
 And glorify thy name.
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great  
 By thy strong hand are done;  
 Thou *in thy everlasting seat*  
 Remainest God alone.
- 11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right*;  
 I in thy truth will bide;  
 To fear thy name my heart unite;  
*So shall it never slide.* 40
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
*Thee honour and adore*  
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad  
 Thy name for evermore.
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,  
 And thou hast freed my soul,  
 Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,  
*From deepest darkness foul.*
- 14 O God, the proud against me rise,  
 And violent men are met 50  
 To seek my life, and in their eyes  
 No fear of thee have set.
- 15 But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,  
 Readiest thy grace to shew,  
 Slow to be angry, and *art styled*  
 Most merciful, most true.
- 16 Oh turn to me *thy face at length*,  
 And me have mercy on;  
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,  
 And save thy handmaid's son. 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,  
 And let my foes *then* see,  
 And be ashamed, because thou, Lord,  
 Dost help and comfort me.

## PSALM LXXXVII.

- 1 AMONG the holy mountains *high*  
 Is his foundation fast;  
*There seated in his sanctuary,*  
*His temple there is placed.*
- 2 Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more

- Than all the dwellings fair  
 Of Jacob's *land*, though there be store,  
 And all within his care.
- 3 City of God, most glorious things  
 Of thee *abroad* are spoke. 10  
 I mention Egypt, where *proud kings*  
*Did our forefathers yoke;*
- 4 I mention Babel to my friends,  
 Philistia *full of scorn*,  
 And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends*:  
 Lo! this man there was born.
- 5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*  
 Be said of Sion *last*:  
 This and this man was born in her;  
 High God shall fix her fast. 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a scroll,  
 That ne'er shall be out-worn,  
 When he the nations doth enroll,  
 That this man there was born.
- 7 Both they who sing and they who dance  
*With sacred songs are there;*  
 In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance*,  
 And all my fountains clear.

## PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 1 LORD GOD, that dost me save and keep,  
 All day to thee I cry,  
 And all night long before thee *weep*,  
 Before thee *prostrate lie*.
- 2 Into thy presence let my prayer,  
*With sighs devout, ascend;*  
 And to my cries, that *ceaseless are*,  
 Thine ear with favour bend.
- 3 For, cloyed with woes and trouble store,  
 Surcharged my soul doth lie; 10  
 My life, *at death's uncheerful door*,  
 Unto the grave draws nigh.
- 4 Reckoned I am with them that pass  
 Down to the *dismal pit*;  
 I am a <sup>1</sup> man but weak, alas!  
 And for that name unfit,
- 5 From life discharged and parted quite  
 Among the dead *to sleep*,  
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*  
 That in the grave lie *deep*; 20

<sup>1</sup> Heb.: A  
 man without  
 manly  
 strength.

- Whom thou rememberest no more,  
 Dost never more regard :  
 Them, from thy hand delivered o'er,  
*Death's hideous house hath barred.*
- 6 Thou, in the lowest pit *profound*,  
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,  
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,  
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
- 7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,  
 Full sore doth press on me ; 30
- <sup>2</sup> Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,  
<sup>2</sup> And all thy waves break me.
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,  
 And mak'st me odious,  
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,  
 And I here pent up thus.
- 9 Through sorrow and affliction great  
 Mine eye grows dim and dead ;  
 Lord, all the day I thee entreat,  
 My hands to thee I spread. 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead ?  
 Shall the deceased arise  
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*  
*With pale and hollow eyes ?*
- 11 Shall they thy loving-kindness tell  
 On whom the grave *hath hold ?*  
 Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*  
 Thy faithfulness *unfold ?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*  
 Or wondrous acts be known ? 50  
 Thy justice in the *gloomy land*  
 Of *dark oblivion ?*
- 13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry  
*Ere yet my life be spent ;*  
 And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*  
 Each morn, and thee prevent.
- 14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake  
 And hide thy face from me,
- <sup>3</sup> That am already bruised, and <sup>3</sup> shake  
 With terror sent from thee ; 60  
 Bruised and afflicted, and *so low*  
 As ready to expire,  
 While I thy terrors undergo,  
 Astonished with thine ire ?
- 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow ;  
 Thy threatenings cut me through :
- 17 All day they round about me go ;

<sup>2</sup> The Hebrew bears both.

<sup>3</sup> Heb. : *Præconcussione.*

Like waves they me pursue.  
 18 Lover and friend thou hast removed,  
 And severed from me far:  
 They *fly me now* whom I have loved,  
 And as in darkness are.

70

## PSALM I.

*Done into verse 1653.*

BLEST is the man who hath not walked astray  
 In counsel of the wicked, and i' the way  
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat  
 Of scorers hath not sat; but in the great  
 Jehovah's Law is ever his delight,  
 And in his law he studies day and night.  
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows  
 By watery streams, and in his season knows  
 To yield his fruit; and his leaf shall not fall;  
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.  
 Not so the wicked; but, as chaff which fanned  
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand  
 In judgment, or abide their trial then,  
 Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.  
 For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,  
 And the way of bad men to ruin must.

10

## PSALM II.

*Done August 8, 1653.—Terzetti.*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations  
 Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand  
 With power, and princes in their congregations  
 Lay deep their plots together through each land  
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?  
 "Let us break off," say they, "by strength of hand,  
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,  
 Their twisted cords." He who in Heaven doth dwell  
 Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them, then severe  
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell  
 And fierce ire trouble them. "But I," saith he,  
 "Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)  
 On Sion my holy hill." A firm decree

10

I will declare : the Lord to me hath said,  
 "Thou art my Son ; I have begotten thee  
 This day ; ask of me, and the grant is made :  
 As thy possession I on thee bestow  
 The Heathen, and, as thy conquest to be swayed,  
 Earth's utmost bounds : them shalt thou bring full low  
 With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse      20  
 Like to a potter's vessel shivered so."  
 And now be wise at length, ye kings averse ;  
 Be taught, ye judges of the earth ; with fear  
 Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse  
 With trembling ; kiss the Son, lest he appear  
 In anger, and ye perish in the way,  
 If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.  
 Happy all those who have in him their stay.

## PSALM III.

*August 9, 1653.*

*When he fled from Absalom.*

LORD, how many are my foes !  
     How many those  
     That in arms against me rise !  
     Many are they  
     That of my life distrustfully thus say,  
 "No help for him in God there lies."  
 But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory ;  
     Thee, through my story,  
     The exalter of my head I count :  
     Aloud I cried      10  
     Unto Jehovah ; he full soon replied,  
 And heard me from his holy mount.  
 I lay and slept ; I waked again :  
     For my sustain  
     Was the Lord. Of many millions  
     The populous rout  
     I fear not, though, encamping round about,  
 They pitch against me their pavilions.  
 Rise, Lord ; save me, my God ! for thou  
     Hast smote ere now      20  
     On the cheek-bone all my foes,  
     Of men abhorred  
 Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord ;  
     Thy blessing on thy people flows.

## PSALM IV.

*August 10, 1653.*

ANSWER me when I call,  
 God of my righteousness;  
 In straits and in distress  
 Thou didst me disenthral  
 And set at large: now spare,  
 Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.  
 Great ones, how long will ye  
 My glory have in scorn?  
 How long be thus forborne  
 Still to love vanity? 10  
 To love, to seek, to prize  
 Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?  
 Yet know the Lord hath chose,  
 Chose to himself apart,  
 The good and meek of heart  
 (For whom to choose he knows);  
 Jehovah from on high  
 Will hear my voice what time to him I cry.  
 Be awed, and do not sin;  
 Speak to your hearts alone 20  
 Upon your beds, each one,  
 And be at peace within.  
 Offer the offerings just  
 Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.  
 Many there be that say  
 "Who yet will show us good?"  
 Talking like this world's brood;  
 But, Lord, thus let me pray:  
 On us lift up the light,  
 Lift up the favour, of thy count'nance bright. 30  
 Into my heart more joy  
 And gladness thou hast put  
 Than when a year of glut  
 Their stores doth over-cloy,  
 And from their plenteous grounds  
 With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.  
 In peace at once will I  
 Both lay me down and sleep;  
 For thou alone dost keep  
 Me safe where'er I lie: 40  
 As in a rocky cell  
 Thou, Lord, alone in safety mak'st me dwell.

## PSALM V.

*August 12, 1653.*

JEHOVAH, to my words give ear,  
     My meditation weigh;  
 The voice of my complaining hear,  
 My King and God, for unto thee I pray.  
     Jehovah, thou my early voice  
     Shalt in the morning hear;  
 I' the morning I to thee with choice  
 Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.  
     For thou art not a God that takes  
     In wickedness delight; 10  
     Evil with thee no biding makes;  
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.  
     All workers of iniquity  
     Thou hat'st; and them unblest  
     Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;  
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.  
     But I will in thy mercies dear,  
     Thy numerous mercies, go  
     Into thy house; I, in thy fear,  
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low. 20  
     Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,  
     Lead me, because of those  
     That do observe if I transgress;  
 Set thy ways right before where my step goes.  
     For in his faltering mouth unstable  
     No word is firm or sooth;  
     Their inside, troubles miserable;  
 An open grave their throat, their tongue they smooth.  
     God, find them guilty; let them fall  
     By their own counsels quelled; 30  
     Push them in their rebellions all  
 Still on; for against thee they have rebelled.  
     Then all who trust in thee shall bring  
     Their joy, while thou from blame  
     Defend'st them: they shall ever sing,  
 And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.  
     For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found  
     To bless the just man still:  
     As with a shield thou wilt surround  
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will. 40

## PSALM VI.

*August 13, 1653.*

LORD, in thy anger do not reprehend me,  
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;  
 Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,  
 And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:  
 For all my bones, that even with anguish ache,  
 Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled sore;  
 And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore  
 My soul; oh, save me, for thy goodness' sake!  
 For in death no remembrance is of thee;  
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10  
 Wearied I am with sighing out my days;  
 Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;  
 My bed I water with my tears; mine eye  
 Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark  
 I' the midst of all mine enemies that mark.  
 Depart, all ye that work iniquity,  
 Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping  
 The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer;  
 My supplication with acceptance fair  
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping. 20  
 Mine enemies shall all be blank, and dashed  
 With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,  
 They shall return in haste the way they came,  
 And in a moment shall be quite abashed.

## PSALM VII.

*August 14, 1653.**Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.*

LORD, my God, to thee I fly;  
 Save me, and secure me under  
 Thy protection while I cry;  
 Lest, as a lion (and no wonder),  
 He haste to tear my soul asunder,  
 Tearing and no rescue nigh.

Lord, my God, if I have thought  
Or done this ; if wickedness  
Be in my hands ; if I have wrought  
Ill to him that meant me peace ;  
Or to him have rendered less,  
And not freed my foe for naught :

10

Let the enemy pursue my soul,  
And overtake it ; let him tread  
My life down to the earth, and roll  
In the dust my glory dead,  
In the dust, and there outspread  
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire ;  
Rouse thyself amidst the rage  
Of my foes that urge like fire ;  
And wake for me, their fury assuage ;  
Judgment here thou didst engage  
And command, which I desire.

20

So the assemblies of each nation  
Will surround thee, seeking right :  
Thence to thy glorious habitation  
Return on high, and in their sight.  
Jehovah judgeth most upright  
All people from the world's foundation.

30

Judge me, Lord ; be judge in this  
According to my righteousness,  
And the innocence which is  
Upon me : cause at length to cease  
Of evil men the wickedness,  
And their power that do amiss.

But the just establish fast,  
Since thou art the just God that tries  
Hearts and reins. On God is cast  
My defence, and in him lies ;  
In him who, both just and wise,  
Saves the upright of heart at last.

40

God is a just judge and severe,  
And God is every day offended ;

If the unjust will not forbear,  
His sword he whets; his bow hath bended  
Already, and for him intended  
The tools of death that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made he  
For them that persecute.) Behold 50  
He travails big with vanity;  
Trouble he hath conceived of old  
As in a womb, and from that mould  
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,  
And fell into the pit he made:  
His mischief, that due course doth keep,  
Turns on his head: and his ill trade  
Of violence will undelayed 60  
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise  
According to his justice raise,  
And sing the Name and Deity  
Of Jehovah the Most High.

## PSALM VIII.

*August 14, 1653.*

O JEHOVAH our Lord, how wondrous great  
And glorious is thy name through all the earth,  
So as above the heavens thy praise to set!  
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,  
Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou  
Hast founded strength, because of all thy foes,  
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,  
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art,  
The moon and stars, which thou so bright hast set 10  
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,  
Oh, what is man that thou rememberest yet  
And think'st upon him, or of man begot  
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?  
Scarce to be less than gods thou mad'st his lot;  
With honour and with state thou hast him crowned.

O'er the works of thy hand thou mad'st him lord;  
 Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,  
 All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word,  
 All beasts that in the field or forest meet,  
 Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet  
 Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.  
 O Jehovah our Lord, how wondrous great  
 And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

20

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SCRAPS FROM THE PROSE WRITINGS.

FROM "OF REFORMATION TOUCHING CHURCH DISCIPLINE  
 IN ENGLAND," 1641.

[DANTE, *Inferno*, xix. 115.]

AH, Constantine, of how much ill was cause,  
 Not thy conversion, but those rich domains  
 That the first wealthy Pope received of thee!

[PETRARCH, *Sonnet* 107.]

FOUNDED in chaste and humble poverty,  
 'Gainst them that raised thee dost thou lift thy horn,  
 Impudent whore? Where hast thou placed thy hope?  
 In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?  
 Another Constantine comes not in haste.

[ARIOSTO, *Orl. Fur.* xxxiv. Stanz. 80.]

THEN passed he to a flowery mountain green,  
 Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:  
 This was that gift (if you the truth will have)  
 That Constantine to good Sylvestro gave.

## FROM THE APOLOGY FOR SPECTYMNUS, 1642.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 1, 24.]

LAUGHING to teach the truth  
 What hinders? as some teachers give to boys  
 Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

[HORACE, *Sat.* i. 10, 14.]

JOKING decides great things  
 Stronglier and better oft than earnest can.

[SOPHOCLES, *Electra*, 624.]

'TIS you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,  
 And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

## FROM AREOPAGITICA, 1644.

[EURIPIDES, *Supplices*, 438.]

THIS is true Liberty, when freeborn men,  
 Having to advise the public, may speak free:  
 Which he who can and will deserves high praise:  
 Who neither can nor will may hold his peace.  
 What can be juster in a state than this?

## FROM TETRACHORDON, 1645.

[HORACE, *Epist.* i. 16, 40.]

WHOM do we count a good man? Whom but he  
 Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,  
 Who judges in great suits and controversies,  
 Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?  
 But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,  
 Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

## FROM "THE TENURE OF KINGS AND MAGISTRATES," 1649.

[SENECA, *Her. Fur.* 922.]

THERE can be slain  
 No sacrifice to God more acceptable  
 Than an unjust and wicked king.

## FROM THE HISTORY OF BRITAIN, 1670.

[In Geoffrey of Monmouth the story is that Brutus the Trojan, wandering through the Mediterranean, and uncertain whither to go, arrived at a dispeopled island called Leogecia, where he found, in a ruined city, a temple and oracle of Diana. He consulted the oracle in certain Greek verses, of which Geoffrey gives a version in Latin elegiacs; and Milton translates these.]

GODDESS of Shades, and Huntress, who at will  
Walk'st on the rolling sphere, and through the deep,  
On thy third reign, the Earth, look now, and tell  
What land, what seat of rest thou bidd'st me seek,  
What certain seat, where I may worship thee  
For aye, with temples vowed, and virgin quires.

[Sleeping before the altar of the Goddess, Brutus received from her, in vision, an answer to the above in Greek. Geoffrey quotes the traditional version of the same in Latin elegiacs, which Milton thus translates.]

BRUTUS, far to the west, in the ocean wide,  
Beyond the realm of Gaul, a land there lies,  
Sea-girt it lies, where giants dwelt of old;  
Now void, it fits thy people. Thither bend  
Thy course; there shalt thou find a lasting seat;  
There to thy sons another Troy shall rise,  
And kings be born of thee, whose dreaded might  
Shall awe the world, and conquer nations bold.

## PART II.

### THE LATIN POEMS.

*Separate Title-page in Edition of 1645* :—“Joannis Miltoni Londinensis Poemata. Quorum pleraque intra annum ætatis vigesimum conscripsit. Nunc primum edita. Londini, Typis R. R. Prostant ad Insignia Principis, in Coemeterio D. Pauli, apud Humphredum Moseley. 1645.”

*Separate Title-page in Edition of 1673* :—Same as above, word for word, as far as to “Londini,” inclusively; after which the rest runs thus : “Excudebat W. R. anno 1673.”

## LATIN POEMS.

### [DE AUCTORE TESTIMONIA.]

*Hæc quæ sequuntur de Authore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, nec non amici, ita fere solent laudare ut omnia suis potius virtutibus quam veritati congruentia nimis cupide affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam, cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimis laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibi quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat negare non potest.*

JOANNES BAPTISTA MANSUS, MARCHIO VILLENSIS NEAPOLITANUS,  
AD JOANNEM MILTONIUM ANGLUM.

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,  
Non Anglus, verum herclè Angelus ipse, fores.

AD JOANNEM MILTONEM ANGLUM, TRIPLICI POESEOS LAUREÂ  
CORONANDUM, GRÆCÂ NIMIRUM, LATINÂ, ATQUE HETRUSCÂ,  
EPIGRAMMA JOANNIS SALSILLI ROMANI.

Cede, Meles; cedat depressâ Mincius urnâ;  
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui;  
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas;  
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

AD JOANNEM MILTONUM.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;  
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

SERVAGGI.

AL SIGNOR GIO. MILTONI, NOBILE INGLESE.

## ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra o Clio,  
 Perchè di stelle intreccierò corona!  
 Non più del biondo Dio  
 La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona:  
 Diensi a merto maggior maggiori i fregi,  
 A celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del Tempo edace  
 Rimaner preda eterno alto valore;  
 Non può l' obbligo rapace  
 Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore.  
 Sull' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte  
 Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la Morte.

IO

Dell' Ocean profondo  
 Cinta dagli ampi gorgi Anglia risiede  
 Separata dal mondo,  
 Però che il suo valor l' umano eccede:  
 Questa feconda sa produrre Eroi,  
 Ch' hanno a ragion del sovrumano tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita  
 Danno nei petti lor fido ricetta,  
 Quella gli è sol gradita,  
 Perchè in lei san trovar gioia e diletto;  
 Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto,  
 Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

20

Lungi dal patrio lido  
 Spinse Zeusi l' industrie ardente brama;  
 Ch' udio d' Elena il grido  
 Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,  
 E per poterla effigiare al paro  
 Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

30

Così l' ape ingegnosa  
 Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato  
 Dal giglio e dalla rosa,  
 E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;  
 Formano un dolce suon diverse corde,  
 Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante  
Milton, dal Ciel natio, per varie parti  
Le peregrine piante  
Volgesti a ricercar scienze ed arti ;  
Dell Gallo regnator vedesti i Regni,  
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni.

40

Fabro quasi divino,  
Sol virtù rintracciando, il tuo pensiero  
Vide in ogni confino  
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero ;  
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea  
Per fabbricar d' ogni virtù l' Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora,  
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,  
La cui memoria onora  
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,  
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,  
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

50

Nell' altera Babelle  
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,  
Che per varie favelle  
Di se stessa trofeo cadde sul piano :  
Ch' ode, oltr' all' Anglia, il suo più degno idioma  
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma. 60

I più profondi arcani  
Ch' occulta la Natura, e in cielo e in terra,  
Ch' a Ingegni sovrumani  
Tropo avara talor gli chiude, e serra,  
Chiaramente conosci, e giungi al fine  
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,  
Fermisi immoto, e in un ferminsi gli anni,  
Che di virtù immortale  
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi ai danni ;  
Che s' opre degne di poema e storia  
Furon già, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

70

Dammi tua dolce Cetra,  
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,

Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra  
 Di farti uomo celeste ottiene il vanto ;  
 Il Tamigi il dirà, chè gli è concesso  
 Per te, suo cigno, pareggiar Permesso.

Io, che in riva dell' Arno  
 Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro, 80  
 So che fatico indarno,  
 E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;  
 Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core,  
 Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. ANTONIO FRANCINI,  
 Gentiluomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI,

Juveni patriâ, virtutibus, eximio :

Viro qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta, orbis terrarum loca  
 perspexit, ut, novus Ulysses, omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet :  
 Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt ut  
 idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda ; et jure ea percallet  
 ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propriâ sapientiâ excitatos  
 intelligat :

Ille, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem com-  
 movent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt ; cujus opera ad plausus  
 hortantur, sed venustate vocem laudatoribus adimunt :

Cui in Memoriâ totus orbis ; in Intellectu sapientia ; in Voluntate  
 ardor gloriæ ; in Ore eloquentia ; harmonicos cælestium sphaerarum  
 sonitus Astronomiâ duce audienti ; characteres mirabilium Naturæ  
 per quos Dei magnitudo describitur magistrâ Philosophiâ legenti ;  
 antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite  
 assiduâ Autorum lectione, 'exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti'

(At cur nitor in arduum?) :

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec  
 hominum stupor in laudandis satis est, Reverentiæ et Amoris ergo  
 hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert

CAROLUS DATUS, Patricius Florentinus,  
 Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

## ELEGIARUM LIBER.

## ELEGIA PRIMA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM.

TANDEM, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,  
 Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas ;  
 Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Cestrensis ab orâ  
 Vergivum prono quâ petit amne salum.  
 Multùm, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas  
 Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,  
 Quoddque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem  
 Debet, at unde brevi reddere jussa velit.  
 Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,  
 Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet. 10  
 Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,  
 Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.  
 Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles ;  
 Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus !  
 Nec duri libet usque minas perferre Magistri,  
 Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.  
 Si sit hoc exilium, patrios adisse penates,  
 Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,  
 Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,  
 Lætus et exilii conditione fruor. 20  
 O utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset  
 Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro ;  
 Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,  
 Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.  
 Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Musis,  
 Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri.  
 Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,  
 Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.  
 Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,  
 Seu procus, aut positâ casside miles adest, 30  
 Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus  
 Detonat inculto barbara verba foro ;  
 Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,  
 Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris ;  
 Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores  
 Quid sit amor nescit, dum quoque nescit amat :  
 Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum  
 Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat ;

Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo ;  
 Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest : 40  
 Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit  
 Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit ;  
 Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,  
 Conscia funereo pectora torre movens ;  
 Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,  
 Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.  
 Sed neque sub tecto semper nec in urbe latemus,  
 Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.  
 Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ consitus ulmo,  
 Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci. 50  
 Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammæ,  
 Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.  
 Ah quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ  
 Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis !  
 Ah quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,  
 Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus ;  
 Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,  
 Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,  
 Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos, 60  
 Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor ;  
 Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet  
 Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor !  
 Cedite laudatæ toties Herôides olim,  
 Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem ;  
 Cedite Achæmeniaë turrîtâ fronte puellæ,  
 Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon ;  
 Vos etiam Danaæ fascès submitte Nymphæ,  
 Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus ;  
 Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa columnas  
 Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis. 70  
 Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis ;  
 Extera sat tibi sit fœmina posse sequi.  
 Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,  
 Turrigerum latè conspicienda caput,  
 Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis  
 Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.  
 Non tibi tot cælo scintillant astra sereno,  
 Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,  
 Quot tibi conspicuæ formæque auroque puellæ 80  
 Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.  
 Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis  
 Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus,  
 Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,  
 Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.  
 Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,

Mœnia quàm subitò linquere fausta paro;  
 Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes  
 Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.  
 Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,  
 Atque iterum raucae murmur adire Scholæ.  
 Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,  
 Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

90

## ELEGIA SECUNDA.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

IN OBITUM PRÆCONIS ACADEMICI CANTABRIGIENSIS.

TE, qui conspicuus baculo fulgente solebas  
 Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,  
 Ultima præconum præconem te quoque sæva  
 Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipsa suo.  
 Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis  
 Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem,  
 O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,  
 Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies,  
 Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis  
 Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante deâ.  
 Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,  
 Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,  
 Talis in Iliacâ stabat Cyllenius aulâ  
 Alipes, æthereâ missus ab arce Patris;  
 Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei  
 Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.  
 Magna sepulchrorum regina, satelles Averni,  
 Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,  
 Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ?  
 Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.  
 Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,  
 Et madeant lacrymis nigra ferebra tuis.  
 Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegiæ tristes,  
 Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

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## ELEGIA TERTIA.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS WINTONIENSIS.

MÆSTUS eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam,  
 Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo:

Protinus en subiit funestæ cladis imago  
 Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo ;  
 Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turre  
 Dira sepulchrali Mors metuenda face,  
 Pulsavitque auro gravidos et jaspide muros,  
 Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.  
 Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratrisque verendi,  
 Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis ; 10  
 Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,  
 Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.  
 At te præcipuè luxi, dignissime Præsul,  
 Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ ;  
 Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar :  
 “ Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,  
 Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,  
 Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros,  
 Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,  
 Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa ? 20  
 Nec sinis ut semper fluvio contermina quercus  
 Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ ;  
 Et tibi succumbit liquido quæ plurima cælo  
 Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis,  
 Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis,  
 Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.  
 Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,  
 Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus ?  
 Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas, 30  
 Semideamque animam sede fugâsse suâ ? ”  
 Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,  
 Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,  
 Et Tartessiaci submerserat æquore curram  
 Phœbus, ab Eöo littore mensus iter.  
 Nec mora ; membra cavo posui refovenda cubili ;  
 Considerant oculos noxque soporque meos,  
 Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro ;  
 Heu ! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.  
 Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,  
 Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent ; 40  
 Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles  
 Vestitu nituit multicolore solum ;  
 Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos  
 Alcinoi Zephyro Chloris amata levi.  
 Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos ;  
 Ditiior Hesperio flavet arena Tago ;  
 Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,  
 Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis :  
 Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris

Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus. 50  
 Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras  
 Et pelluentes miror ubique locos,  
 Ecce mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat !  
 Sidereum nitido fulsit in ore jubar ;  
 Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos ;  
 Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.  
 Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,  
 Intremuit læto florea terra sono ;  
 Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cælestia pennis ;  
 Pura triumphali personat æthra tubâ. 60  
 Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,  
 Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos :  
 "Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni ;  
 Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."  
 Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nabilia turmæ ;  
 At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies ;  
 Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos.  
 Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi !

## ELEGIA QUARTA.

*Anno ætatis 18.*

AD THOMAM JUNIUM, PRÆCEPTOREM SUUM, APUD MERCATORES  
 ANGLICOS HAMBURGÆ AGENTES PASTORIS MUNERE FUNGENTEM.

CURRE per immensum subito, mea littera, pontum ;  
 I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros ;  
 Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstat eunti,  
 Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.  
 Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos  
 Æolon, et virides sollicitabo Deos,  
 Cæreamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,  
 Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.  
 At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,  
 Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri ;  
 Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras, 10  
 Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.  
 Atque, ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,  
 Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,  
 Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,  
 Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.  
 Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore  
 Præsul, Christicolæ pascere doctus oves ;  
 Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ ;  
 Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego. 20

Hei mihi, quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,  
 Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei !  
 Charior ille mihi quàm tu, doctissime Graiûm,  
 Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat ;  
 Quàmque Stagiritès generoso magnus alumno,  
 Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.  
 Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyræius Heros  
 Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.  
 Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus  
 Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi, 30  
 Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente  
 Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.  
 Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon  
 Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,  
 Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlorig, senilem  
 Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes ;  
 Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,  
 Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.  
 Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum ;  
 Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides. 40  
 Invenies dulci cum conjuge fortè sedentem,  
 Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo ;  
 Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina Patrum  
 Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei,  
 Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,  
 Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.  
 Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,  
 Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.  
 Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,  
 Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui : 50  
 “ Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,  
 Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.  
 Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem ;  
 Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.  
 Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit  
 Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.  
 Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,  
 Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit ?  
 Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,  
 Et pudet officium deseruisse suum. 60  
 Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti ;  
 Crimina diminui quæ patuere solent.  
 Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,  
 Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.  
 Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis  
 Supplicis ad mœstas deliquere preces ;  
 Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,

Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.  
 Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,  
 Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor ; 70  
 Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum !  
 In tibi finitimis bella tricolore locis,  
 Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,  
 Et jam Saxonicos arma parâsse duces.  
 Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,  
 Et sata carne virûm jam cruor arva rigat.  
 Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem ;  
 Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos ;  
 Perpetuèque comans jam deflorescit oliva ;  
 Fugit et ærisonam Diva perosa tubam, 80  
 Fugit, io ! terris, et jam non ultima Virgo  
 Creditur ad superas justa volâsse domos.  
 Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,  
 Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo ;  
 Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,  
 Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.  
 Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis  
 Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui,  
 Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,  
 Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum, 90  
 Et sinis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis  
 Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,  
 Et qui læta ferunt de cælo nuntia, quique  
 Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra docent ?  
 Digna quidem Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,  
 Æternâque animæ digna perire fame !  
 Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim  
 Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,  
 Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi  
 Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus. 100  
 Talis et, horrisono laceratus membra flagello,  
 Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix ;  
 Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum  
 Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.  
 At tu sume animos, nec spes cadat anxia curis,  
 Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.  
 Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,  
 Intententque tibi millia tela necem,  
 At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,  
 Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet 110  
 Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus ;  
 Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi ;  
 Ille Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis  
 Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros ;

Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras  
 Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;  
 Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,  
 Aëre dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,  
 Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,  
 Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum, 120  
 Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,  
 Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.  
 Et tu (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,  
 Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;  
 Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,  
 Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares."

## ELEGIA QUINTA.

*Anno ætatis 20.*

## IN ADVENTUM VERIS.

IN se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro  
 Jam revocat Zephyros, vere tepente, novos;  
 Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,  
 Jamque soluta gelu dulcè virescit humus.  
 Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
 Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?  
 Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo  
 (Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.  
 Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat, 10  
 Et mihi Pirenen somnia nocte ferunt;  
 Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,  
 Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.  
 Delius ipse venit (video Penæide lauro  
 Implicitos crines), Delius ipse venit.  
 Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cæli,  
 Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;  
 Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia vatum;  
 Et mihi fana patent interiora Deum;  
 Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,  
 Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos. 20  
 Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?  
 Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?  
 Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;  
 Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.  
 Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,  
 Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:  
 Urbe ego, tu sylvâ, simul incipiamus utrique,

Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.  
 Veris, io! rediere vices; celebremus honores  
 Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus. 30  
 Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,  
 Flectit ad Arctoas aurea lora plagas.  
 Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,  
 Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis.  
 Jamque Lycaonius plaustrum cæleste Bootes  
 Non longâ sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;  
 Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto  
 Excubias agitant sidera rara polo.  
 Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,  
 Neve Giganteum Dii timuere scelus. 40  
 Fortè aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,  
 Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,  
 "Hac," ait, "hac certè caruisti nocte puellâ,  
 Phœbe, tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos."  
 Læta suas repetit sylvas, pharetramque resumit  
 Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rotas,  
 Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur  
 Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.  
 "Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles;  
 Quid juvat effæto procubuisse toro? 50  
 Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herbâ;  
 Surge; tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."  
 Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,  
 Et matutinos ociùs urget equos.  
 Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,  
 Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos.  
 Et cupit, et digna est; quid enim formosius illâ,  
 Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,  
 Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto  
 Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis? 60  
 Ecce, coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,  
 Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;  
 Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,  
 Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.  
 Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,  
 Tænario placuit diva Sicana Deo.  
 Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur amores,  
 Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces;  
 Cinnamêâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ;  
 Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves. 70  
 Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores  
 Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;  
 Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus  
 Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos.

Quòd si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt  
 Munera (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor),  
 Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,  
 Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.  
 Ah ! quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo  
 In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas, 80  
 "Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno  
 Hesperiiis recipit cærule mater aquis?  
 Quid tibi cum Tethy? quid cum Tartesside lymphâ?  
 Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?  
 Frigora, Phœbe, meâ melius captabis in umbrâ;  
 Huc ades; ardentes imbue rore comas.  
 Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi somnus in herbâ;  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo.  
 Quàque jaces circum mulcebit lenè susurrans  
 Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas. 90  
 Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,  
 Nec Phaëtonteo fumidus axis equo;  
 Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientiùs uteris igni,  
 Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."  
 Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;  
 Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.  
 Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,  
 Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces.  
 Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,  
 Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo. 100  
 Jamque vel invictam tentat superâsse Dianam,  
 Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.  
 Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,  
 Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.  
 Marmoreas juvenes clamant *Hymenæe* per urbes;  
 Littus *io Hymen* et cava saxa sonant.  
 Cultior ille venit, tunicâque decentior aptâ;  
 Punicum redolet vestis odora crocua.  
 Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris  
 Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus. 110  
 Votum est cuique suum; votum est tamen omnibus unum,  
 Ut sibi quem cupiat det Cytherea virum.  
 Nunc quoque septenâ modulatur arundine pastor,  
 Et sua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.  
 Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,  
 Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat.  
 Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,  
 Convocat et famulos ad sua festa Deos.  
 Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,  
 Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro, 120  
 Sylvanusque suâ cyparissi fronde revinctus,

Semicaperque Deus, semideusque caper.  
 Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis  
 Per juga, per solos expatiantur agros.  
 Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan ;  
 Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres ;  
 Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,  
 Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes,  
 Jamque latet, latitansque cupit malè tecta videri,  
 Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.  
 Dii quoque non dubitant cælo præponere sylvas,  
 Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet.  
 Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,  
 Nec vos arboreâ, dii, precor, ite domo.  
 Te referant, miseris te, Jupiter, aurea terris  
 Sæcla ! quid ad nimbos, aspera tela, redis ?  
 Tu saltem lentè rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales  
 Quà potes, et sensim tempora veris eant :  
 Brumaque productas tardè ferat hispida noctes,  
 Ingruat et nostro senior umbra polo !

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## ELEGIA SEXTA.

AD CAROLUM DIODATUM, RURI COMMORANTEM ;

*Qui, cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amicis exceptus haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum.*

MITTO tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,  
 Quâ tu distento fortè carere potes.  
 At tua quid nostram prolecat Musa camœnam,  
 Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras ?  
 Carmine scire velis quàm te redamemque colamque ;  
 Crede mihi vix hoc carmine scire queas.  
 Nam neque noster amor modulis includitur arctis,  
 Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.  
 Quàm bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim,  
 Festaque cælifugam quæ coluere Deum,  
 Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,  
 Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos !  
 Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin ?  
 Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat.  
 Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestâsse corymbos,  
 Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.  
 Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus *Euæ*

10

Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.  
 Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris ;  
 Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat. 20  
 Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,  
 Cantavit brevibus Tēia Musa modis ?  
 Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumesius Euan,  
 Et redolet sumptum pagina quæque merum ;  
 Dum gravis everso currus crepat æxe supinus,  
 Et volat Eleo pulvere fuscus eques.  
 Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho  
 Dulcè canit Glyceran, flavicomamquē Chloen.  
 Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu  
 Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet. 30  
 Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,  
 Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.  
 Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum  
 Corda ; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.  
 Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te,  
 Numine composito, tres peperisse Deos.  
 Nunc quoque Thressa tibi cælato barbitos auro  
 Insonat argutâ molliter icta manu ;  
 Auditurquē chelys suspensa tapetia circum,  
 Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes. 40  
 Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,  
 Et revocent quantum crapula pellit iners.  
 Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum  
 Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,  
 Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,  
 Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor ;  
 Perque puellares oculos digitumque sonantem  
 Irruet in totos lapsâ Thalia sinus.  
 Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,  
 Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos ; 50  
 Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,  
 Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.  
 Talibus inde licent convivium larga poetis,  
 Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.  
 At qui bella refert, et adulto sub Jove cælum,  
 Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,  
 Et nunc sancta canit superûm consulta deorum,  
 Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,  
 Ille quidem parcè, Samii pro more magistri,  
 Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos ; 60  
 Stet prope fagineo pellucida lymphâ catillo,  
 Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.  
 Additur huic scelerisque vacans et casta juvenus,  
 Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus ;

Qualis veste nitens sacrâ, et lustralibus undis,  
 Surgis ad infensos augur iture Deos.  
 Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem  
 Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,  
 Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque  
 Orpheon edomitis sola per antra feris; 70  
 Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus  
 Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,  
 Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam,  
 Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis,  
 Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro  
 Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges :  
 Diis etenim sacer est vates, divûmque sacerdos,  
 Spirat et occultum pectus et ora Jovem.  
 At tu si quid agam scitabere (si modò saltem  
 Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam). 80  
 Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine regem,  
 Fausta que sacratis sæcula pacta libris ;  
 Vagitusque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto  
 Qui suprema suo cum patre regna colit ;  
 Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,  
 Et subitò elisos ad sua fana Deos.  
 Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa ;  
 Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.  
 Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis;  
 Tu mihi, cui recitem, iudicis instar eris. 90

## ELEGIA SEPTIMA.

*Anno ætatis undevigesimo.*

NONDUM blanda tuas leges, Amathusia, nôram,  
 Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.  
 Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,  
 Atque tuum sprevi maxime numen, Amor.  
 "Tu puer imbelles" dixi "transfige columbas ;  
 Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci :  
 Aut de passeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos ;  
 Hæc sunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ.  
 In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma ?  
 Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros." 10  
 Non tulit hoc Cyprius (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras  
 Promptior), et duplici jam ferus igne calet.  
 Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ  
 Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem ;

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,  
 Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.  
 Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis ;  
 Prodidit astantem mota pharetra Deum ;  
 Prodidit et facies, et dulcè minantis ocelli,  
 Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit. 20  
 Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo  
 Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi ;  
 Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,  
 Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas.  
 Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares ;  
 Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas.  
 Et "Miser exemplo sapuisses tutiùs," inquit ;  
 "Nunc mea quid possit dextera testis eris.  
 Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,  
 Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem. 30  
 Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum  
 Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi ;  
 Et, quoties meminit Penëidos, ipse fatetur  
 Certiùs et graviùs tela nocere mea.  
 Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,  
 Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques :  
 Cydoniusque mihi cedit venator, et ille  
 Inscius uxori qui necis author erat.  
 Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,  
 Herculeæque manus, Herculesque comes. 40  
 Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,  
 Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.  
 Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,  
 Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.  
 Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ ;  
 Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."  
 Dixit, et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,  
 Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.  
 At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,  
 Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat. 50  
 Et modò quæ nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,  
 Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.  
 Turba frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,  
 Splendida per medias itque reditque vias ;  
 Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat.  
 Fallor? an et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?  
 Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus,  
 Impetus et quò me fert juvenilis agor ;  
 Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia misi,  
 Neve oculos potui continuisse meos. 60  
 Unam fortè aliis supereminuisse notabam ;

Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.  
 Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,  
 Sic regina Deum conspicienda fuit.  
 Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,  
 Solus et hos nobis texuit antè dolos.  
 Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,  
 Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus.  
 Nec mora ; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori,  
 Insilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis ; 70  
 Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,  
 Hei mihi ! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.  
 Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores ;  
 Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.  
 Interea misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat  
 Ablata est, oculis non reditura meis ;  
 Ast ego progredior tacitè querebundus, et excors,  
 Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.  
 Findor ; et hæc remanet, sequitur pars altera votum ;  
 Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat. 80  
 Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cælum,  
 Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos ;  
 Talis et abreptum solem respexit ad Orcum  
 Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaræus equis.  
 Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus ? Amores  
 Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.  
 O utinam spectare semel mihi detur amatos  
 Vultus, et coràm tristia verba loqui !  
 Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,  
 Fortè nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces ! 90  
 Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit ;  
 Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.  
 Parce, precor, teneri cum sis Deus ales amoris ;  
 Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.  
 Jam tuus O certè est mihi formidabilis arcus,  
 Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens :  
 Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,  
 Solus et in Superis tu mihi summus eris.  
 Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme, furores ;  
 Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans : 100  
 Tu modò da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,  
 Cuspis amatuos figat ut una duos.

*Hæc ego mentis olim lævâ, studioque supino,  
 Nequitia posui vana trophæa meæ.  
 Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,  
 Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit ;*

*Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos  
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.  
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,  
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;  
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,  
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.*

## [EPIGRAMMATA.]

## IN PRODITIONEM BOMBARDICAM.

CUM simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos  
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,  
Fallor? an et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,  
Et pensare malâ cum pietate scelus?  
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cæli,  
Sulphureo curru flammivolisque rotis;  
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,  
Liquit Iôrdanios turbine raptus agros.

## IN EANDEM.

SICCINE tentâsti cælo donâsse Iäcobum,  
Quæ septemgemino Bellua monte lates?  
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,  
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.  
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit  
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.  
Sic potiùs fœdos in cælum pelle cucullos,  
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos;  
Namque hac aut aliâ nisi quemque adjuveris arte,  
Crede mihi, cæli vix bene scandet iter.

10

## IN EANDEM.

PURGATOREM animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,  
Et sine quo superûm non adeunda domus.  
Frenduit hoc trinâ monstrum Latiale coronâ,  
Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.  
Et "Nec inultus" ait "temnes mea sacra, Britanne;  
Supplicium spretâ religione dabis;  
Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,  
Non nisi per flammis triste patebit iter."  
O quàm funesto cecinisti proxima vero,  
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis!  
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni  
Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

10

## IN EANDEM.

QUEM modò Roma suis devoverat impia diris,  
 Et Styge damnârat, Tænarioque sinu,  
 Hunc, vice mutatâ, jam tollere gestit ad astra,  
 Et cupit ad superos evehere usque Deos.

## IN INVENTOREM BOMBARDÆ.

IAPETIONIDEM laudavit cæca vetustas,  
 Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem;  
 At mihi major erit qui lurida creditur arma  
 Et trifidum fulmen surripuisse Jovi.

## AD LEONORAM ROMÆ CANENTEM.

ANGELUS unicuique suus (sic credite, gentes)  
 Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.  
 Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?  
 Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.  
 Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cæli,  
 Per tua secretò guttura serpit agens;  
 Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda  
 Sensim immortalī assuescere posse sono.  
 Quòd, si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,  
 In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet. 10

## AD EANDEM.

ALTERA Torquatum cepit Leonora poetam,  
 Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.  
 Ah miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo  
 Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!  
 Et te Pieriâ sensisset voce canentem  
 Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!  
 Quamvis Dirçæo torsisset lumina Pentheo  
 Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners,  
 Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine sensus  
 Voce eadem poteras composuisse tuâ;  
 Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde quietem,  
 Flexanimo cantu restituisset sibi.

## AD EANDEM.

CREDULA quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,  
 Claraque Parthenopes fana Achelöiados,  
 Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ  
 Corpore Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?  
 Illa quidem vivitque, et amœnâ Tibridis undâ  
 Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.  
 Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,  
 Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

## APOLOGUS DE RUSTICO ET HERO.

RUSTICUS ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis  
 Legit, et urbano lecta dedit Domino:  
 Hic, incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus,  
 Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.  
 Hactenûs illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,  
 Mota solo assueto, protinûs aret iners.  
 Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, spe lusus inani,  
 Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;  
 Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa Coloni  
 (Parva licet) grato dona tulisse animo;  
 Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:  
 Nunc periire mihi et fœtus et ipse parens."

10

## [DE MORO.]

GALLI ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori  
 Quis bene moratam morigeramque neget?

## AD CHRISTINAM, SUECORUM REGINAM, NOMINE CROMWELLI.

BELLIPOTENS Virgo, Septem regina Trionum,  
 Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!  
 Cernis quas merui durâ sub casside rugas,  
 Utque senex armis impiger ora tero,  
 Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,  
 Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.  
 Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;  
 Nec sunt hi vultus Regibus usque truces.

## SYLVARUM LIBER.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

## IN OBITUM PROCANCELLARII MEDICI.

PARERE Fati discite legibus,  
 Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,  
 Qui pendulum telluris orbem  
     Iæpeti colitis nepotes.  
 Vos si relicto Mors vaga Tænaro  
 Semel vocârit flebilis, heu ! moræ  
     Tentantur incassum dolique ;  
     Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.  
 Si destinatam pellere dextera  
 Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules 10  
     Nessi venenatus cruore  
     Æmathiâ jacuisset Cêtâ ;  
 Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ  
 Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectors, aut  
     Quem larva Pelidis peremit  
     Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.  
 Si triste Fatum verba Hecatæia  
 Fugare possint, Telegoni parens  
     Vixisset infamis, potentique 20  
     Ægiali soror usa virgâ.  
 Numenque trinum fallere si queant  
 Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina,  
     Non gnarus herbarum Machaon  
     Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ ;  
 Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie,  
 Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine ;  
     Nec tela te fulmenque avitum,  
     Cæse puer genetricis alvo.  
 Tuque, O alumno major Apolline,  
 Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum, 30  
     Froncosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,  
     Et mediis Helicon in undis,  
 Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi  
 Lætus superstes, nec sine gloriâ ;  
     Nec puppe lustrâsses Charontis  
     Horribiles barathri recessus.

At fila rupit Persephone tua,  
 Irata cum te viderit artibus  
     Succoque pollenti tot atris  
     Faucibus eripuisse Mortis.  
 Colende Præses, membra precor tua  
 Molli quiescant cespitem, et ex tuo  
     Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,  
     Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.  
 Sit mite de te iudicium Æaci,  
 Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,  
     Interque felices perennis  
     Elysio spatium campo !

40

## IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.

*Anno ætatis 17.*

JAM pius extremâ veniens Iacobus ab arcto  
 Teucrigenas populos, latèque patentia regna  
 Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus  
 Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis :  
 Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat  
 In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis :  
 Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,  
 Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,  
 Fortè per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,  
 Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,  
 Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros.  
 Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras ;  
 Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos :  
 Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes,  
 Regnaque oliviferâ vertit florentia pace ;  
 Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,  
 Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister  
 Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus ;  
 Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes  
 Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, ceu Caspia tigris  
 Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam  
 Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris.  
 Talibus infestat populos Summanus et urbes,  
 Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.  
 Jamque fluentisonis albertia rupibus arva  
 Apparent, et terra Deo dilecta marino,  
 Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles,  
 Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,  
 Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,  
 Ante expugnata crudelia sæcula Trojæ.

10

20

30

At simul hanc, opibusque et festâ pace beatam,  
 Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,  
 Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri  
 Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit  
 Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;  
 Qualia Trinacriâ trux ab Jove clausus in Ætnâ  
 Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhæus.  
 Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo  
 Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis;  
 Atque "Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo  
 Inveni" dixit; "gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,  
 Contemtrixque jugi, nostrâque potentior arte.  
 Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,  
 Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."  
 Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:  
 Quâ volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,  
 Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.

40

Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,  
 Et tenet Ausoniæ fines. A parte sinistrâ  
 Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini;  
 Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria; nec non  
 Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem:  
 Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.  
 Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,  
 Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,  
 Panificosque Deos portat, scapulisque virorum  
 Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,  
 Et mendicantûm series longissima fratrum;  
 Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,  
 Cimærii nati in tenebris vitamque trahentes.  
 Templâ dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis  
 (Vesper erat sacer iste Petro), fremitusque canentûm  
 Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum:  
 Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,  
 Ôrgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,  
 Dum tremuit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,  
 Et procul ipse cavâ responsat rupe Cithæron.

50

60

His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,  
 Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,  
 Præcipientesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,  
 Captum oculis Typhlontâ, Melanchætēque ferocem,  
 Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen  
 Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.

70

Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,  
 Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim secretus adulter  
 Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes);  
 At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos

Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentium,  
 Prædatorque hominum, falsâ sub imagine tectus  
 Astitit. Assumptis micuerunt tempora canis; 80  
 Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longo  
 Syrmate verrit humum vestis; pendetque cucullus  
 Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,  
 Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,  
 Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.  
 Talis, uti fama est, vastâ Franciscus eremo  
 Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,  
 Sylvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis  
 Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.

Subdolan at tali Serpens velatus amictu 90  
 Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:

"Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?

Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!

Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam diademaque triplex

Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe,

Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:

Surge, age! surge piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,

Cui reserata patet convexi janua cæli;

Turgent animos et fastus frange procaces,

Sacrilegique sciant tua quid maledictio possit, 100

Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;

Et memor Hesperiae disiectam ulciscere classem,

Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,

Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,

Thermodoonteâ nuper regnante puellâ.

At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,

Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires,

Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,

Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle;

Reliquias veterum franget, flammisque cremabit, 110

Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,

Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.

Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesces;

Irritus ille labor; tu callidus utere fraude:

Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.

Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris

Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,

Grandævusque patres trabeâ canisque verendos:

Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,

Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne 120

Ædibus injecto, quâ convenere, sub imis.

Protinus ipse igitur quoscunque habet Anglia fidos

Propositi factique mone: quisquamne tuorum

Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?

Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,  
 Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.  
 Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,  
 Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.  
 Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas  
 Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis." 130  
 Dixit, et adscitos ponens malefidus amictus  
 Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.

Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas  
 Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;  
 Mœstaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati  
 Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis;  
 Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,  
 Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.

Est locus æternâ septus caligine noctis,  
 Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti, 140  
 Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,  
 Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.

Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque saxa  
 Ossa inhumata virûm, et trajecta cadavera ferro;  
 Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,  
 Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia fauces;  
 Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille, videntur,  
 Et Timor; exanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;  
 Perpetuòque leves per muta silentia Manes  
 Exululant; tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat. 150

Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri  
 Et Phonos et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per antrum,  
 Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,  
 Diffugiunt fontes, et retrò lumina vortunt.  
 Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles  
 Evocat antistes Babylonius, atque ita fatur:  
 "Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor  
 Gens exosa mihi; prudens Natura negavit  
 Indignam penitùs nostro conjungere mundo.

Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu, 160  
 Tartareoque leves diffilentur pulvere in auras  
 Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago;  
 Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ  
 Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros."  
 Finierat: rigidi cupidè paruere gemelli.

Interea longo flectens curvamine cælos  
 Despiciat æthereâ Dominus qui fulgurat arce,  
 Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ,  
 Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.

Esse ferunt spatium, quâ distat ab Aside terrâ 170  
 Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;

Hic turris posita est Titanidos ardua Famæ,  
 Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilus vicinior astris  
 Quàm superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.  
 Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,  
 Amplaque per tennes translucent atria muros.  
 Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;  
 Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis  
 Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,  
 Dum Canis æstivum cæli petit ardua culmen. 180  
 Ipsa quidem summâ sedet ultrix matris in arce:  
 Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,  
 Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat  
 Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis;  
 Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ  
 Isidos, immitti volvebas lumina vultu,  
 Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,  
 Lumina subjectas latè spectantia terras.  
 Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe  
 Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli; 190  
 Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis  
 Culibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax  
 Nunc minuit, modò confictis sermonibus auget.  
 Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,  
 Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,  
 Nobis digna cani, nec te memorâsse pigebit  
 Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli  
 Officiis, vaga diva, tuis tibi reddimus æqua.  
 Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,  
 Fulmine præmisso, alloquitur, terræque tremante: 200  
 "Fama, siles? an te latet impia Papistarum  
 Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,  
 Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iâcobo?"  
 Nec plura: illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,  
 Et, satis antè fugax, stridentes induit alas,  
 Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis;  
 Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.  
 Nec mora; jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,  
 Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes;  
 Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit: 210  
 Et primò Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes  
 Ambiguas voces incertaque murmura spargit;  
 Mox arguta dolos et detestabile vulgat  
 Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,  
 Authoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis  
 Insidiis loca structa silet. Stupuere relatis,  
 Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,  
 Effoetique senes pariter, tantæque ruinæ

Sensus ad ætatem subitò penetraverat omnem.  
 Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto  
 Æthereus Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis  
 Papicolûm. Capti pœnas raptantur ad acres :  
 At pia thura Deo et grati solvuntur honores ;  
 Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant ;  
 Turba choros juvenilis agit ; Quintoque Novembris  
 Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratio anno.

220

*Anno ætatis 17.*

IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.

ADHUC madentes rore squalabant genæ,  
 Et sicca nondum lumina  
 Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant salis  
 Quem nuper effudi pius  
 Dum mœsta charo justa persolvi rogo  
 Wintoniensis Præsulis,  
 Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ! semper mali  
 Cladisque vera nuntia)  
 Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,  
 Populosque Neptuno satos,  
 Cessisse Morti et ferreis Sororibus,  
 Te, generis humani decus,  
 Qui rex sacrorum illâ fuisti in insulâ  
 Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.  
 Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinûs  
 Ebulliebat fervidâ,  
 Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam :  
 Nec vota Naso in Ibida  
 Concepit alto diriora pectore ;  
 Graiusque vates parciûs  
 Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,  
 Sponsamque Neobulen suam.  
 At ecce ! diras ipse dum fundo graves,  
 Et imprecor Neci necem,  
 Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos  
 Leni, sub aurâ, flamine :  
 "Cæcos furores pone ; pone vitream  
 Bilemque et irritas minas.  
 Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,  
 Subitòque ad iras percita ?  
 Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,  
 Mors atra Noctis filia,

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Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,  
 Vastove nata sub Chao:  
 Ast illa, cælo missa stellato, Dei  
 Messes ubique colligit;  
 Animasque mole carneâ reconditas  
 In lucem et auras evocat,  
 (Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,  
 Themidos Jovisque filiæ,) 40  
 Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris,  
 At justa raptat impios  
 Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari  
 Sedesque subterraneas.  
 Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, citò  
 Fœdum reliqui carcerem,  
 Volatilesque faustus inter milites  
 Ad astra sublimis feror,  
 Vates ut olim raptus ad cælum senex, 50  
 Auriga currus ignei.  
 Non me Bootis terruere lucidi  
 Sarraca tarda frigore, aut  
 Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;  
 Non ensis, Orion, tuus.  
 Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum;  
 Longèque sub pedibus deam  
 Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos  
 Frænis dracones aureis.  
 Erraticorum siderum per ordines,  
 Per lacteas vehor plagas, 60  
 Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam,  
 Donec nitentes ad fores  
 Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et  
 Stratum smaragdis atrium.  
 Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat  
 Oriundus humano patre  
 Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi  
 Sat est in æternum frui."

## NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.

HEU! quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit  
 Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis  
 CEdipodioniam volvitur sub pectore noctem!  
 Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum  
 Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni  
 Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo  
 Consilium Fati perituris alligat horis.

Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis  
 Naturæ facies, et rerum publica Mater,  
 Omniparum contracta uterum, sterilecet ab ævo? 10  
 Et, se fassa senem, malè certis passibus ibit  
 Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas  
 Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque situsque,  
 Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus  
 Esuriet Cælum, rapietque in viscera patrem?  
 Heu! potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces  
 Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto  
 Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?  
 Ergo erit ut quandoque, sono dilapsa tremendo,  
 Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu 20  
 Stridat uterque polus, superâque ut Olympius aulâ  
 Decidat, horribilisque relectâ Gorgone Pallas;  
 Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon  
 Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cæli.  
 Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati  
 Præcipiti curru, subitâque ferere ruinâ  
 Pronus, et extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,  
 Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.  
 Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi  
 Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro 30  
 Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,  
 In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaue bella.  
 At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortiùs astris,  
 Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit  
 Pondere Fatorum lances, atque ordine summo  
 Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.  
 Volvitur hinc lapsu Mundi rota prima diurno,  
 Raptat et ambitos sociâ vertigine cælos.  
 Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim  
 Fulmineum rutilat cristatâ casside Mavors. 40  
 Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,  
 Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras  
 Devexo temone Deus; sed semper, amicâ  
 Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.  
 Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis  
 Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,  
 Manè vocans, et serus agens in pascua cæli;  
 Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.  
 Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,  
 Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis. 50  
 Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore  
 Lurida percussas jaculantur fulmina rupes.  
 Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus;  
 Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos

Trux Aquilo, spiratque hiemem, nimbosque volutat.  
 Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori  
 Rex maris, et raucâ circumstrepit æquora conchâ  
 Oceani Tubicen, nec vastâ mole minorem  
 Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.  
 Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti  
 Priscus abest; servatque suum Narcissus odorem;  
 Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,  
 Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus; nec ditior olim  
 Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum  
 Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum  
 Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;  
 Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè  
 Circumplexa polos et vasti culmina cæli,  
 Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina Mundi.

60

## DE IDEÂ PLATONICÂ QUEMADMODUM ARISTOTELES INTELLEXIT.

DICITE, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ,  
 Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis  
 Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul  
 Antro recumbis otiosa Æternitas,  
 Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,  
 Cælique fastos atque ephemeridas Deûm,  
 Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine  
 Natura solers finxit humanum genus,  
 Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,  
 Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?  
 Haud ille, Palladis gemellus innubæ,  
 Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;  
 Sed, quamlibet natura sit communior,  
 Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,  
 Et, mira! certo stringitur spatio loci:  
 Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes  
 Cæli pererrat ordines decemplicis,  
 Citimumve terris incolit Lunæ globum;  
 Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,  
 Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas;  
 Sive in remotâ fortè terrarum plagâ  
 Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,  
 Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,  
 Atlante major portitore siderum.  
 Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,  
 Diræus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;

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Non hunc silenti nocte Plëiones nepos  
 Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;  
 Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius, licet  
 Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,  
 Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem;  
 Non ille trino gloriosus nomine  
 Ter magnus Hermes (ut sit arcani sciens)  
 Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.  
 At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,  
 (Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)  
 Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,  
 Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;  
 Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

30

## AD PATREM.

NUNC mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes  
 Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora  
 Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;  
 Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis  
 Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.  
 Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen  
 Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi  
 Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis  
 Respondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint  
 Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis  
 Esse queat vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.  
 Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,  
 Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus istâ,  
 Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,  
 Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,  
 Et nemoris laureta sacri, Parnassides umbræ.  
 Nec tu, vatis opus, divinum despice carmen,  
 Quo nihil æthereos ortus et semina cæli,  
 Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,  
 Sancta Prometheæ retinens vestigia flammæ.  
 Carmen amant Superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen  
 Ima ciere vâlet, divosque ligare profundos,  
 Et triplici duros Manes adamante coerces.  
 Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri  
 Phœbades, et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ;  
 Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras,  
 Aurea seu sternit motantem cornua taurum,  
 Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris  
 Consultit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.

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Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum, 30  
 Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,  
 Ibimus auratis per cæli templa coronis,  
 Dulcia suaviloquo sociantes carmina plectro,  
 Astra quibus geminique poli convexa sonabunt.  
 Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes  
 Nunc quoque sidereis intercinat ipse choreis  
 Immortale melos et inenarrabile carmen,  
 Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,  
 Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion,  
 Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas. 40  
 Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,  
 Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago  
 Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.  
 Tum de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,  
 Æsculeâ intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,  
 Heroumque actus imitandaque gesta canebat,  
 Et Chaos, et positi latè fundamina Mundi,  
 Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,  
 Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro. 50  
 Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,  
 Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?  
 Silvestres decet iste chorus, non Orpheæ, cantus,  
 Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,  
 Carmine, non citharâ, simulacraque functa canendo  
 Compulsi in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laudes.  
 Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,  
 Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus  
 Munere mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos,  
 Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram 60  
 Doctus Arionii meritò sis nominis hæres.  
 Nunc tibi quid mirum si me genuisse poëtam  
 Contigerit, charo si tam propè sanguine juncti  
 Cognatas artes studiumque affine sequamur?  
 Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,  
 Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;  
 Dividuumque Deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.  
 Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,  
 Non odisse reor. Neque enim, pater, ire jubebas  
 Quà via lata patet, quà prœior area lucri,  
 Certa que condendi fulget spes aurea nummi; 70  
 Nec rapis ad leges, malè custoditaque gentis  
 Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.  
 Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,  
 Me, procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis  
 Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,  
 Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.

Officium chari taceo commune parentis ;  
 Me poscunt majora. Tuo, pater optime, sumptu  
 Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,  
 Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant 80  
 Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,  
 Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores,  
 Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam  
 Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus,  
 Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.  
 Denique quicquid habet cælum, subjectaque cælo  
 Terra parens, terræque et cælo interfluis aër.  
 Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitable marmor,  
 Per te nôsse licet, per te, si nôsse libebit ;  
 Dimotâque venit spectanda Scientia nube, 90  
 Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,  
 Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libâsse molestum.

I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas  
 Austriaci gazas Perûanaque regna præoptas.  
 Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse  
 Jupiter, excepto, donâsset ut omnia, cælo ?  
 Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,  
 Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,  
 Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,  
 Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram. 100  
 Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,  
 Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo ;  
 Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inertî,  
 Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.  
 Este procul vigiles Curæ, procul este Querelæ,  
 Invidiæque acies transversò tortilis hirquo ;  
 Sæva nec anguiferos extende, Calumnia, rictus ;  
 In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,  
 Nec vestri sum juris ego ; securaque tutus  
 Pectora vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu. 110

At tibi, chare pater, postquam non æqua merenti  
 Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,  
 Sit memorâsse satis, repetitaque munera grato  
 Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.

Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,  
 Si modò perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,  
 Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,  
 Nec spisso rapient obliviam nigra sub Orco,  
 Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis  
 Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo. 120

## PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παῖδες, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φύλ' Ἰακώβου  
 Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφανον,  
 Δὴ τότε μούνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἱὲς Ἰουδα.  
 Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασιλευεν.  
 Εἶδε καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐρρώησε θάλασσα,  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ, ὃ δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν.  
 Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώοντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἁλῶῃ.  
 Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πᾶσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.  
 Τίπτε σύγ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλῳρ φύγαδ' ἐρρώησας  
 Κύματι εἰλυμένη ροθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης  
 Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγὴν;  
 Τίπτ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,  
 Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγώοντες εὐτραφερῶ ἐν ἁλῶῃ;  
 Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἄρ' ὕμμες ἀνασκίρτησατ' ἐρίπναι,  
 Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;  
 Σείεο γαῖα τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,  
 Γαῖα Θεὸν τρέιουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,  
 Ὃς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέει μορμύροντας,  
 Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυόεσσης.

*Philosophus ad Regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem  
 inter reos forte captum inscius damnauerat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ  
 πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit.*

ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιw ἀνδρῶν  
 Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον  
 Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιо, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὐθι νοήσεις,  
 Μαψιδίως δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὁδύρη,  
 Τοιόνδ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώνυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

*In effigiei ejus sculptorem.*

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα  
 Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφνὲς βλέπων.  
 Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,  
 Γελάτε φαύλου δυσμύημα ζωγράφου.

AD SALSILLUM, POETAM ROMANUM, ÆGROTANTEM. SCAZONTES.

O MUSA gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,  
 Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incesso,  
 Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum  
 Quam cum decentes flava Dæiope suras  
 Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum.  
 Adesdum, et hæc s'is verba pauca Salsillo  
 Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,  
 Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.  
 Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,  
 Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum 10  
 Polique tractum (pessimus ubi ventorum,  
 Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,  
 Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra)  
 Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,  
 Visum superbâ cognitas urbes famâ,  
 Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis,  
 Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,  
 Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum ;  
 Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,  
 Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat ; 20  
 Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano  
 Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.  
 O dulce divûm munus, O Salus, Hebes  
 Germana ! Tuque, Phœbe ! morborum terror,  
 Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan  
 Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.  
 Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso  
 Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,  
 Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,  
 Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati. 30  
 Sic ille charis redditus rursùm Musis  
 Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.  
 Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos  
 Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,  
 Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans ;  
 Tumidusque et ipse Tiberis, hinc delinitus,  
 Spei favebit annuæ colonorum ;  
 Nec in sepulchris ibit obsessum reges,  
 Nimiùm sinistro laxus irruens loro ;  
 Sed fræna meliùs temperabit undarum,  
 Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni. 40

## MANSUS.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, nec non et bellicâ virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est. Ad quem Torquatus Tassius Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassius amicissimus: ab quo etiam inter Campanie principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus GERUSALEMME CONQUISTATA, lib. 20.

Fra cavalier magnanimi e cortesi  
Risplende il Manso . . . .

Is auctorem, Neapoli commorantem, summâ benevolentia prosecutus est, multaue ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab eâ urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit.

HÆC quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi  
Pierides; tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi,  
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,  
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.  
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,  
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.

Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso  
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.  
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum  
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,  
Dum canit Assyrios divum prolixus amores,  
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.  
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates  
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:  
Nec Manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici;  
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.

Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant  
Officia in tumulto; cupis integros rapere Orco,  
Quâ potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:

Amborum genus, et variâ sub sorte peractam  
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;  
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam  
Rettulit Æoli vitam facundus Homeri.

Ergo ego te, Cliûs et magni nomine Phœbi,  
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,  
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.  
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,  
Quæ nuper, gelidâ vix enutrita sub Arcto,  
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.

Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos  
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,  
Quâ Thamesis latè puris argenteus urnis  
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines;  
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.

10

20

30

Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,  
 Quà plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione  
 Brumalem patitur longâ sub nocte Boöten.  
 Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo,  
 Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,  
 Halantemque crocum (perhibet nisi vana vetustas) 40  
 Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.  
 (Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,  
 Heroum laudes imitandaque gesta canebant.)  
 Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu  
 Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ,  
 Carminibus lætis memorant Corinœida Loxo,  
 Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecæerge,  
 Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.

Fortunate senex! ergo quacunque per orbem  
 Torquati decus et nomen celebrabitur ingens, 50  
 Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini,  
 Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plausumque virorum,  
 Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.  
 Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitâsse penates  
 Cynthus, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas.  
 At non sponte dumom tamen idem et regis adivit  
 Rura Pheretiadæ cælo fugitivus Apollo,  
 Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes;  
 Tantùm, ubi clamoros placuit vitare bubulcos,  
 Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum, 60  
 Irriguos inter saltus frondosaque tecta,  
 Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigrâ,  
 Ad citharæ strepitum, blandâ prece victus amici,  
 Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.

Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo  
 Saxa stetero loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,  
 Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;  
 Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,  
 Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.

Diis dilecte senex! te Jupiter æquus oportet 70  
 Nascentem et miti lustrârit lumine Phœbus,  
 Atlantisque nepos; neque enim nisi charus ab ortu  
 Diis superis poterit magno favisse poetæ.  
 Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus  
 Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos,  
 Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,  
 Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.  
 O mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,  
 Phœbæos decorâsse viros qui tam bene nôrit,  
 Siquando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges, 80  
 Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem,

Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ  
 Magnanimos Heroas, et (O modò spiritus adsit)  
 Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!  
 Tandem, ubi, non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,  
 Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam,  
 Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis;  
 Astanti sat erit si dicam, 'Sim tibi curæ';  
 Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,  
 Curaret parvâ componi molliter urnâ : 90  
 Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,  
 Nectens aut Paphiâ myrti aut Parnasside lauri  
 Fronde comas; et ego securâ pace quiescam.  
 Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,  
 Ipse ego, cælicolûm semotus in æthera divûm,  
 Quò labor et mens pura vehunt atque ignea virtus,  
 Secreti hæc aliquâ mundi de parte videbo  
 (Quantum fata sinunt), et totâ mente serenûm  
 Ridens purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,  
 Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THYRSIS et DAMON, ejusdem vicinæ pastores, eadem studia sequuti, a pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. THYRSIS, animi causâ profectus, peregrè de obitu DAMONIS nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. DAMONIS autem sub personâ hic intelligitur CAROLUS DEODATUS, ex urbe Hetruriæ Lucâ paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

HIMERIDES Nymphæ (nam vos et Daphnin et Hylan,  
 Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis),  
 Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen :  
 Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,  
 Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,  
 Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus,  
 Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam  
 Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.  
 Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus aristâ,  
 Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes, 10  
 Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,  
 Nec dum aderat Thyrsis; pastorem scilicet illum  
 Dulcis amor Musæ Thuscâ retinebat in urbe.  
 Ast ubi mens expleta domum pecorisque relictî

Cura vocat, simul assuetâ seditque sub ulmo,  
Tum verò amissum, tum denique, sentit amicum,  
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem :—

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hei mihi ! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cælo,

Postquam te immitti rapuerunt funere, Damon? 20

Siccine nos linquis ? tua sic sine nomine virtus

Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris ?

At non ille animas virgâ qui dividit aureâ

Ista velît, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,

Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentûm.

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Quicquid erit, certè, nisi me lupo antè videbit,

Indeplorato non comminuere sepulchro,

Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit

Inter pastores. Illi tibi vota secundo 30

Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,

Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit ;

Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,

Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon.

At mihi quid tandem fiet modò ? quis mihi fidus

Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas,

Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,

Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis, 40

Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones,

Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis ?

Quis fando sopire diem cantuque solebit ?

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Pectora cui credam ? quis me lenire docebit

Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem

Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni

Molle pirum, et nucibus strepitat focus, at malus Auster

Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo ?

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe, 51

Cum Pan æsculeâ somnum capit abditus umbrâ,

Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia Nymphæ,

Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus,

Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,

Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores ?

“Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.

At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,

Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ ;

Hic serum expecto ; supra caput imber et Eurus 60

Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Heu! quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis  
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!

Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo,  
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ  
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheisibœus ad ornos,  
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas:

70

'Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita graminâ musco,  
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas.'  
Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem fortè notârât  
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus),  
'Thyrsi, quid hoc?' dixit; 'quæ te coquit improbabilis?  
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè fascinat astrum;  
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,  
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo.'

80

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Mirantur nymphæ, et 'Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?  
Quid tibi vis?' aiunt: 'non hæc solet esse juventæ  
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:  
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amore  
Jure petit; bis ille miser qui serus amavit.'

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,  
Docta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;  
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti:  
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me solantia verba,  
Nil me si quid adest movet, aut spes ulla futuri.

90

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,  
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!

Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum  
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,  
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:  
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus  
Agmina phocarum numerat: vilisque volucrum  
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum  
Farra libens volitet, serò sua tecta revisens;  
Quem si sors letho objecit, seu milvus adunco  
Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fessor,  
Protinùs ille aliùm socio petit inde volatu.

100

Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis  
Gens, homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;  
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;

Aut, si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,  
 Illum inopina dies, quâ non speraveris horâ,  
 Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum. 110

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Heu! quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras  
 Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam?  
 Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam  
 (Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim  
 Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit),  
 Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale,  
 Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,  
 Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes? 120  
 Ah! certè extremum licuisset tangere dextram,  
 Et bene compositos placidè morientis ocellos,  
 Et dixisse 'Vale! nostri memor ibis ad astra.'

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,  
 Pastores Thusci, Musis operata juvenus,  
 Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Thuscus tu quoque Damon,  
 Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.  
 O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni  
 Murmura, populeumque nemus, quâ mollior herba, 130  
 Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,  
 Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!  
 Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec puto multum  
 Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,  
 Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:  
 Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos  
 Et Datis et Francinus; erant et vocibus ambo  
 Et studiis noti, Lydorum sanguinis ambo.

"Ite domum impasti; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna, 140  
 Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.  
 Ah! quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,  
 'Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;  
 Vimina nunc textit varios sibi quod sit in usus;'  
 Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura  
 Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi.

'Heus bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid fortè retardat,  
 Imus, et argutâ paulum recubamus in umbrâ,  
 Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?  
 Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos, 150  
 Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,  
 Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum.'  
 Ah! pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,  
 Gramina, postquam ipsi nil proficere magistro!  
 Ipse etiam—nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat

Fistula—ab undecimâ jam lux est altera nocte—  
 Et tum fortè novis admôram labra cicutis :  
 Dissiluere tamen, ruptâ compage, nec ultra  
 Ferre graves potuere sonos : dubito quoque ne sim  
 Turgidulus ; tamen et referam ; vos cedite, sylvæ. 160  
 “Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes  
 Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,  
 Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,  
 Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos ;  
 Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Iöghernen ;  
 Mendaces vultus, assumptaque Gorldois arma,  
 Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,  
 Tu procul annosâ pendebis, fistula, pinu  
 Multum oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata Camœnis 170  
 Brittonicum strides ! Quid enim ? omnia non licet uni,  
 Non sperâsse uni licet omnia ; mihi satis ampla  
 Merces, et mihi grande decus (sim ignotus in ævum  
 Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi),  
 Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,  
 Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,  
 Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis  
 Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.  
 “Ite domum impasti ; domino jam non vacat, agni.  
 Hæc tibi servabam lentâ sub cortice lauri, 180  
 Hæc, et plura simul ; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,  
 Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,  
 Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,  
 Et circum gemino calaverat argumento.  
 In medio Rubri Maris unda, et odoriferum ver,  
 Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama sylvæ ;  
 Has inter Phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,  
 Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,  
 Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis ;  
 Parte aliâ polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus : 190  
 Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,  
 Arma corusca, faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;  
 Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,  
 Hinc ferit ; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,  
 Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbem  
 Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus :  
 Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.  
 “Tu quoque in his—nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon—  
 Tu quoque in his certè es ; nam quod tua dulcis abiret  
 Sanctæque simplicitas ? nam quod tua candida virtus ? 200  
 Nec te Lethæo fas quæsisvisse sub Orco ;  
 Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra.

Ite procul, lacrymæ; purum colit æthera Damon,  
 Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;  
 Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,  
 Æthereos haurit latices et gaudia potat  
 Ore sacro. Quin tu, cæli post jura recepta,  
 Dexter ades, placidusque fave, quicumque vocaris;  
 Seu tu noster eris Damon, sive æquior audis  
 DIODOTUS, quo te divino nomine cuncti  
 Cælicolæ nôrint, sylvisque vocabere Damon.  
 Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus  
 Grata fuit, quòd nulla tori libata voluptas,  
 En! etiam tibi virginei servantur honores!  
 Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante coronâ,  
 Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,  
 Æternum perages immortales hymenæos,  
 Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mista beatis,  
 Festa Sionæo bacchantur et Orgia thyrsos."

210

Jan. 23, 1646.

## AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM,

OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM.

*De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in  
 Bibliothecâ Publicâ reponeret, Ode.*

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero nec certis ubique colis exactè respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodè legendi potius quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici *monostrophicum* debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σὺν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phalœucia quæ sunt spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

## STROPHE I.

GEMELLE cultu simplici gaudens liber,  
 Fronde licet geminâ,  
 Mundiueque nitens non operosâ,  
 Quam manus attulit  
 Juvenilis olim  
 Sedula, tamen haud nimii poetæ;  
 Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,  
 Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit,

Insons populi, barbitoque devius  
 Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio 10  
 Longinquum intonuit melos  
 Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede :

## ANTISTROPHE.

Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus  
 Subduxit reliquis dolo,  
 Cum tu missus ab urbe,  
 Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,  
 Illustre tendebas iter  
 Thamesis ad incunabula  
 Cærulei patris,  
 Fontes ubi limpidi 20  
 Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,  
 Orbi notus per immensos  
 Temporum lapsus redeunte cælo,  
 Celeberque futurus in ævum ?

## STROPHE 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo,  
 Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,  
 (Si satis noxas luimus priores,  
 Mollique luxu degener otium)  
 Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,  
 Almaque revocet studia sanctus, 30  
 Et relegatas sine sede Musas  
 Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm,  
 Immundasque volucres  
 Unguibus imminentes  
 Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,  
 Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne Pegaseo ?

## ANTISTROPHE.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ  
 Fide, vel oscitantiâ,  
 Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,  
 Seu quis te teneat specus, 40  
 Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili

Callo tereris institoris insulsi,  
 Lætare felix; en! iterum tibi  
 Spes nova fulget posse profundam  
 Fugere Lethen, vehique superam  
 In Jovis aulam remige pennâ:

## STROPHE 3.

Nam te Roïsius sui  
 Optat peculi, numeroque justo  
 Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse,  
 Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta  
 Sunt data virûm monumenta cuiæ; 50  
 Teque adytis etiam sacris  
 Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet  
 Æternorum operum custos fidelis,  
 Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris  
 Quam cui præfuit Ion,  
 Clarus Erechtheides,  
 Opulenta dei per templa parentis,  
 Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica,  
 Ion Actæâ genitus Creusa. 60

## ANTISTROPHE.

Ergo tu visere lucos  
 Musarum ibis amœnos;  
 Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum  
 Oxoniâ quam valle colit,  
 Delo posthabitâ,  
 Bifidoque Parnassi jugo;  
 Ibis honestus,  
 Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem  
 Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.  
 Illic legeris inter alta nomina 70  
 Authorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ  
 Antiqua gentis lumina et verum decus.

## EPODOS.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,  
 Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,  
 Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo  
 Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque beatas

Quas bonus Hermes  
 Et tutela dabit solers Roüsî,  
 Quò neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longè  
 Turba legentùm prava facesset; 80  
 At ultimi nepotes  
 Et cordatior ætas  
 Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan  
 Adhibebit integro sinu.  
 Tum, livore sepulto,  
 Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,  
 Roüsio favente.

## IN SALMASII HUNDREDAM.

QUIS expeditit Salmasio suam *Hundredam*,  
 Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?  
 Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi  
 Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.  
 Quodd, si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,  
 Ipse, Antichristi qui modò primatum Papæ  
 Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,  
 Cantabit ultrò Cardinalitium melos.

## IN SALMASIUM.

GAUDETE, scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,  
 Qui frigidâ hieme incolitis algentes freta!  
 Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius Eques  
 Bonus amicare nuditatem cogitat;  
 Chartæque largus apparat papyrinos  
 Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii  
 Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii;  
 Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum  
 Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium  
 Cubito virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

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